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Finding a Body on the Beach.

THE GREAT NOVEMBER STORM OF 1898

By Sylvester Baxter

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. W. DITZLER

ON the Massachusetts seaboard, on Saturday, November 26, 1898, the air was murky and ominously still, and was filled with the penetrating chill that meant snow, much snow. Something unusual was manifestly impending, but nobody dreamed what was really at hand. The people of New England are accustomed to weather in infinite fluctuations, and they have learned to resign themselves to the many afflictions of their capricious climate, finding compensation in the wide range of delights that it also brings to their beautiful land. A snow-storm at that time of year was, of course, nothing unusual. But the fury of what now came was unprecedented, and with it began a winter of severity unparalleled in the history of the continent.

The brooding calm of the day, with air like fluid ice, was the hush of Nature before the hurricane that was speeding up from the tropics, sucking into its vortex the arctic cold of the northeast and cloaking itself in a thick mantle of snow that wrapped a white terror about its fearsome doings. With it came the most awful calamity ever known on the New England coast.

The snow began falling soon after sundown, sparse and indolent at first. By ten o'clock the very air itself seemed turned to

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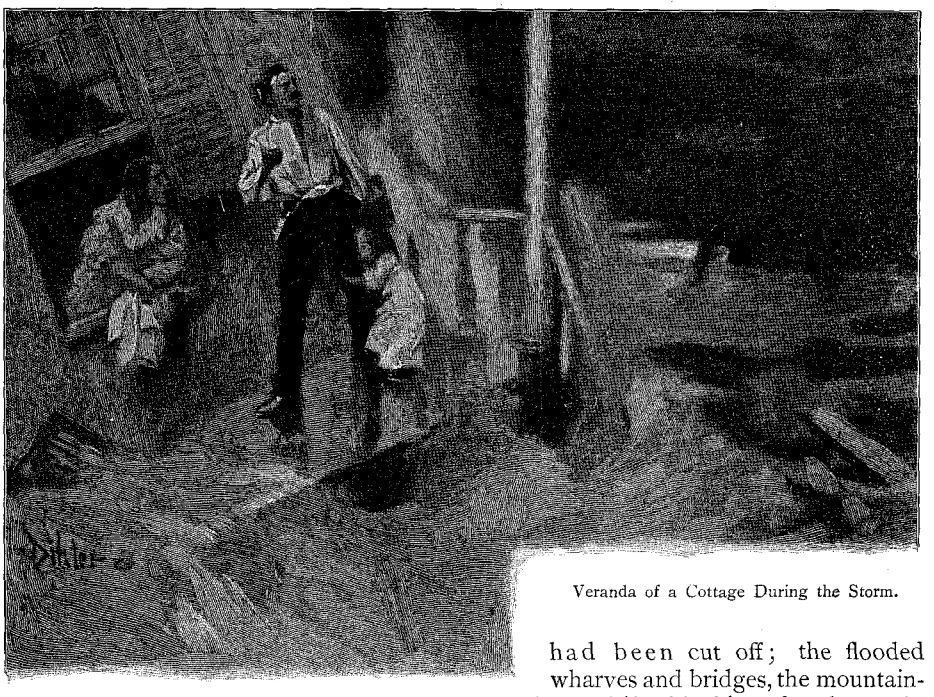

Veranda of a Cottage During the Storm.

snow, and the gale was fast increasing. Before midnight the wind had risen to seventy-five and eighty miles an hour. Everywhere the steam-railways and the street-railways had abandoned operations. For the first time since the introduction of electric traction, the street-car service had yielded to the weather. All night long and all through Sunday the air was filled with the clamor of the storm. Few ventured out and no one could move far through the drifts and the madly driven snow. People penned in their homes thought of the ships at sea, whither the thoughts of coast-folk always turn in stress of weather. But there had been warning of what might come, and it was commonly believed that nearly all craft along shore had made safe harbor.

Sunday night the wind died away and on Monday morning the world began to learn what had happened. From delightful autumn weather, New England had been plunged into the severest depths of winter. In the tidings of the day the inconveniences of the public first found emphasis—how people had been kept from getting home, how passengers in late trains and street-cars had passed weary hours, sleepless and hungry; how the milk-supply had been cut off; the flooded wharves and bridges, the mountainous drifts blocking the thoroughfares. In one street-railway waiting-room in Boston the passengers from stalled cars had crowded the place so that they were forced to stand on their feet from midnight until nearly dark on Sunday before they dared venture into the drifted streets. There was not even room for them to sit on the floor. Fortunately the luncheon-counter kept them from hunger. So passed the time just inland. But where land and water meet it was a different story.

The news of widespread disaster came in slowly, hour after hour, and day after day. Communication was broken all along the coast; wires were down and trains were not only stalled in drifts that choked the cuts, but miles and miles of track were washed away. The country was wasted and devastated as by warfare. It was a week or more before traffic was fully resumed, for a second storm blocked the work. So while the public soon knew that an appalling calamity had befallen, people were slow in realizing the tremendous nature of it: the frightful havoc it had wrought; how it had wrecked ships and destroyed lives by the hundred; how it had laid waste the coast; how it had carved the shore into new shapes and graven new contours in the depths of the sea.

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Launching a Life-boat.

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It might be too much to say that it was the greatest storm ever known on the New England coast. The gale of April 16, 1851, that destroyed the first light-house on Minot's Ledge, drove the sea a few inches higher onto the land. And near the beginning of the century a long northeast gale so piled up the water in the bay that a brig, torn from her moorings, was driven straight across the submerged Charles River bridge. But the storm of 1898 was certainly the most disastrous that New England ever knew. A cyclone that tears its way through a populous town is vastly more terrible than when it ploughs across an open prairie. So this gale found a vast deal more to wreck than any of its predecessors.

The sea is the great summer spectacle of New England. People flock from all parts of the country to enjoy its charms—its blue expanse dotted by white sails, its soft breezes, its fleecy surges sparkling in the sunshine. These holiday-makers have little thought of its savage moods, of the terror of it, of the tragedies the winter enacts upon the stage of their summer theatre. The abodes of pleasure-seekers fringe the entire coast of Massachusetts wherever accessible: summer villas, cottages, and hotels. People now linger by the sea later in the year than they were wont to, loving its pleasant autumn moods. Even many of these little cottages whose contracted sites bring their doors to within a few rods of the beach were still tenanted at the ending of November. The owners of others had gone to the shore that Saturday to look after things, and not a few sportsmen had repaired to their shooting-huts on the beaches and among sand-dunes to stay over Sunday. Frightful experiences were universal among all these people, perilous adventures were many, and fatal happenings were not wanting. The storm left the coast strewn with the wreckage of houses as well as of ships; few were the structures by the water-side that stood the gale unharmed. In a cottage on the Revere shore a man who was sleeping soundly through the storm was aroused by a terrible crash, and he found a great raft thrown across the veranda and against his front door. In another, on Sunday morning, the household were seated at breakfast and enjoying the spectacle of the surf before the window, deeming themselves beyond the danger-line. Suddenly the table rose before them, the floor beneath them followed, and the sea entered in!

Along the South Shore, in Plymouth County, the devastation was terrific. People, surprised by the sea in the night, had to struggle for long distances through the water, the stronger holding the weaker out of the greedy waves. A man and his wife, with a friend visiting them, were driven from their house. They fled through the water, often waist-deep, the two men holding the woman between them by the hands. When they thought themselves nearly safe a great wave wrenched them apart and bore the woman out to sea, to be tossed back bruised and dead. Four young men on a gunning-trip, camping on an island in the North River, were driven from their wrecked hut to perish in the

Signalling.

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Hoisting Signal of Distress on a Disabled Light-ship.

flood. In one of these South Shore towns so much property was destroyed that the impoverished people could not afford their customary Christmas celebration, and the usual church festivities were given up.

Cape Cod was in the direct line of the storm-centre. The destruction there was frightful. Railway tracks were washed away, roads and bridges were destroyed, fields were laid waste, meadows were buried in sand washed in by the sea, and many houses were wrecked. In Provincetown harbor, almost land-locked and famous for its excellence, every vessel was blown ashore, and every wharf was destroyed except one that was under construction. At times the gale reached a height of one hundred and twenty miles an hour, or more. The force of the gusts was tremendous. At the life-saving station at Highland Light, nine hundred feet from low-water mark, a pebble hurled from the beach by the wind went through a window, leaving a hole as clean-cut as if made by a rifle-shot. The awful loss of life along shore made the days seem like one unending funeral for the people of the lower Cape towns, the sea constantly casting up its dead, and scores of relatives and friends of the lost by the Portland coming and going on their melancholy errands.

The force of winds and waves and currents wrought mighty changes along shore. Magical were the transformations in the face of Nature. Plymouth Beach, a treasured feature of the town's public park system, was moved bodily inland for some distance; the course of Eel River was changed, the stream breaking through the middle of the beach, dividing it into two

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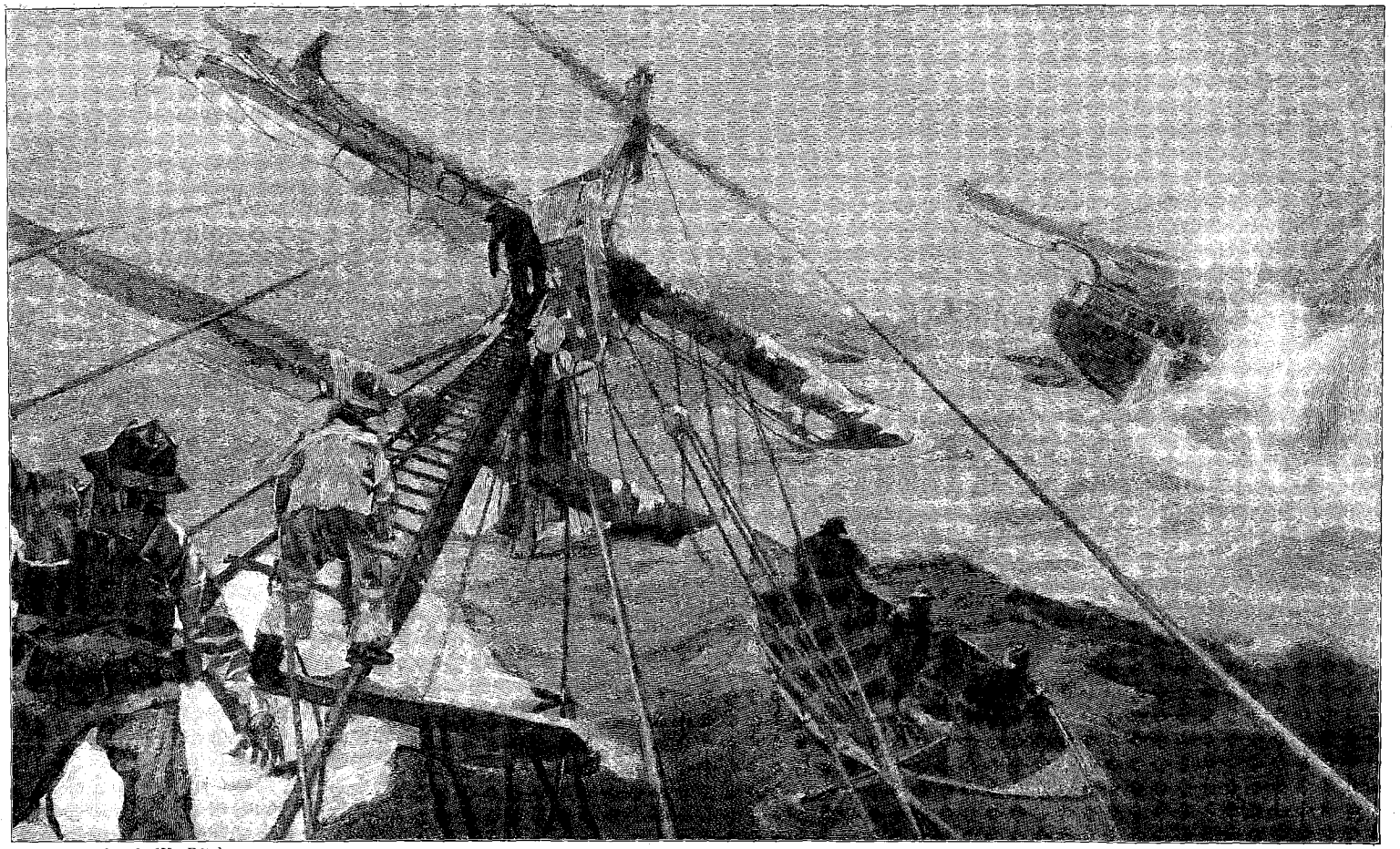

Drawn by H. W. Ditzler.

Rescuing Sailors from the Rigging.

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sections, while the old bed was filled solidly in. All along the coast the sea broke through here and there, scooping out new bays and inlets, and covering good land with sand and gravel. Costly cranberry meadows on Cape Cod, created with infinite pains, were thus ruined. At Marshfield, the celebrated dyke that for nearly a half-century had shielded a bit of Holland in New England from the attacks of the sea, was entirely demolished. In consequence, the salt water, at flood tide, now spreads three miles farther inland than the former coast-line. Many square miles of "dyke-land"—the scene of the late Miss Maria Poole's delightful story, "In a Dyke Shanty"—are submerged, ruining thousands of acres of extraordinarily rich meadow. In Vineyard and Nantucket sounds there was a universal shifting of the labyrinth of channels that thread the dangerous shoals, making necessary an entire recharting of the commerce-thronged waters.

The storm made some extraordinary compensations for the immense damage it worked. A man on Cape Cod owned a salt marsh that was of little value. The sea broke in upon it, and when the storm had cleared the owner found his land transformed into the finest kind of a cranberry meadow, lacking little but the planting. A layer of sand had been distributed evenly over the marsh, covering it just as bogs have to be covered for the purpose. With Aladdin-like hand Nature had done the cartage over night that commonly demands much toil, time, and expense.

The work of the storm at Nantasket Beach amply compensated the public for the damage of $300,000, or so, inflicted upon shore-property. The superb stretch of beach was swept clean of the hideous fringe of shanties and other structural abominations that disfigured it, making the time opportune for the appropriation of the place for public domain. Steps were therefore taken that assured the incorporation of the beach into the incomparable metropolitan park system of Greater Boston as the second great ocean-side pleasure-ground for the New England metropolis.

A benefit to shipping interests, wrought on the Scituate shore, was of titanic character. The construction of an artificial harbor at Scituate has long been urged upon the national authorities, but the difficulty of the problem prevented its realization. Now the mighty enginery of Nature came to the aid of man. In its tranquil course from the westward the North River, historic for the old-time shipbuilding and iron-manufacturing industries along its banks, turns southward within a few rods of the ocean. For several miles it is separated from the sea by a long and narrow neck of bluffs and beach and stony ridge, its estuary thus forming a lagoon several miles long, that finally connects with the ocean by a shallow passage. At the very spot that had been selected as the most desirable site for the new harbor, the storm concentrated its strength with an energy equivalent to a horse-power of incalculable thousands. A few hours saw the completion of a work that, under human engineering, would have taken several years and an enormous outlay. An admirable channel, one hundred and fifty feet wide and sixteen feet deep at low water, had been excavated directly between the open sea and a great, perfectly enclosed basin thousands of acres in extent. When the sea broke through, it formed the new harbor-entrance a short distance to the southward of the Third cliff in Scituate, and its waters obliterated two islands in the river—one of them that where the four young men were lost.

Harbors were largely a mockery in the hurricane. What happened at Provincetown found its parallel in various other havens that are perfectly safe under nearly all circumstances. It was at Provincetown that the hearts of spectators were torn by the spectacle of a great four-masted schooner ashore in an inaccessible place, the seven men in the rigging slowly perishing before their eyes. Every craft at Vineyard Haven was wrecked. At Tarpaulin cove—on the opposite side of the sound, where it was more sheltered—the three-masted schooner Lunet was driven ashore and all hands lost.

There were wrecks of a most curious nature. One occurred on the lawn of a sea-side villa. The pilot-boat Columbia, newest of the Boston fleet, was bound into port, all her pilots having boarded incoming vessels before the storm came on. She was lost with all hands. Her hull

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went ashore at Scituate and came crashing down on top of a sea-side house. The steamship John J. Hill, hailing from Bay City, Michigan, had a most astonishing experience. This craft was making her first regular voyage on salt water, having recently come from the Great Lakes. Bound to Nova Scotia from New York, she had put into Boston Bay for shelter. The gale drove her ashore at Quincy and carried her across the Wollaston marshes until her bow was almost thrust into the woods. Her case resembled those of vessels carried far inland by a tropical cyclone. All hands stayed aboard, and in the driving snow they had no idea where they had struck. When the tide had ebbed they clambered down to the solid land where their craft stood unharmed. At the next course of high tides the steamer was floated out to deep water in a special channel excavated through the marsh to her extraordinary berth.

It is at such times that the superb machinery of the vast humane and commerce-guarding organism that enchains the coast enters upon its most strenuous activity. Certain elements, to be sure, are of slight avail for such moments. The gleaming lights are masked by the flying snow, and in the clamor of the storm the signals of whistle, bell, and horn are as silence. But all keep up their action for the moment when they may serve. At such a crisis not every part of the vast mechanism can stand the strain. The liquid mineral called water has a terrific momentum in a great gale. Equivalent masses of ice could hardly come with more destructive impact. It is not to be wondered that the end of the hurricane saw Nantucket and Vineyard sounds cleared of nearly every buoy and light-ship. It was a perilous time for the light-ships. Particularly thrilling was the experience of Number 47, on the Pollock Rip station at the easterly entrance of Nantucket Sound on the verge of the open Atlantic. It is the practice to build the new light-ships as steamers, so that in time of storm the power of their screws can, in a measure, counteract the strain at their cables. Number 47, however, was not of this type, and had she been it might have served little in her peculiar situation. At Pollock Rip there is a strong ebb-current from the westward out of the sound. The light-ship held to her moorings all right until after the turn of the tide on Sunday, when the current, running against the sea, slatted her around most frightfully. A gigantic sea struck her just as she had begun to fall back from the impulse of the current that had thrown her toward it. The great mooring-chain was of two-inch steel, the links weighing twenty-five pounds each. But the force of the shock snapped the chain at the windlass. The light-ship was hurled into the breakers of Stone Horse shoal, where she struck bottom three times, but only lightly, as it happily chanced. Then for five days she drifted before the wind, kept afloat by good seamanship. Two hundred miles away, off the Delaware, she was picked up by the Belgian steamer Switzerland. She was back upon her station sixteen days after she had gone adrift, unharmed by her adventure.

Never before had the valiant army of the life-saving service been put to such a test. Military heroism pales itself beside that of men who unflinchingly face the long torments of gale and frost, braving through day and night the cutting blasts as they make their perilous patrols, and then, when the moment for conflict comes, adventuring their puny human strength against the huge energies of the elements. One of the glorious struggles was that made by two life-saving companies to rescue the remnant of the crew of a coal-barge, the Lucy A. Nichols, that had escaped to Black Rock on the Cohassett shore, and found shelter in the stone hut of a fishing club there, when their vessel struck and went to pieces. The Cohassett company had no sooner got their boat into the surf when the sea hurled her back, end over end, spilling the men into the water, whence all were rescued from the shore. The Hull company managed to reach the rock from windward and brought the sailors safely to land. Another great feat was that of the rescue of seven men from the rigging of the three-masted schooner Amelia G. Ireland, off Gay Head. When first launched the life-boat was thrown back and tossed onto the beach, where it was blown for twenty rods like a feather. Seven vain attempts were made; the eighth succeeded and the vessel was reached. The life-savers were on

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duty from eleven o'clock Saturday night until five o'clock Sunday morning, although several had received painful injuries. Of such are the humble heroes to whom fame comes not.

The three-master Clara Leavitt struck off Gay Head at about the same time. All hands were lost but a boy whom the life-savers picked out of the wreckage on the shore. He remembered little of the disaster. He saw nobody after the vessel struck, and inside of five minutes she had gone to pieces.

When the great coastwise packet steamboat Portland was reported missing it was hoped that she might be heard from safe in the open sea, but knowing ones felt that a steamer of her type had little chance for safety in that storm, for she was of the same general pattern as the Long Island Sound boats—a sidewheeler, with deck-houses in three tiers. While she was stanch enough for ordinarily bad weather, only a propeller of the ocean-going type, such as the Buffalo-Duluth boats of the lakes, could be suitable to a route like that between Boston and Portland, all the way through the open sea. At first it was supposed that only about twenty-five passengers had been carried to their death by the terrible blunder that took her out from Boston in face of danger-signals. But the total loss of life turned out to be over one hundred and seventy-five, the crew alone numbering about sixty. Probably the greater number of the passengers were returning to homes or business, from a celebration of the uncommonly pleasant Thanksgiving of two days before.

The reporting of the storm developed many splendid examples of good work on the part of the newspaper men, bright and active young fellows fired with the zeal of service to their journals and the public. Except in actual warfare, the reporters and correspondents seldom encounter the exciting events they chronicle. But their work brings them close after, and in following the trails of disaster by land and sea, in spanning broken communications, and in getting their news back to the home office, they found in this widespread calamity an abundant field for the exercise of the hardy virtues. The greatest feat was that which brought to Boston the first news of the Portland's wreck. Charles F. Ward was the district correspondent for the *Boston Herald*, on the south side of Cape Cod. On Sunday morning he found the rail and telegraph communication cut off. Feeling that there must be disasters along the shore, he drove from his home at Chatham twenty miles up the Cape to Hyannis. There he found the telegraph line that runs down the Cape still open, and he called up friends at different points to learn the news. On Monday he received from Truro some meagre facts about wreckage from a large steamer coming ashore, including the tonnage-mark, "2283 tons," that identified it completely with the Portland. Appreciating that he was the exclusive possessor of news of transcendent importance, he determined to get it to Boston as best he might. A special working-train was about starting up the line from Hyannis, and this took him as far as East Sandwich. Here there was a great wash-out, and he had to walk several miles to Sandwich. Thence a carriage took him to Buzzard's Bay, where he had to wait for the Tuesday morning train to Boston. At half-past eleven o'clock that forenoon he reached the office with his news, thoroughly exhausted by the strain and hardships of his journey.

Only some of the upper works of the Portland, with a small proportion of the bodies of the lost, came ashore. Just how and where she went down will probably never be known. Expert theories differ, but the best reasoning indicates that she was lost in the open sea, rather than by striking near the Cape. Some hold that she was sunk by collision—perhaps with the Pentagoet—a small wooden screw-steamer, once the Bibb of the United States Survey, and afterward a gun-boat in the Civil War. The last heard from the Pentagoet she was reported seen forty-two miles east of Boston light-ship shortly before the storm came up. Several big coal-laden schooners in the bay at the time were never heard from, and it seems more likely that the Portland might have been sunk by collision with one of these.

Stellwagen's Bank lies between Cape Cod and Cape Ann, but much nearer the former. The venerable hydrographer, Captain George Eldridge, was on the Bibb

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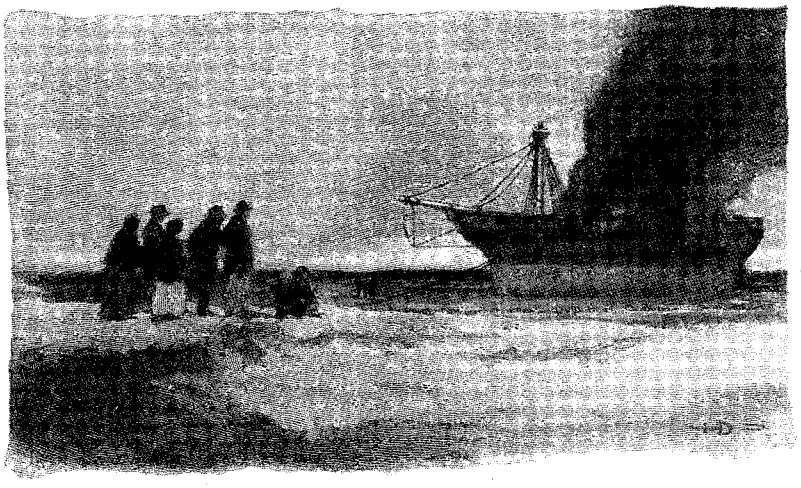
in 1855–56 as "commander's counsel" when the bank was discovered and was named in honor of Commander Stellwagen. Captain Eldridge is an eminent authority on tides and currents. Just after the storm he gave elaborate reasons for believing that the Portland had foundered in the terrible breakers raised by the strong current that runs out of Massachusetts and Cape Cod bays in such a storm, in the slue between Stellwagen's Bank and the Cape. He said: "It is possible that the fishermen may at some day not far distant sweep the Portland with their trawls." A few months later the trawls of a fishing schooner brought up from Stellwagen's Bank, at a point near the inner edge and well within the line of Cape Cod, some electric-light fixtures and other wreckage that were identified as from the Portland. While this indicated that she possibly might have gone down there, it also seems possible that only some of her upper works were carried away at that point. It is doubtful if a superstructure so comparatively light could have stood the force of the wind alone, to say nothing of the sea, that night.

The property-loss in the storm mounts into the millions. The loss of life can never be exactly determined. It is known that over five hundred persons perished—more than were killed in battle on our side in the recent war with Spain.



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NARCISSUS

By Guy Wetmore Carryl

SINCE the great glad greeting of dawn from the eastern hills
Triumphant ran with a shout to the woods below,
With the song in his ears of the clearly clamoring rills
He has lain, like a man of snow,
Slender and straight as the joyous immortals are made,
Born of woman, but born with the grace of a God.
Unheeded airs caressingly cool have played
With his hair, and the nymphs have trod
Close to his side, and have kissed him, waiting to flee—
But Narcissus, what recketh he?

In the pool where the lithe fish flashes and slips
From his covert to snap at the careless fluttering flies,
Narcissus has seen the curve of his drooping lips,
And, like mirrored miniature heavens, his shining eyes.
And a flush like a dew-dipped rose has dyed the pool,
He has laid his cheek to the ripples cool;
Brow touches brow, lips lips, and his eyes of violet roam
Down through the crystal depths. In the darkening dome
The stars shine forth from their faint far ways,
Trimming their lamps, and from the purple haze
The moon, cloud veiled, her circle just complete,
Wan as a travail-spent mother, plants her feet
On the carpeted hills, and fearful of change
Seeks her reflected face in the sea's southward range—
But Narcissus, what recketh he?

Narcissus, Narcissus, where is thy boyish bloom,
Thy long, slim form that lay beside the pool,
And the lips cold smiling to their smiling image cool?
Narcissus!

Only a strange, indefinite perfume,
And a dim white spot in the night when soft airs blow;
A flower, bending, bending low
Its petals and its yellow heart to where the waters flow;
Its scent the winds have borne
Through the pearl-gray east to the arms of morn,
To faint and to die in the wakening light—
But of time's swift flight, the dawn and the noon and the night,
The sun's gold glory, the moon's white mystery,
Narcissus, what recketh he?

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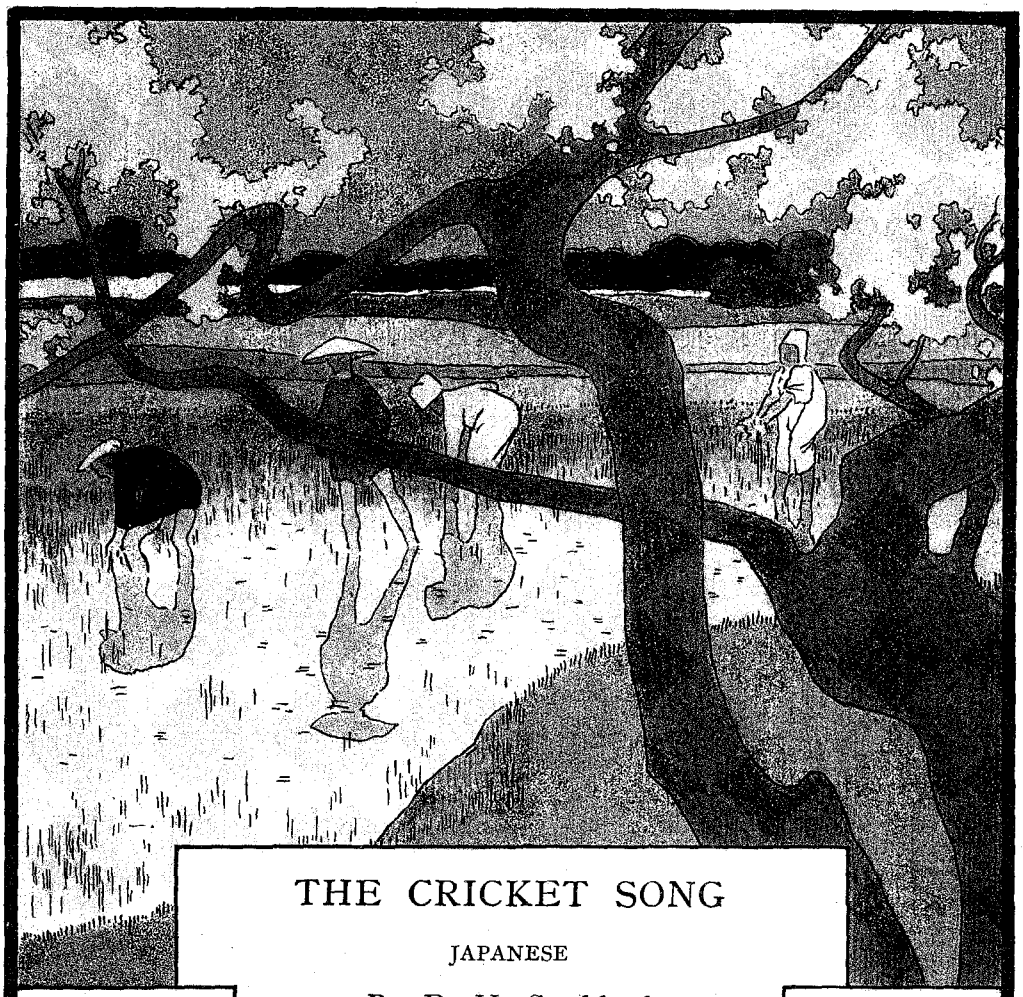

THE CRICKET SONG

JAPANESE

By R. H. Stoddard

HERE in my lonely cottage,
Now winter winds are cold,
I hearken to the crickets,
And sigh that I am old.

I hear their small bells tinkle,
Like beads of silver rain
That break on the brooks in summer,
And dream I am young again.

I see my native rice-fields
Flushed with streams in spring
And I hear the frogs, so many
The waters seem to sing.

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Sweet are the rivers of Settsu,
  The rice-streams sweetest of all,
For there all day in the sunlight
  The cherry blossoms fall.

Nothing falls here save snowflakes,
  Blown from the wintry sky;
No light here save from embers
  That sullenly smouldering die:

No sound save the bells of my crickets,
  Somewhere in the darkness rung,
And the sigh of the poor old singer
  For something that still is young!

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PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

By Alfred Stieglitz

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPHS

ABOUT ten years ago the movement toward pictorial photography evolved itself out of the confusion in which photography had been born, and took a definite shape in which it could be pursued as such by those who loved art and sought some medium other than brush or pencil through which to give expression to their ideas. Before that time pictorial photography, as the term was then understood, was looked upon as the bastard of science and art, hampered and held back by the one, denied and ridiculed by the other. It must not be thought from this statement that no really artistic photographic work had been done, for that would be a misconception; but the point is that though some excellent pictures had been produced previously, there was no organized movement recognized as such.

Let me here call attention to one of the most universally popular mistakes that have to do with photography—that of classing supposedly excellent work as professional, and using the term amateur to convey the idea of immature productions and to excuse atrociously poor photographs. As a matter of fact nearly all the greatest work is being, and has always been done, by those who are following photography for the love of it, and not merely for financial reasons. As the name implies, an amateur is one who works for love; and viewed in this light the incorrectness of the popular classification is readily apparent.

Pictures, even extremely poor ones, have invariably some measure of attraction. The savage knows no other way to perpetuate the history of his race; the most highly civilized has selected this method as being the most quickly and generally comprehensible. Owing, therefore, to the universal interest in pictures and the almost universal desire to produce them, the placing in the hands of the general public a means of making pictures with but little labor and requiring less knowledge has of necessity been followed by the production of millions of photographs. It is due to this fatal facility that photography as a picture-making medium has fallen into disrepute in so many quarters; and because there are few people who are not familiar with scores of inferior photographs the popular verdict finds all photographers professionals or "fiends."

Nothing could be farther from the truth than this, and in the photographic world to-day there are recognized but three classes of photographers—the ignorant, the purely technical, and the artistic. To the pursuit, the first bring nothing but what is not desirable; the second, a purely technical education obtained after years of study; and the third bring the feeling and inspiration of the artist, to which is added afterward the purely technical knowledge. This class devote the best part of their lives to the work, and it is only after an intimate acquaintance with them and their productions that the casual observer comes to realize the fact that the ability to make a truly artistic photograph is not acquired off-hand, but is the result of an artistic instinct coupled with years of labor. It will help to a better understanding of this point to quote the language of a great authority on pictorial photography, one to whom it owes more than to any other man, Dr. P. H. Emerson. In his work, "Naturalistic Photography," he says: "Photography has been called an irresponsive medium. This is much the same as calling it a mechanical process. A great paradox which has been combated is the assumption that because photography is not 'hand-work,' as the public say—though we find there is very much 'hand-work' *and* head-work in it—therefore it is not an art language. This is a fallacy born of thoughtlessness. The painter learns his technique in order to speak, and he considers painting a mental process. So with photography, speaking artistically of it, it is a very severe mental process, and taxes all the artist's energies

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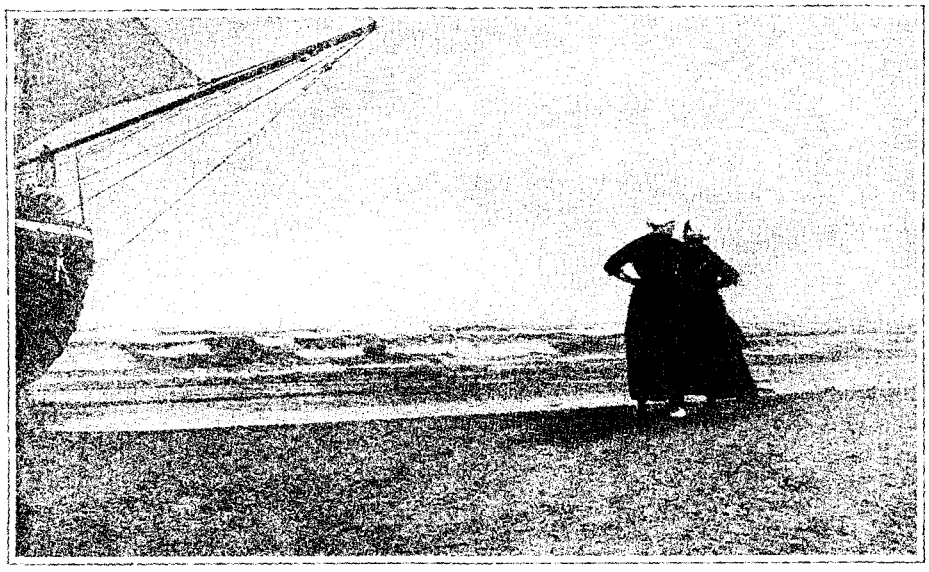

Gossip, Katwyk.

Carbon, on etching paper. Silver Medal, New York, 1898. London Salon, 1896.

even after he has mastered technique. The point is, *what you have to say and how to say it.* The originality of a work of art refers to the originality of the thing expressed and the way it is expressed, whether it be in poetry, photography, or painting. That one technique is more difficult than another to learn no one will deny; but the greatest thoughts have been expressed by means of the simplest technique, writing."

In the infancy of photography, as applied to the making of pictures, it was generally supposed that after the selection of the subjects, the posing, lighting, exposure, and development, every succeeding step was purely mechanical, requiring little or no thought. The result of this was the inevitable one of stamping on every picture thus produced the brand of mechanism, the crude stiffness and vulgarity of chromos, and other like productions.

Within the last few years, or since the more serious of the photographic workers began to realize the great possibilities of the medium in which they worked on the one hand, and its demands on the other, and brought to their labors a knowledge of art and its great principles, there has been a marked change in all this. Lens, camera, plate, developing-baths, printing process, and the like are used by them simply as tools for the elaboration of their ideas, and not as tyrants to enslave and dwarf them, as had been the case.

The statement that the photographic apparatus, lens, camera, plate, etc., are pliant tools and not mechanical tyrants, will even to-day come as a shock to many who have tacitly accepted the popular verdict to the contrary. It must be admitted that this verdict was based upon a great mass of the evidence—mechanical professional work. This evidence, however, was not of the best kind to support such a verdict. It unquestionably established that nine-tenths of the photographic work put before the public was purely mechanical; but to argue therefrom that all photographic work *must* therefore be mechanical was to argue from the premise to an inconsequent conclusion, a fact that a brief examination of some of the photographic processes will demonstrate beyond contradiction. Consider, for example, the question of the development of a plate. The accepted idea is that it is simply immersed in a developing solution, allowed to develop to a certain point, and fixed; and that, beyond a care that it be not over-developed or fogged, nothing further is required. This, however, is far from the truth. The photographer has his developing solutions, his restrainers, his forcing

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baths, and the like, and in order to turn out a plate whose tonal values will be relatively true he must resort to local development. This, of course, requires a knowledge of and feeling for the comprehensive and beautiful tonality of nature. As it has never been possible to establish a scientifically correct scale of values between the high lights and the deep shadows, the photographer, like the painter, has to depend upon his observation of and feeling for nature in the production of a picture. Therefore he develops one part of his negative, restrains another, forces a third, and so on; keeping all the while a proper relation between the different parts, in order that the whole may be harmonious in tone. This will illustrate the plastic nature of plate development. It will also show that the photographer must be familiar not only with the positive, but also with the negative value of tones. The turning out of prints likewise is a plastic and not a mechanical process. It is true that it can be made mechanical by the craftsman, just as the brush becomes a mechanical agent in the hands of the mere copyist who turns out hundreds of paint-covered canvases without being entitled to be ranked as an artist; but in proper hands print-making is essentially plastic in its nature.

A German Country Road.

Experiment in toning aristo paper with platinum, introduced by Mr. Stieglitz. Exhibited in London at the "Royal" Exhibition in 1887.

An examination of either the platinum or the gum process, the two great printing media of the day, will at once demonstrate that what has already been asserted of the plate is even more true of these. Most of the really great work of the day is done in one or the other of these processes, because of the great facility they afford in this direction, a facility which students of the subject are beginning to realize is almost unlimited. In the former process, after the print has been made, it is developed locally, as was the plate. With the actual beauties of the original scene, and its tonal values ever before the mind's eye during the development, the print is so developed as to render all these as they impressed the maker of the print; and as no two people are ever impressed in quite the same way, no two interpretations will ever be alike. To this is due the fact that from their pictures it is as easy a matter to recognize the style of the leading workers in the photographic world as it is to recognize that of Rembrandt or Reynolds. In engraving, art stops when the engraver finishes his work, and from that time on the process becomes a mechanical one; and to change the results the plate must be altered. With the skilled photographer, on the contrary, a variety of interpretations may be given of a plate or negative without any alterations whatever in the negative, which may at any time be used for striking off a quantity of purely mechanical prints. The latest experiments with the platinum process have opened up an entirely new field—that of local brush development with different solutions, so as to produce colors and impart to the finished picture all the characteristics of a tinted wash-drawing. This process, which has not yet been perfected, has excited much interest, and bids fair to result in some very beautiful work. By the method of local treatment above referred to almost

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Mending Nets.

Carbon, on etching paper. London Salon, 1897. Silver Medal, England, 1894.

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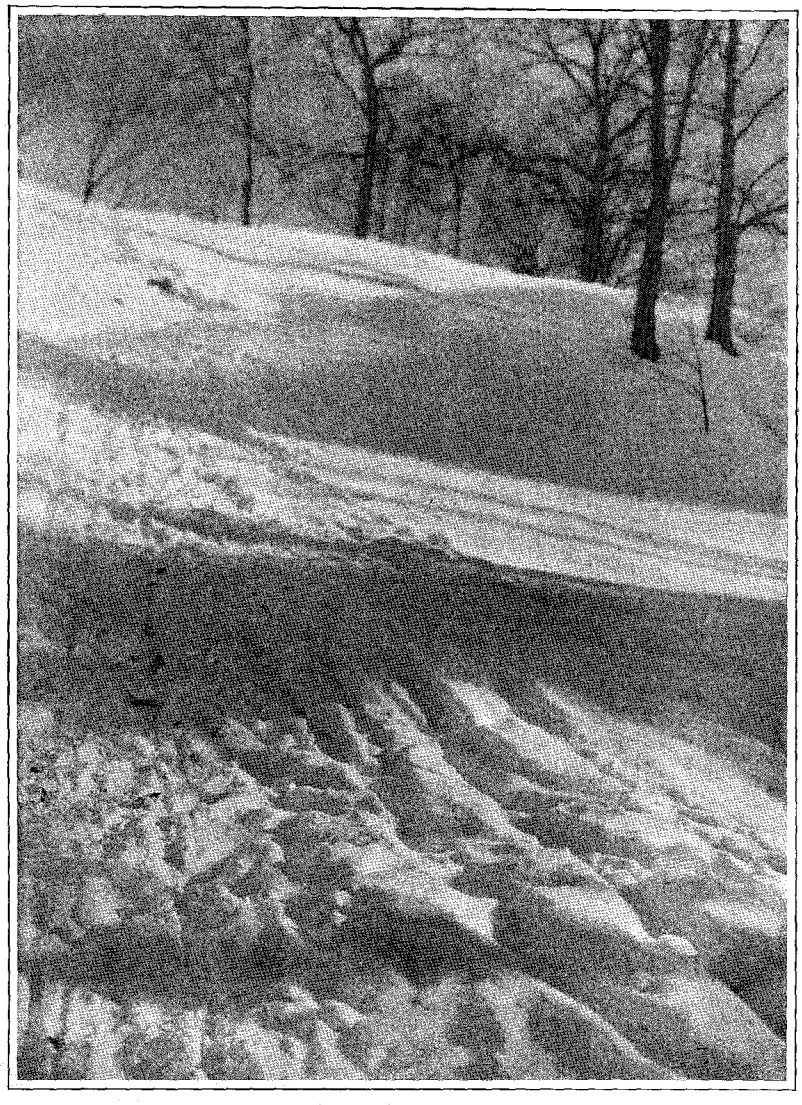

Snow, Foreground Study.
London Salon, 1897.

absolute control of tonality, atmosphere, and the like is given to the photographer, on whose knowledge and taste depends the picture's final artistic charm or inartistic offensiveness.

In the "gum-process," long ago discarded by old-time photographers as worthless, because not facile from the mechanical point of view, but revived of recent years, the artist has a medium that permits the production of any effect desired. These effects are invariably so "unphotographic" in the popular sense of that word as to be decried as illegitimate by those ignorant of the method of producing them. In this process the photographer prepares his own paper, using any kind of surface most suited to the result wanted, from the even-surfaced plate paper to rough drawing parchment; he is also at liberty to select the color in which he wishes to finish his picture, and can produce at will an india-ink, red-chalk, or any other color desired. The print having been made he moistens it, and with a spray of water or brush can thin-out, shade, or remove any

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A September Landscape.

From negative printed in black bichromate of gum on toned paper.

portion of its surface. Besides this, by a system of recoating, printing-over, etc., he can combine almost any tone or color-effect. Two of the accompanying illustrations are from bichromate-of-gum prints, one in india-ink on buff paper, the other on rough drawing paper, also in india.

"Retouching," says Dr. Emerson, "is the process by which a good, bad, or indifferent photograph is converted into a bad drawing or painting." It was invariably inartistic, generally destructive of values, and always unphotographic, and has to-day almost disappeared.

With the appreciation of the plastic nature of the photographic processes came the improvement in the methods above described and the introduction of many others. With them the art-movement, as such, took a more definite shape, and, though yet in its infancy, gives promise of a robust maturity. The men who were responsible for all this were masters and at the same time innovators, and while they

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Portrait of a Baby.
Manipulated platinum—brush developed.

realized that, like the painter and the engraver their art had its limitations, they also appreciated what up to their time was not generally supposed to be the fact, that the accessories necessary for the production of a photograph admitted of the giving expression to individual and original ideas in an original and distinct manner, and that photographs could be realistic and impressionistic just as their maker was moved by one or the other influence.

A cursory review of the magazines and papers the world over that devote their energies and columns to art and its progress will convince the reader that to-day pictorial photography is established on a firm and artistic basis. In nearly every art-centre exhibitions of photographs are shown that have been judged by juries composed of artists and those familiar with the technique of photography, and passed upon as to their purely artistic merit; while in Munich, the art-centre of Germany, the "Secessionists," a body of artists comprising the most advanced and gifted men of their times, who (as the name indicates they have broken away from the narrow rules of custom and tradition) have admitted the claims of the pictorial photograph to be judged on its merits as a work of art independently, and without considering the fact that it has been produced through the medium of the camera. And that the art-loving public is rapidly coming to appreciate this is evidenced by the fact that there are many private art collections to-day that number among their pictures original photographs that have been purchased because of their real artistic merit. The significance of this will be the more marked when the prices paid for some of these pictures are considered, it being not an unusual thing to hear of a single photograph having been sold to some collector

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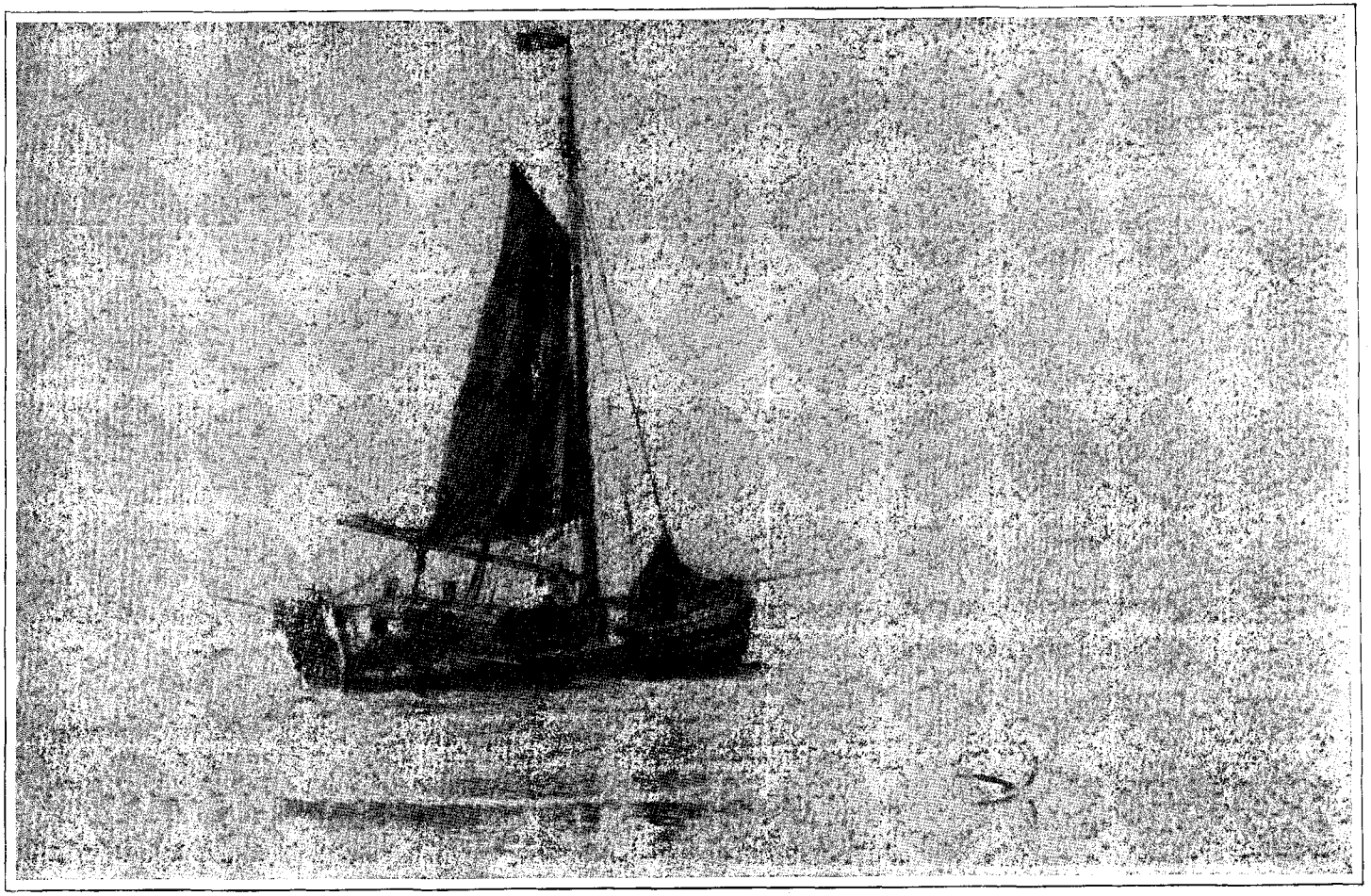

At Anchor.

Gum print—India ink—rough Whatman paper. Silver medal, Toronto, 1896.

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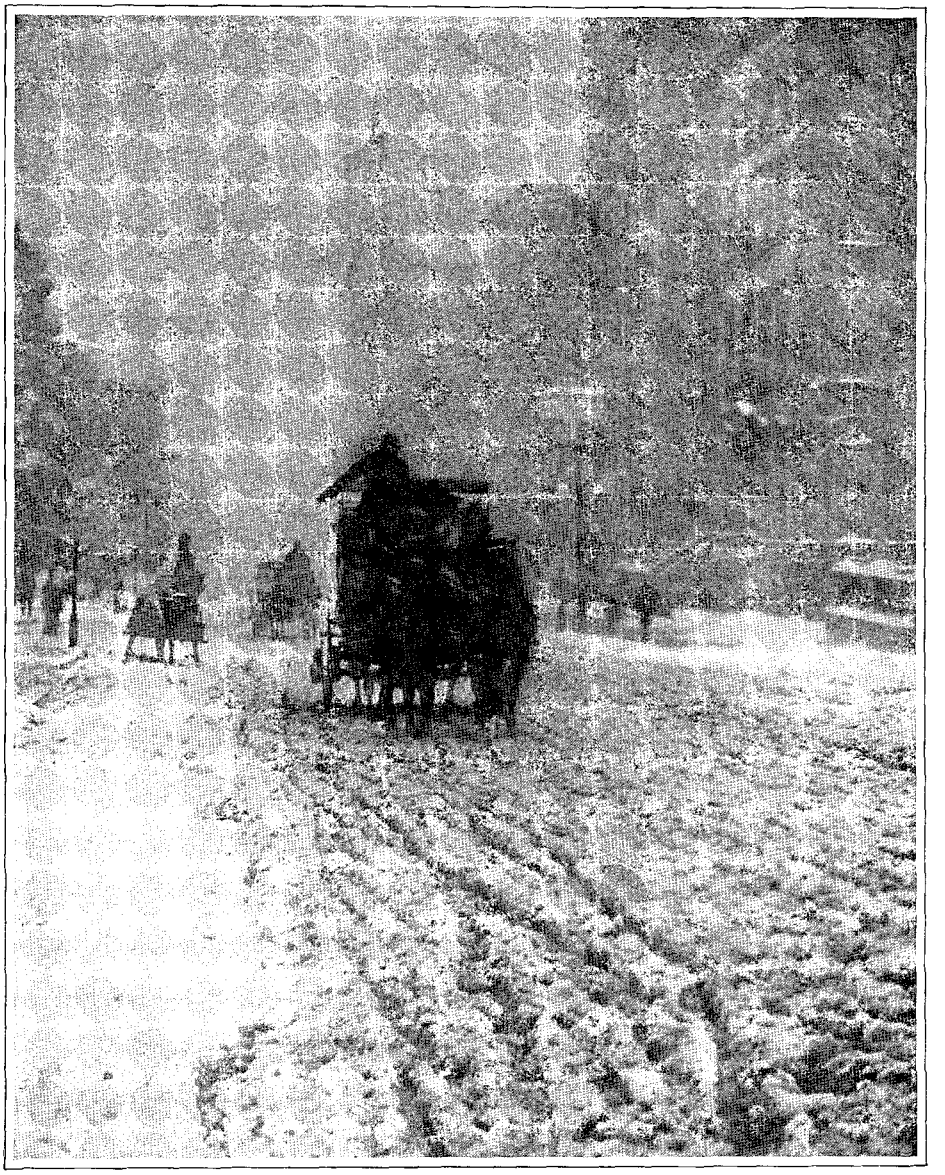

Winter, Fifth Avenue, New York.

Carbon—etching paper. Silver medal, New York, 1894. Silver medal, Vienna, 1896.

for upward of one hundred dollars. Of the permanent merit of these pictures posterity must be the judge, as is the case with every production in any branch of art designed to endure beyond the period of a generation.

The field open to pictorial photography is to-day practically unlimited. To the general public that acquires its knowledge of the scope and limitations of modern photography from professional show windows and photo-supply cases, the statement that the photographer of to-day enters practically nearly every field that the painter treads, barring that of color, will come as something of a revelation. Yet such is the case: portrait work, genre-studies, landscapes, and marine, these and a thousand other subjects occupy his attention. Every phase of light and atmos-

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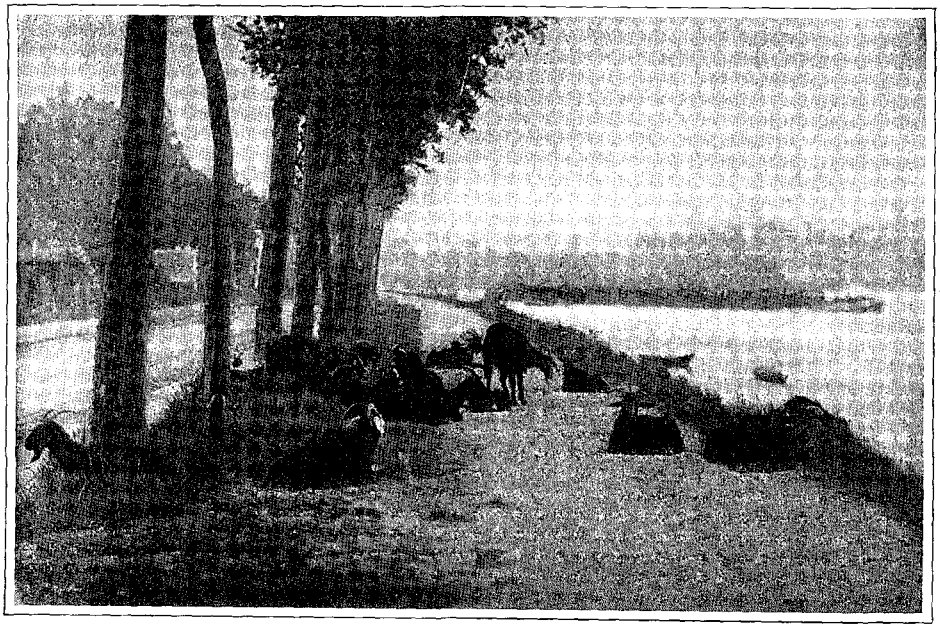
phere is studied from its artistic point of view, and as a result we have the beautiful night pictures, actually taken at the time depicted, storm scenes, approaching storms, marvellous sunset-skies, all of which are already familiar to magazine readers And it is not sufficient that these pictures be true in their rendering of tonal-values of the place and hour they portray, but they must also be so as to the correctness of their composition. In order to produce them their maker must be quite as familiar with the laws of composition as is the landscape or portrait painter ; a fact not generally understood. Metropolitan scenes, homely in themselves, have been presented in such a way as to impart to them a permanent value because of the poetic conception of the subject displayed in their rendering. In portraiture, retouching and the vulgar "shine" have been entirely done away with, and instead we have portraits that are strong with the characteristic traits of the sitter. In this department head-rests, artificial backgrounds, carved chairs, and the like are now to be found only in the workshops of the inartistic craftsman, that class of so-called portrait photographers whose sole claim to the artistic is the glaring sign hung without their shops bearing the legend, "*Artistic Photographs Made Within.*" The attitude of the general public toward modern photography was never better illustrated than by the remark of an art student at a recent exhibition The speaker had gone from "gum-print" to "platinum," and from landscape to genre-study, with evident and ever-increasing surprise ; had noted that instead of being purely mechanical, the printing processes were distinctly individual, and that the negative never twice yielded the same sort of print ; had seen how wonderfully true the tonal renderings, how strong the portraits, how free from the stiff, characterless countenance of the average professional work, and in a word how full of feeling and thought was every picture shown. Then came the words, "*But this is not photography!*" Was this true? No! For years the photographer has moved onward first by steps, and finally by strides and leaps, and, though the world knew but little of his work, advanced and improved till he has brought his art to its present state of perfection. This is the real photography, the photography of to-day ; and that which the world is accustomed to regard as pictorial photography is not the real photography, but an ignorant imposition.



A Decorative Panel.
Carbon—etching paper. "Royal" Medal, London, 1896.

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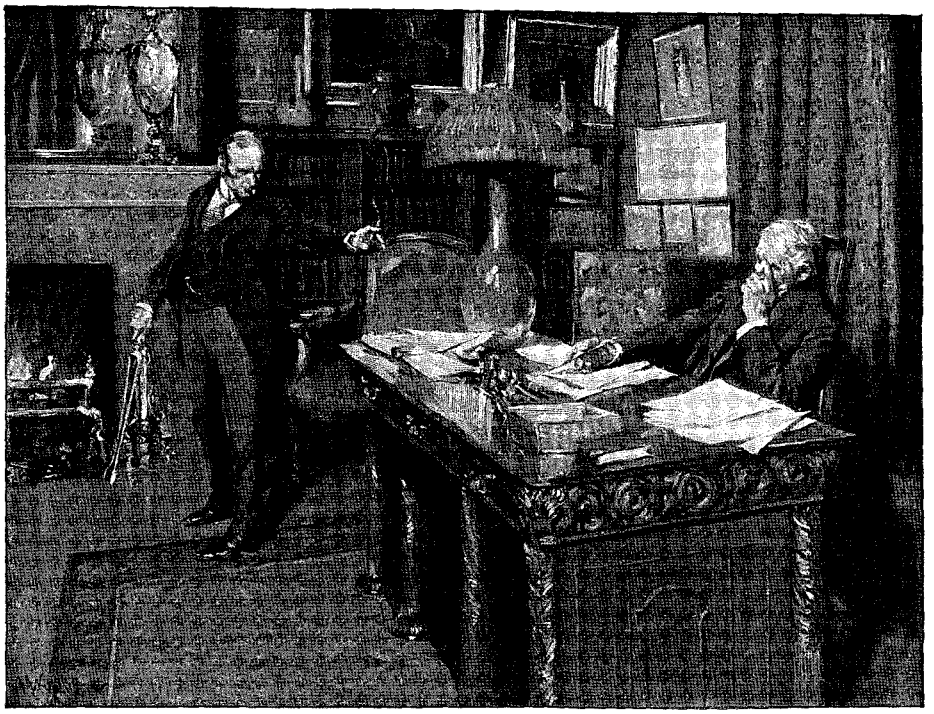

"But what you want to do is to get right with the people."—Page 545.

THE MAN ON HORSEBACK

By William Allen White

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. I. KELLER

BESIDE the Missouri River there is a busy city. At the outskirts of the city there is a beautiful suburb called Brookdale Park. In Brookdale Park there is a wide lawn, shaded here and there by tall elm-trees. Upon the wide lawn there is a sprawling gray stone castle. In the great castle there is a room, lined with leather and decorated with long rows of books, most of which stand in unbroken sets. In one of the books—a fat book bound in morocco—is the steel-engraved picture of a man with scraggly, unkempt beard and keen dark eyes. The picture shows the man wearing a black string necktie and a Prince Albert coat, after the exact fashion of the coats and ties in all the other pictures in the book. Under the picture is a cramped fac-simile of a signature written with a stub-pen, without a curve or flourish. On the opposite page is the title of the volume, "Makers of the Mighty West," and near it is the page number, 983, and then follows this sketch:

"JOAB T. BARTON—FINANCIER.

"Joab Teal Barton was born in Huron County, Ohio, in 1838, of poor but honest parents. He was educated in the country schools and spent a few months in Miami Academy before the breaking out of the war. He entered the Seventh Regiment of Ohio Volunteers and served his country four years, taking part in the battles of the Wilderness and in the campaign

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that ended at Appomattox Court House. He came west at the close of the war, and 1866 found him at Hannibal, Missouri, where, being without employment and funds, he accepted a position as brakeman on the Hannibal and St. Joe Railroad. Promotions came rapidly, and three years later as a conductor Mr. Barton ran the first train into Denver. A year later he was made trainmaster, and in 1872 he was superintendent of the Missouri Valley Division of the Hannibal and St. Joe, and in 1875 he became traffic manager of the Corn Belt system when it was known as the Leavenworth and Solomon Valley. The road at that time began at the Missouri River, and, as its directors used to say, lost itself in the sage-brush near what is now Abilene. To-day, when Joab T. Barton, President and General Manager of the close corporation which controls this mighty national highway, issues a system pass, it is good from the Great Lakes to the Pacific, and from the Missouri River to the Gulf.

"But the management of this vast enterprise consumes only a part of the man's energy. Being public-spirited, he organized the company which was granted the franchise for the water-works system that his home city enjoys, and his efforts were instrumental in getting Eastern capital to put down the first street railway in the city in 1876. That street railway was operated by three mules, yet it was the beginning from which the magnificent transportation system known as the West Side Electric Railway sprang. This is one of the enterprises to which Mr. Barton gives much of his attention. He is also a large owner of the stock of the Missouri Valley Gas Heating and Electric Company, and his real estate holdings are found all over the city.

"Personally the subject of this sketch is quiet and unassuming. He shrinks from publicity, and prefers the society of his intimate friends to the hubbub attendant upon a political career. He has fixed convictions, and cares nothing for the plaudits of the multitude. He is said to be a loyal ally, and a sleepless enemy. In 1870 he married Miss Mary Stone at Denver, and one child, George M., born in 1872, is the fruit of this union."

Now it may be proved easily that Joab T. Barton owned this book, this room, this house, and this lawn. For all practical purposes he owned the soul of Brookdale Park, and there were five ably edited newspapers in the city which insisted that Joab T. Barton might as well have a warranty deed to the city, and there were two hundred thousand people who were supposed to go to bed at night in the belief that when they got up in the morning they might find that "Old Joab," as they called him, had dug up and carted away the Missouri River. For Barton was the town bogy-man.

People blamed him for every evil thing that happened in the community. If a bank failed, they said Old Joab wrecked it. If a street-car killed a man, Old Joab was committing his daily homicide. If men couldn't pay their bills at the end of the month, they laid their failures to Old Joab's extortionate charges for light and water. At different times he had been called an octopus, an incubus, a vampire, and a hydra-headed monster.

As for Mrs. Barton (she that was Mary Stone) she never read the papers, even though her husband bought one—type, presses, editor and all—that the family might enjoy the news of the day without wading through columns filled with abuse of the head of the household. Under the circumstances, the purchase of the newspaper was a wanton waste of money, for young George M. Barton read all the other papers at the club, and enjoyed the remarks about his father immensely. The young man did not take his father seriously. He played chess in the middle of the day and refused to go to meetings of directors where he didn't know the rules of the game, and often renigged and did other embarrassing things. He drank some hot, rebellious liquor, but not too much, and winked pleasantly at policemen who had been of service to him. He knew the names of the street-car conductors and the elevator-boys with whom he rode, and if he went to the boiler-makers' ball, he didn't conceal it from the patronesses of the dances given by the Colonial Dames. He was rated as a good fellow by those who knew him, and by his father's friends he was accounted worthless, but not a spendthrift. The elder Barton seemed to be concealing an expression of unspeak-

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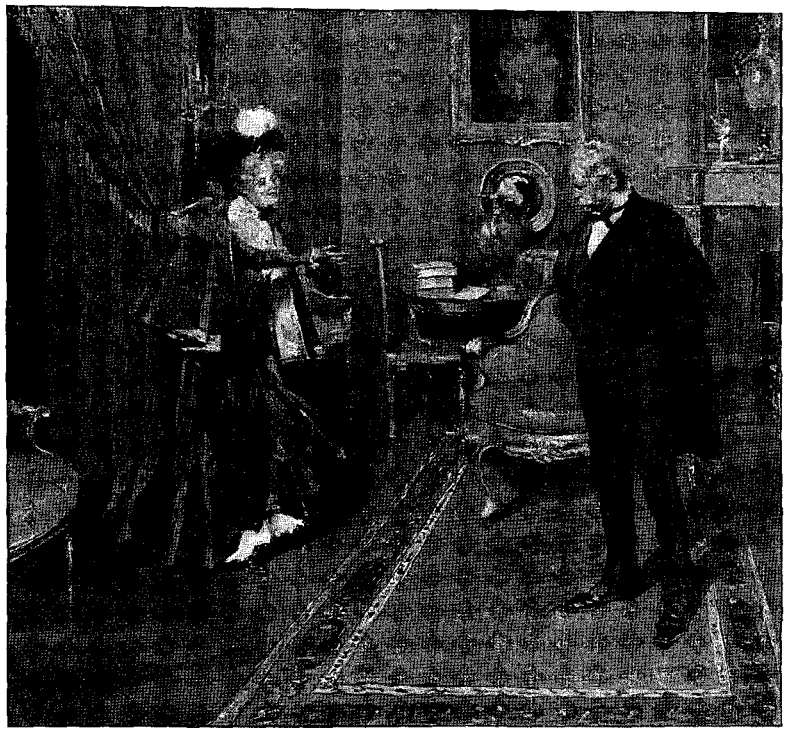
able fatigue whenever the boy came into his office, or whenever the youth's name was mentioned there.

Joab Barton had long since ceased to be surprised at anything that his son might say or do; and yet when he saw his son wearing a Civic Federation button, and met his name in the list of members of the Committee of Safety, the father was irritated. For the Committee of Safety of a majority of the councilmen and the mayor and the city counsellor, and he considered enough enough. Two bills were before the council for consideration at the time young Barton donned the Federation button; one, known as the Barton bill, merely extended a twenty years franchise to the West Side Electric Railway. The other, known as the Federation bill, granted the extended franchise, but



"Oh, Mr. Barton, how do you do?"—Page 546.

was at that time engaged in prosecuting, for election frauds, some gentlemen whom, for good and sufficient reasons, Joab T. Barton had seen fit to take into the employ of the West Side Electric Railway. Apparently the Civic Federation was organized under a charter to make Joab T. Barton's life a burden. When the boy went into it the Federation was giving life to a movement which demanded that Barton pay the city for the renewal of his expiring street railway franchise—a demand which Barton frankly called robbery; for he had already paid the election expenses required Barton to provide transfer privileges, three-cent fares to school-children, and to pay to the City Library Fund one per cent. of the company's earnings after the earnings reached ten per cent. Public feeling was at a boiling-point. Open charges of official corruption were being made. The newspapers were indulging in bitter editorials with nonpareil slugs between the lines. And George Barton suavely wore his blue and white Federation button, and referred to his father jocularly as "the Oppressor of the Poor."

Young George Barton considered his

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membership in the Federation a joke. He found the Federation at his club, with the occasional cocktail and the billiard-cue, and took the Federation with the other things, because they were easier to embrace than to avoid. He gave it about as much thought as he gave to the affair with Mrs. Kelsey at Manitou. Mrs. Kelsey was a blondined lady, who drove bobtailed horses in silver-mounted harness hitched to outlandish rigs. George had met her somewhat informally before she found Kelsey. At Manitou, with a maid and a nurse for her two overdressed children, Mrs. Kelsey was the queen of something like one hundred linear feet of veranda at the barny summer hotel. The affair between the youth and "our lady of the sawdust," as George was wont to call her, was really trivial. A handsome young man with unlimited credit is a decorative appurtenance to a high yellow and black English cart. And when the owner of the cart puts just a little too much padding—not much too much, but just a little too much—on her hips and at her bust, and lays one thin hair-line too much of black on her eyebrows and under her eyes—and when the lady after doing these things adds three unnecessary carats to the weight of her diamond earrings, she may ornament her equipage with a young man a trifle too youthful and a trifle too careless of the amenities, even if she does have to pay the price. But as at a summer-resort the price of these things is not so high as it is elsewhere in the world, Mrs. Kelsey paid it; and as for George Barton, he sent the account home to his parents. His father's estimate of the importance of the affair was gathered from the size of the florist's bill. It was under two hundred dollars, and the father was not disturbed. But when the Manitou gossip filtered into her home, George's mother went to bed and remained there a week in rage and humiliation. After that Mrs. Barton carried with her a hatred for Mrs. Kelsey and a fear of her that distinguished Mrs. Kelsey from the throng of strangers beyond the pale, and brought her into the circle of Mrs. Barton's intimate enemies. Barton and Jim Kelsey had been friends for ten years. Kelsey had been a section boss on the Corn Belt, and had prospered after constructing two or three branch lines for the system in the eighties. Later he had moved to the city, and had turned a more or less honest penny in cedar block paving; still later he went into asphalt paving and kept in the State Senate and in the city council, half a dozen foremen, a superintendent, and friends innumerable who acted with Barton's friends in the Legislature. If Barton's son wished to be pleasant to Jim Kelsey's new wife and Tom Hubbard's children, Joab T. Barton saw no reason for a demonstration of grief, if Jim did not complain. But Mrs. Barton gave more importance than her husband to Mrs. Kelsey's social impossibility, and since George Barton's return from Manitou, Mrs. Barton had felt an uneasiness lest the idle hours the boy spent with Mrs. Kelsey should affect the family's status in society. Yet so long as Mrs. Barton had the gray stone castle in Brookdale Park, the command of the incomes from a fortune that piled into the teens among the millions, and so long as she had the advantage of having entered the portals of the town's aristocracy, just before the boom widened the threshold, she was firmly established. This fact of her absolute social security was one of the many important things that Mrs. Barton did not know. Bright-eyed, fluffy-haired Mrs. Kelsey, who had struggled bravely for several years to keep the gentlemen of her acquaintance from saying "Hello" to her on the street, was shrewd enough to know what Mrs. Joab Barton did not know—that to land and to have money to bank up and keep the tide back was to have her feet upon a rock. Mrs. Barton always harbored a fear that she would betray the fact of her humble origin. Her mother once presided at the lunch-counter in Sharon Springs, and her father used to work on the cinder-pit at the round-house; and although the family came up in the world so rapidly that the child wore silk dresses before she was sixteen, her girlhood was spent in a family where nothing was thought of leaving the soap in the water or of sweeping dirt under the cupboard. So existence with Mrs. Barton was a constant struggle against reversion to type. In her twenties and thirties she wore the longest possible sealskins, and the most dazzling jewels. In her forties she built the castle in Brookdale Park

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and covered it with towers, swelling balconies, bulging windows and ginger-bread confections of architecture, until the house seemed inflated with sinful pride to the bursting-point.

The year before the Manitou incident ruffled her, Mrs. Barton had begun to find solace in severe simplicity. She came to worship austerity as madly and as abjectly as she had worshipped flash and show. Thereafter the footman went in black, the silver came off the harness, the front of the house was straightened. The towers were scraped away; the débris of bric-a-brac was swept out of the halls and reception-rooms, and life became a serious business to her. Yet eight years before she had beamed with joy that the newspaper printed her name among the patronesses of the Harvard Glee Club's annual entertainment. She had been reading the society columns of that paper every Sunday for years, familiarizing herself with the important names, and when she saw the excellent company she was in as a patroness, Mrs. Barton was sure for the first time that she had arrived. But she knew how thin her veneer was and she always feared it would crack and show the truth.

It was a vain house, an arrogant house, was this house of Barton. It stood amid the turmoil and the hubbub of a bitter contest with the people, when calamity fell and brought mourning with it. The news of George Barton's sudden death appearing on the first page of the morning papers, under one of the four flash-heads that greeted the reader's eyes, brought a shock with it, for the very papers which contained the news of the death crowded the account of it down to half a column, in order to print fiery communications from leading citizens and tax-payers, protesting against the passage of the Barton bill. The council was to cast its final vote in the matter on the evening of the next day. In their newspaper protests the citizens took for granted that the council would stand by Joab T. Barton in the street railway matter, as the council had protected him in the water-works bond proposition, in his gas and electric lighting schemes, in his river-front right-of-way grab, and in all the matters wherein the welfare of the people and the interests of Joab T. Barton had stood in opposition.

Therefore the town did not mourn with the Bartons. When death came to them and smote them dumb the town forgot them. The mourning in the town was for the young life that was cut off; for the smile that was chilled; for the boyish heart that was still; for the loss of the warm hand's clasp, and the eternal silence of a cheery voice. But for the living—for old Joab and his proud wife—the world forgot that they were coming through the great shadow, where the high and the lowly, the worldly and the righteous, the saints and those who are unclean, grope and stretch out their hands, and where all are kith and kin in the Democracy of Despair. But over the great house in Brookdale Park there hung a dreadful silence. Now and again the creak of a door would shatter it; the thud of a booted foot upon a heavy hall-rug told of the florist's invasion. The day-light darted impertinently through the hush of the darkened rooms; the master of the house, alone in the library, could feel rather than hear the servants gliding by his door. The whispering of visitors in the hall below sounded to Barton like an agitation in some cave of bats. He sat in a leather chair for hours, staring at the frescoed pattern on the ceiling. By mid-day his nerves had set him walking. For a time he paced the room; tiring of it, he went down the stairs and slipped past the parlor, and the neighbors saw the gray-clad human pendulum swing for two hours from end to end of the long veranda. An instinct for work nagged at Joab Barton, and the instinct brought the bitter knowledge that the incentive for work was gone. The day before he would not have owned that all his labor was for his son; but as the father walked his weary round that day there came a mighty press of grief upon him and he was sick—sick in the very flesh—at the stress of it. In that hour it was not the loss of one whom he loved that lashed his spirit; perhaps it was pride, perhaps it was the uprooting of the unspoken hopes that nature plants and nourishes in the breasts of fathers, though they know it not; perhaps it was the smarting of the blow that death deals to those near the swath of the sickle; perhaps it was—God knows what. But some mighty force came to the father there and he wrestled with a growing impulse which

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he put from him, when it first came. But as the shadows lengthened upon the lawn, all his sinews seemed to be pulling against his iron will. Time and again he passed the closed door of the parlor and beat off the impulse to enter the silent room and throw himself beside the body and let loose the throbbing tide of sorrow that pulsed within him. His sense of loneliness had been growing as he faced his future, and realized its emptiness; and, as he looked back and measured the brief span of years that had enclosed the boy's short life, this sense of loneliness grew deeper and deeper, tearing into the core of his soul. The sunlight of the day in which he had been walking burned him like a fire at the constantly recurring thought that the boy had passed forever out of it and out of all that was quickening in the world. Every sense lashed him to a madness, and when the loneliness became utter, when from the abyss of his future a great black cloud rose and enveloped him, Joab Barton entered the hall and tiptoed to the parlor-door as one ashamed. He turned the knob of the door softly and went in, his frame convulsing with grief. The stifling odor of the room choked him. He paused till his eyes adjusted themselves to the semi-darkness. He saw that the room was a veritable mass of lilies. Everywhere the whiteness of the flowers beat upon him and the artificiality of the place, the ostentation of the garish spectacle which money had made, mocked the anguish that had led him to the room. His eyes, revolting from the ghastly flowers, fell upon the dead boy's face. Barton lifted his arms high above his head in a spasm of anguish, and groaned as he turned away—his sorrow unspent, his soul unsatisfied. The hatred of all the world and its affairs burned his vitals like an adder's sting. After the impotent spasm of his passion had gone, Barton stood in the darkened room a long time with his fingers locked behind him.

Again and again the sight and the odor of the flowers nauseated him. A loathing of everything his money had brought came upon him, and following that came a doubt that his own life had been spent wisely. He stood by the coffin for many minutes. And then he passed an hour walking beside the form among the flowers. In that hour the busy years of his life went by in review. A strange psychological disorder was upon him, and whatever period in his life he tried to recall; whatever deed he dwelt upon, whatever point of his career he examined, the lapping of waters—sweet and sybillant, upon a skiff-side—broke in upon his reverie and brought him back to the days of his youth—to the days when he lived out of doors and tramped in fields and through grassy meadows; when he was brother to all the gentle-folk of wood and stream. And so it fell out that by degrees Joab Barton's heart understood the heart of his son, and he saw the good that was in the life that had passed. With his widened understanding came a warm love for the boy, and then with the whisper of the water still in his ears, the father gave up a pride in his own achievements. He was inspired to do some fine act of charity to perpetuate the dead boy's name. It seemed to Barton that he was but doing for the boy that which death had robbed the boy of the time and opportunity to do for himself. This brought peace to the father, and he hugged the inspiration fondly. The waters ceased lapping then, and Barton walked out into the light of the waning day with a mellow heart, almost rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. His transformation seemed as wonderful to him as that which befell Aaron's rod.

He went to the library, and before he took his chair he saw Lawton, the attorney for his street railway system, coming up the curved stone path to the house. Barton guessed his mission. He felt that it concerned the matters pending in the city council. When Lawton came into the room Barton was sitting listlessly, looking at the floor. He did not rise. After a few formal words the attorney broke the ice.

"Mr. Barton, things are going to pieces down town. The council's against us."

"I suppose so," returned Barton, not lifting his head.

"Jim Kelsey's flown the coop with his seven men, and that's got the mayor scared; and the fellows who are under obligations to us are getting panicky. They want some assurance that we're going to win, or they'll pull out. I don't

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know what to do?" There was a question in the last sentence. Barton answered it with a sigh as he put his head on his hand.

"Well, I don't, either."

Lawton was clearly absorbed in the fight. Yet he did not wish to intrude too grossly upon Barton's sorrow. There was a pause. When Lawton saw that Barton was not going to break it, the attorney ventured:

"Kelsey's the key; get him back and you're all right."

"What ails Jim?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, Mr. Barton; he's wearing a Federation button to-day, and the fellows say he's been consorting with the Truly Good and his gang for a month on the quiet. I had a talk with him this morning, but he began telling me about what the people demand, and the people's rights, and the need of your friends getting you down next to the grass roots. I asked him who'd put up for him and left him."

"Yes, I suppose so," replied Barton, turning his heavy eyes toward Lawton.

"Mr. Barton, suppose you have a talk with Jim, you understand him."

This closed a deep silence.

"I don't care what he does," sighed Barton.

But Lawton persisted, telling Barton that the fight had gone so far that many of Barton's friends had cast their fortunes with him for success, and urging him to make some effort in their behalf. The result of the conference was this: That Barton, weary of the persistence of his lawyer, and to be rid of the man for the hour, consented to see James Kelsey that night.

Twilight was falling when Kelsey entered the Barton house. Kelsey was a large man. He bumped into the furniture of the lower hall, and his voice dropped into a whisper that penetrated the quiet rooms like the hiss of escaping steam. Ascending he thumped each foot twice on every stair, once with his heel, once with his toe. That was because he tried to walk slowly, out of respect for the family's sorrow. Barton, still sitting by his desk where the attorney had left him, heard Kelsey at the door, and querulously cried "Come in!"

Kelsey entered the room ready for a struggle with Barton. The contractor had deliberately broken a ten years' alliance. He was prepared to hear a number of disagreeable things. Barton turned his face from his old ally and said, with a long breath:

"Sit down, Jim."

From a seat by the window Kelsey, who had struck a match, began his charge with: "Don't object to smokin', do you?" This came from between teeth that were biting a cigar. Kelsey was leaning well back in a deep chair and added:

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Barton, about George. He was a terrible good boy. My wife was tellin' me to-day how good he was to her at Manitou last summer. She said he was the best-hearted boy she'd ever saw. Well, it's the way of the world, I guess."

Barton made no reply. He walked to a window. The mantel-clock ticked ten minutes before Barton came back to his desk and rested his head on his hand. He began jabbing his pen in a glass of shot, not looking at Kelsey. Kelsey wished to be polite. He waited the first five of the ten minutes to give Barton the advantage of opening the controversy. During the last three minutes Kelsey began to suspect that Barton was planning some vicious trick, and that the silence was a part of a plan to outwit him. He decided to take the bit in his teeth.

"Well, sir, they sent me out to see you—what is it?"

Barton kept on trifling with the pen and the shot-glass, apparently giving his undivided thought to it, and replied:

"So they sent you out, did they?"

"They said you wanted to talk over the West Side Franchise business with me."

"So that's what you came for, is it?"

"It is." Kelsey was braced for the crisis. He crossed his legs and clasped his hands over a knee. Barton put down his pen. He let his eyes wander idly over his desk and said:

"All right then—talk!"

No word was emphasized.

"Well, what shall I say? Do you want to know what I think of this business?"

Barton nodded a weary head. His eyes were not lifted. Kelsey rose, walked to a smouldering grate-fire and punched it. He faced Barton and spoke:

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"Lookee here, Barton, me and you's been together in a lot of things for ten years. I've been a friend of yours and I am now. See here—what you need is someone to tell you the truth. The fellows in your office slop over you and lie to you. I won't. You've got to get down to the grass roots. Excuse me for sayin' it at such a time as this—but what you want to do is to get right with the people. They think you're an old hog. They say that you want the earth with a fence around it and the taxes paid. And this franchise proposition of yours has got 'em wild."

"Well let 'em get wild and stay wild," replied Barton. His tone was dead, but he lifted his eyes to his companion's.

"That's all right to say, Joab Barton, but the people are after you now in earnest. And they're goin' to get you. More than that they're goin' to rip every man up the back who stands with you. They're out for blood, and you better pick your tree; I did. Had to. You wouldn't blame me if you knew how things are going down town this week."

Barton's eyes were staring keenly at Kelsey. He spoke mechanically. "Pull 'er wide open, old man. Straight track ahead."

"Now, I suppose you're mad. All right, get mad. But I'm right here to tell you it'll be the costliest thing you ever got. This franchise ordinance will be beaten. That's dead open and shut. And it's the first thing you've lost in ten years. If they down you now, the whole kit and boodle will quit you; and you won't amount to more'n a feather fan in a cyclone. The people want to look at the books of this county anyway; and if you don't meet 'em half way in this you're a busted community, politically—or I'm a goat."

Barton looked up quickly and prefaced his remarks with a little nervous cough that he used when about to enter an important discussion.

"Well, say, Jim, what do they want? How would you go at it to get them?"

After the answer came, Barton beat spiritedly on his table with his wiry fingers, and said:

"Well, Jim, you could just as well have the $100,000 that I'd lose in ten years on your compromise, yourself!"

"Oh, that's all right, Barton. But I'm like old Tom Wharton; I've got money enough to afford the luxury of being honest. But that ain't the point. I can't go into this thing—now honest. As I was tellin' my wife this mornin', if a fellow amounts to anything in this man's town, he's got to get in with the best people. They're agin you, Joab—dead set agin you. That's the point. And what's more, they really cut the ice."

Barton could see even a small straw then. He grabbed it.

"Your wife agrees with you?"

"You're mighty right she agrees with me, and I'd take her judgment before I would any man's in this town." Kelsey knocked the ashes from his cigar and put it back at a reflective angle in his mouth, and added, as he threw a leg over the arm of his chair: "I've got money enough now to put her right in the best society in this town. But she don't care a cent for it; throws 'em all down. What she's after is this cold-nosed Brookdale outfit; they make me hurt, but if she wants 'em they're hers. And she knows and I know and you know, that it's Katy bar the door if Jim Kelsey isn't as straight as a string. And what's more, the people are with this outfit and it's the only way you can win. You can't beat the people; they've got the votes. And now's the time for you to get right, Joab T. Barton, or the devil will be to pay and the note past due." Kelsey's eyes twinkled as he finished speaking; for the Irish are never so merry as when they are dealing their hardest blows. There was no shadow of yielding in Kelsey's eyes.

Kelsey's words served only to awaken a fighting devil in Barton's heart that had held domain there for thirty years. It was a shrewd, merciless devil that loved a fight for the sake of winning, and it had been the motor that had pushed Joab T. Barton the whole way along his road to riches and power. This devil had been watching Kelsey from the moment he entered Barton's room, even when the stricken father loathed the world of affairs. This under-consciousness must have seen that Kelsey, who for years had been loyal to Barton, was moving by some new and unknown lever. Slowly as the habit of a lifetime took possession of Barton, his subconscious reasoning merged into the con-

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scious, and he was as alert as a tiger. Barton's mind worked in vivid, heat-lightning flashes of intuition. In one of these illumined seconds he suspected that Kelsey's new wife was his lever. The reply to his question about her agreement with her husband convinced Barton. When Kelsey had ceased speaking, Barton rose languidly, stretched himself, walked over to Kelsey and began purring:

"Oh, well, Jim, don't take it so hard; you're all right. Go on down town and tell the fellows not to get too far away from me. I'll be decent enough, Jim. But I can't talk it over now." Barton said these last words intentionally, and even while he spoke a stunning blow fell upon him as his grief came back to him. He did not wince, but went on—"Women are pretty smart, Jim, smarter than we are at times. Your wife may be right—I don't know, I don't know."

He had managed, by that indescribable pantomime that one uses to dismiss a guest, to get Kelsey on his feet and near the door as the sentence closed. A few formal words ended the meeting.

Barton walked to the grate and jabbed the fire until it blazed. He stood in the flare of light for two or three minutes, with two perpendicular ridges cut in his brow. He was taking mental invoice of Mrs. Kelsey. He recalled mechanically how all the men in the office had sniffed the year before, when she had married Kelsey. Barton remembered that many intangible things had been left unsaid about her. He peered intently into the image of her face as he remembered seeing it upon the street. It occurred to him that he had never met her at an evening gathering; he saw that she was not in society, and deducing from Kelsey's words about her, he concluded that she was forcing Kelsey into the respectability of the Civic Federation, to pave her way to social recognition. When Barton went over the ground again, and felt sure of his woman and of the force that was leading her, he stepped to the telephone and asked her to come to his house that evening. It was Barton's habit to strike like a thunderbolt.

It was not anxiety lest she should fail him that set Barton tearing papers on his desk to bits, while he waited. It was the chilling sense of anguish which he was strangling. This racked his nerves, but as he sat before the sinking fire, his sorrow was numbed by the spirit of combat that was grappling him body and soul. And the hand that touched the electric-light button, at the sound of a woman's voice in the hall, was of iron. Mrs. Kelsey entered in a whirlwind of invisible silks. She fluttered across the room to Barton, and took his hand in both of hers and held it for nearly a second, sighing before she spoke.

"Oh, Mr. Barton how do you do? Tell me, how is your wife? Poor, poor George!" Mrs. Kelsey caught her breath on something that might have been a sob. At the formal reply she continued:

"You know, Mr. Barton, she never called on me, but, in times like this, neighbors can't stand on ceremony. I'm so glad you sent for me, I do hope I can do something." Barton found a chair for her. "Mr. Barton, I've been trying so hard to keep up and be brave all day. But you are his father and you will understand, when I tell you that George was the noblest boy I ever knew—like a benediction I used to think, and now——" A bediamonded hand held her lace handkerchief to her eyes a moment. She straightened up presently and said, in a calm voice:

"You will pardon my weakness, I know, Mr. Barton. I came thinking I might help you; that I might do something. And here I am only making it harder for you."

Barton had been watching her out of eyes shaded by his hand. His features had not moved during her speech. He answered, "Not at all, Mrs. Kelsey, not at all." Then he cleared his throat and said:

"It was of another matter that I wished to speak, one that concerns me deeply. I want your help. It is in the West Side Franchise business that comes before the council to-morrow night."

"Yes," returned Mrs. Kelsey with the sweetest imaginable bell-like voice, and with an enticing rising inflection.

Barton went on in a dry, dead intonation: "Yes, Mrs. Kelsey, Jim's against me, and I want your help."

"Why did you think I could help you, Mr. Barton? Mr. Kelsey never comes to

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me for advice in those matters, and he's not a member of the council, either."

Barton caught her eye and held it till it dropped.

"Mrs. Kelsey, you are making a mistake. Jim can cat's-paw for those Civic Federation fellows all he pleases, but they will not admit him to fellowship with them, nor will their wives know you. You're on the wrong track. I can help you."

Mrs. Kelsey leaned forward, put her elbow on her chair-arm and her chin in her hand. She fixed Barton on the prongs of a questioning gaze. She was trying to probe him to see what truth was there. It is the habit of women who have been mistaken often.

"Can't we have an understanding?" asked Barton. "You can help me, and my wife and I can do more in two months to get you what you want than the Civic Federation will do in a dozen years. Mrs. Kelsey, I'm a plain man. I always speak right out. Now then (the little cough put the comma in here), if you'll see that Jim's friends in the council vote for my Franchise bill, I'll see that every house in Brookdale Park is open to you before snow falls. I give you my word."

Mrs. Kelsey did not take her eyes from Barton's face. She was thinking. The thought uppermost in her mind was that the council would vote the following evening, and that it would be a year before Mrs. Barton could come out of mourning to fulfil the compact. Barton divined some obstacle like this and repeated:

"I give you my word, Mrs. Kelsey."

To Joab T. Barton that sentence was a solemn obligation. Even those who hated him, never claimed that he would break a promise or forget it. Mrs. Kelsey nodded absently and said, in a preoccupied tone, as she went on searching for some way to bind the bargain:

"Yes, I know."

The answer revealed so much of the woman's past to Barton that he would have winced if he had been of flesh and blood. "Well?" he asked. The silence continued. But when Barton saw Mrs. Kelsey moisten her lips and heard her expell the faintest little sigh, he knew that some decision had been reached. He was too wise to put another interrogation. Mrs. Kelsey dropped her eyes, and put the ferule of her umbrella on her glossy shoe-tip and began, in a mellow voice that had a show of pathos in it:

"Mr. Barton, I'm not the kind of a woman you have taken me for. I can't enter into a cold-blooded deal like that. I love to do things for my friends. It gives me pleasure to help them. I thought the world of George, Mr. Barton. I would have done anything in the world for him that a mother would do. He was just a boy. I want to be friends with his father and mother. If you come to me as a friend and ask this that you do, I'll help you. I don't want any reward—only to be considered your friend."

Barton could see whither she was drifting. The President of the West Side Electric Railway Company did not recoil at her audacity, and George Barton's father was dumb. The President of the West Side Railway Company saw only the great game that had been almost lost, now almost won. The lust to win tingled through his veins. He filled a pause with:

"I understand exactly."

"Do you?" she inquired. She was screwing her courage to the point. To be accepted as the friend of the Bartons in a great family crisis like this would put Mrs. Kelsey's social status beyond question. After that, she believed that she could take care of herself.

"I knew you would understand when I told you. George's father must have understood. And it is for George's sake that I want to be friends with you—you and his poor heart-broken mother. I want to comfort her. I want you to let me come to-morrow and help her through that terrible ordeal. I want to be here in the house, to receive the curious strangers, to shield her; to let her lean upon me for her boy's sake. It will comfort me—you don't know how much."

He did not answer. She feared she had moved too suddenly; that Barton, being unprepared, would refuse her request. Wishing to clinch the proposition, she spoke through her handkerchief:

"And don't—don't you think—Mr. Barton," a bubble of sobs broke the sentence, "that Jim Kelsey wouldn't brave the whole world for anyone who was that good to me. Oh, Jim is so good to me, Mr. Barton, so good."

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It was not Mrs. Kelsey's grief that moved Barton. For he looked up at her quickly, and when he saw that her eyes were dry, he knew that he was facing a business proposition. Mrs. Kelsey did not meet his gaze, but her eyes fell, coyly enough perhaps to have deceived a meaner judge of human nature into parleying and haggling for better terms. Joab Barton consumed one—two—three—four—five minutes in debate with the devil before Mrs. Kelsey got her answer. In that five minutes Barton looked at the naked facts in the case. He took into account his wife's hatred for Mrs. Kelsey. He saw clearly that he was trading his wife's peace of mind for votes to pass the Franchise bill. He knew that such a course would be abhorrent to his son. But the spirit of the fight was so big in him that he put by his wife's scruples as the whims of a foolish woman, and passed over what might have been his son's objections as the quibblings of a sentimental boy. As for his own high purposes of the earlier hours of the day, he saw in them only the vaporings of an unbalanced mind. Still it took time to settle these things, and while they were settling Mrs. Kelsey composed herself and waited her answer patiently. Barton had been drumming on his desk with the long thin blade of a paper-knife, and he did not lift his eyes from the tip of the blade as he said:

"Very well, Mrs. Kelsey, very well," and then added: "Will that be all?"

"No, I think not," replied Mrs. Kelsey, as if trying to recall the last article on a shopping list. "Mrs. Barton and I should have an understanding, and there will be no better time than now. I believe I would send for Mrs. Barton, if I were you."

Mrs. Barton came into the room, her large figure trembling, and her head, that was crowned with crimping-pins, nodding as in a palsy. The brown wrinkles in her face were drawn and deepened, and there was a pitiable abandonment to grief in her wrinkled clothes. If the stricken mother's heart was clutched by surprise or anger, When she recognized Mrs. Kelsey, her heavy face did not show it. She seemed to have reached a point where her body did not repeat the agonized writhings of her soul.

"Well, Joab, what is it?" was her greeting.

When she heard her husband's disagreeable prefatory cough she must have known that his words would be painful to her. But she seemed none the less ready to hear them.

"Mrs. Barton," began her husband, "you know Mrs. Kelsey." The wife made a trembling acknowledgment to Mrs. Kelsey's effusion. "Mrs. Kelsey," continued Barton, "is going to place us greatly in her debt. And in a way that nothing except a manifestation of our gratitude can repay her. I have had a talk with Mrs. Kelsey, and she tells me that she considers it important to be here to-morrow, to represent us during the morning and to be with us during the afternoon. I have pledged her your consent. Considering the debt we owe her I could do nothing else."

It was a long speech; but Barton had braced himself for it, and said it carefully and slowly, as though he were dictating it to his stenographer. Mrs. Barton, who had seated herself before the message started, seemed to be on the point of speaking once or twice during the recitation, but checked herself, and when her husband ceased talking she replied:

"It's just as you say, Joab."

Mrs. Kelsey, rising to go, said: "I'm so glad, Mrs. Barton, that you will let me do something to help you in your trouble."

Mrs. Kelsey approached the elder woman, and brought with her the odor of violet and the irritating rustle of silk. There was a creaking mechanism about her gestures and in her manner that rasped the nerves of the heart-broken mother. In a second she lost her self-control. Anger made her joints rigid as she stood before her husband; but her voice quavered and broke and ran the gamut along its short register as she spoke:

"Joab Barton, do you know what that—that—that creature is?" She pointed to Mrs. Kelsey. "What she has done? That's the person that tagged after George in Manitou and tried to bring him to her level. Let her in the house? That woman—that—that——"

Barton did not stop drumming with his knife upon his desk. Mrs. Kelsey stood motionless near the grate. In the help-

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"I'll see that every house in Brookdale Park is open to you."—Page 547.

lessness of her rage, the mother turned, as if to step toward the younger woman, and cried:

"How dare you come here! How dare you! Isn't it enough for you to hound my boy in life? Are you going to——" But Mrs. Barton did not finish the sentence. She lost voice in a burst of tears. And Mrs. Kelsey exclaimed, in the calmest and sweetest tone:

"My poor dear woman, you don't realize what you are saying and you cannot know what you are talking about. Why, I loved George like he was my own child."

The violet perfume from the handkerchief at Mrs. Kelsey's eyes stimulated the rage of the mother and she found speech.

"Don't I know what I'm talking about? Don't I?" Mrs. Barton trembled, not with the palsy of grief but with pent-up wrath, which passed away as she turned to her husband:

"For God's sake, Joab, are you going to do this? Don't, don't, Joab; please don't. Not now—any time but now."

Barton again spoke in his emotionless voice.

"You don't understand. It is a matter of business—purely business. And I must have my way. What time in the morning shall Mrs. Kelsey call?"

Probably Mrs. Barton had met the look before that came into her husband's face. She stood and stared at him hopelessly, and moaned:

"Oh, God! Business! Business!"

At the door, before she closed it behind her, the mother broke into tears. And they heard her heavy footsteps in the hall and on the stairs. Her cry came back to them:

"George! George! Oh, George!"

Through the stillness of the house came the click of the parlor-door, and after the two above stairs heard a wild, piteous burst of sorrow the house grew quiet, and the clock-ticks came into the silence and startled them.

. . . . . .

The *Morning Times*, which told of the pomp and splendor of George Barton's

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funeral, published, under the caption of "THE MAN ON HORSEBACK," a double-leaded editorial which Joab T. Barton did not read. Yet it contained much of interest to him and to all good citizens. The editorial ran thus :

"Last night the city council passed Joab T. Barton's ordinance granting him a renewal of his street railway franchises in this city for twenty years. The ordinance was passed just as it came from the law department of the West Side Electric Railway Company, without an ink-scratch on the twenty-five handsome green type-written pages. It was passed by a majority of five, the exact majority that the West Side people boasted it would have six months ago. There was in it not one concession to the people. For three months the citizens of this town have made public sentiment against this nefarious measure so plain that no one has disputed it. If there had been the slightest remnant left of the institution of a government by the people, Joab T. Barton would have paid the city some adequate return for the great concession he has wrested from the people through chicanery and corruption.

"But the vote last night has demonstrated that this town no longer enjoys popular government. This town, its citizens, its property, real and personal, and the hereditaments thereunto appertaining, are the chattels of Joab T. Barton. He not only owns the executive and legislative branches of the civil government, but the judiciary is recruited from his law offices. He can give us water or not at his will; he can furnish us with light or not, at his will. He can bid us walk, and there is no recourse from his edict. By a scratch of his pen he can increase freight-rates on his great railroad system, putting the necessaries of life out of the reach of one third of the population in the city, and no State Legislature dare check his avarice. There has been much talk about the coming revolution that is to destroy property rights and overthrow free government. The talk is idle. A silent revolution has been accomplished. Our dictator is here. Napoleon's monarchy had only limited powers compared with those which Joab T. Barton controls. What a farce are these empty forms of popular government.

"Well, Joab, what is it?" was her greeting.—Page 548.

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"Oh, God! Business! Business!"—Page 549.

"Out of the mad struggle for commercial supremacy—a struggle that has cost America a thousand times more lives, and better lives than the revolutionary guillotine took from France—has risen in every American city, and in many American States, some bloodless, greedy, brutal incarnation of the spirit of the times, like Joab T. Barton. He is THE MAN ON HORSEBACK."

THE SUICIDE

By Edwin Markham

TOIL-WORN, but trusting Zeno's mad belief,
A soul went wailing from the world of grief:
  A wild hope led the way,
  Then suddenly—dismay!
  Lo, the old load was There—
  The duty, the despair!
Nothing had changed: still only one escape
From its old self into the angel shape.

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MRS. JOHN DREW

Engraved by Henry Wolf after a painting
by Sully in 1864
Now in possession of John Drew Esq.

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John Drew, Sr.

From a photograph in the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq.

[The notes accompanying the illustrations are by Douglas Taylor, Esq.]

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MRS. JOHN DREW

[SECOND PAPER]

NEXT, I was offered an engagement at the Park Theatre, New York. That was the goal of my ambition. I went there, and during the season played every variety of character; but *Fortunio* was a big success. The Park had a right, from time beyond computation, to close for two months from the first of July, if they desired; well, they did desire it, and did it. Some few of us went to Baltimore, to play at the Front Street Theatre; but they did not want us there. Mr. E. N. Thayer, who was managing Peele's Museum for the owners, came to me and proposed that we should act there, such pieces as required only three or four persons. In desperation, we agreed. He was to have two shares, in virtue of his rig-out, the bills and managing. I was to have two shares, being leading lady; Mr. Hunt one, and my mother one. The opening night I was dressing for "The Swiss Cottage" very dejectedly, when my sister Georgia, who was looking through a hole in the green curtains, came in and said, excitedly, "Oh, Louise, there are quite a number of people in, and one gentleman in full dress." After this I dressed with great alacrity, sustained by my sister's jumbled statements of the increasing audience. We acted with en-

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Mrs. John Drew.

From a miniature in possession of John Drew, Esq.

thusiasm, and greatly pleased the company in "The Lecture Room." After the entertainment was over, Mr. Thayer sat before a table on the stage, with the receipts of the night before him, and solemnly handed each person his or her share or shares, in specie (and very welcome it was to all). This ceremony occurred nightly, and, unlike most ceremonials, never became tiresome. We played for over four weeks with increasing attractiveness, and regretted being summoned to the reopening of the Park. There was some talk about not returning, but the Park was a power then! The next season they closed for six weeks in the winter, and I went to the Bowery, where John R. Scott, James W. Wallack, Jr., Mrs. Herring (a great local favorite), and myself played ten acts of tragedy and comedy nightly for two weeks. Then "Beauty and the Beast" was produced. J. W. Wallack, Jr., as *The Beast*, Mr. Charles Hill as *Sir Aldgate Pump*, Mr. Gates as *John Quill*, and myself as *Beauty*. It was quite successful. In the summer we went to the Albany Museum. My heart sank when I saw the place; but everything prospered there after this, and I have reason to look back upon the time spent in Albany with gratitude. After the lapse of one year's absence I returned to the Park, acting everything. They always had some very good actors there, but their utility people were the worst ever seen. Acted with Mr. Macready, James Anderson, John Collins, J. B. Booth, etc. Macready was a dreadful man to act with; you had the pleasant sensation of knowing that you were doing nothing that he wanted you to do, though following strictly his instructions. He would press you down with his hand on your head, and tell you, in an undertone, to stand up! Mr. Macready was a terribly nervous actor; any little thing which happened unexpectedly irritated him beyond endurance. One night,

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Mrs. John Drew as *Mrs. Malaprop.*

From a photograph, copyrighted, 1896, by B. J. Falk, New York.

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Characters in Two Plays by:

John Drew, Frank Drew, } brothers.

Mrs. J. Drew, Miss Kinlock, } sisters.

Mrs. George Kinlock, } Mother of Mrs. Drew.

From a play-bill in the collection of John Drew, Esq.

WHEATLEY AND DREW'S
ARCH ST. THEATRE

MANAGERS, - - - - { WM. WHEATLEY JOHN DREW.

AGAIN

RESTORED!

To-Night, Tuesday, Oct. 10, 1854

SHAKSPERE'S

PECULIAR & POPULAR
COMEDY
OF
ERRORS

Will be repeated for the Second Time this Season, and for the

80th Time by the Star Company

Antipholus of Ephesus.....Mr. WM. WHEATLEY	1st Officer.....Mr. REILLY
Dromio of Ephesus.....Mr. JOHN DREW	Servant.....Mr. CATERSON
Antipholus of Syracuse.....Mr. SHEWELL	Attendants.....Messrs. JACKSON, MOORE and MATTHEWS
Dromio of Syracuse.....Mr. F. N. DREW	Abbess.....Mrs WILKS
Duke of Ephesus.....Mr. DOLMAN	Adriana.....Mrs. JOHN DREW
Egeon.....Mr. GILE	Lucinia.....Mrs KINLOCK
Angelo.....Mr. BANGS	Lisha.....Miss BERNARD
Chaves.....Mr. STEPHENS	Bridget.....Mrs. LINDEN
Cleon.....Mr. HALL	Attendants, Executioner, Sisters of the Convent, &c., by the Troupe of Auxiliaries.
Dr. Pinch.....Mr. FISHER	

PREVIOUS TO THE COMEDY,

OVERTURE—"La Bayadère," (Auber,) - - - - - **ORCHESTRA**

SCHOTTISCH POLKA—A la Paydent, Miss C. LUDLAM & Mons. ZAVYSTOWSKI

OVERTURE—"Der Freischutz," (Weber,) - - - - **ORCHESTRA**

To conclude with the Intereing French Drama called

SATAN IN PARIS!

[redacted].....Mrs. JOHN DREW	Chechore.....Mr. HALL
	Francis.....Mr. CATERSON
	Pierre.....Mr. MATTHEWS
	Loupes.....Mr. STEPHENS
	Chaumiere.....Mr. MAY
	Corporal.....Mr. FRANCIS
Count Henry de Bourmont.....Mr. DOLMAN	Mad. Dantelle.....Miss C. BERNARD
Count Vanilla.....Mr. JOHN DREW	Mad. Loceral.....Mrs. KINLOCK
Capt. Garconde.....Mr. SHEWELL	Mad. De Sircourt.....Mrs. WILKS
Dupliment.....Mr. FISHER	Madeline.....Miss G. KINLOCK
Creguet.....Mr. F. N. DREW	Thieves, Peasants, Guards, &c.

TO-MORROW, (WEDNESDAY,) first time by the Star Company, SHAKSPERE'S Tragedy of

OTHELLO, with the Laughable Farce of the GOOD FOR NOTHING.

STAGE DIRECTOR, - - - - - **MR. J. B ADDIS**

Boxes and Parquet.....25 Cents	Whole Private Box.....$3.00
Secured Seats.....37½ "	Gallery.....12½ Cents
Orchestra Stalls.....50 "	Gallery for Colored Persons.....25 "
Seats in Private Box.....75 "	Private Box in Gallery, for Colored Persons, 37½ Cts.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performance to commence at half-past 7.

BOX OFFICE OPEN FROM 10 A. M. UNTIL 3 P. M.

TREASURER, - - - - - **J. INGLES MATTHIAS**

Brewer's Steam-Power Job Printing Office, Ledger Buildings, Philada

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Tyrone Power.*

From an engraving by J. Sands, after a painting by J. Simpson. In the collection of Douglas Taylor, Esq.

at the Park, "Macbeth" was the play. Mrs. Sloman, an old-fashioned actress, dressed *Lady Macbeth* in the manner which prevailed in her early life—in black velvet, point lace and pearl beads. In the murder scene part of Macready's dress caught on the tassels of her pearl girdle; the string broke, the beads fell on the floor, softly, with a pretty rhythmic sound, distinctly heard through the intense silence of the scene. This so exasperated Mr. Macready that he was almost frantic, until, with the final line of the scene, "Wake, Duncan, with the knocking, oh! would thou couldst," he threw Mrs. Sloman off the stage, with words which I hope were unheard by the public, and were certainly unfit for publication.

After this I went to New Orleans, to Ludlow & Smith, proverbially the closest pair in the profession. They gave me $35 per week, a larger salary than they ever gave Mrs. Farren. Mr. Chippendale was there, too, and we acted together all the popular small comedies of the day, now forgotten by all. Some seasons previous to this I went to Chicago, to open the first theatre built there, by Mr. John Rice, who

* The Waterford boy, Tyrone Power, tried the army and navy. Early in life he was sent to South Africa, but soon returned, and in his twentieth year, in 1815, became an actor, struggling in light comedy and as general utility man in small London and country theatres for ten or twelve years, with a brief retirement about 1819 and 1820.

In 1827, much to his disgust and against his remonstrances, he was cast for an Irish character which made such a hit he thereafter became exclusively an Irish comedian—dwarfing his predecessors, Irish Johnstone and Connor, and even obliterating Moody, the first stage Irishman.

Murtoch Delany, Bulgruddery, Dr. O'Toole, and *Major O'Flaherty* became famous; his own plays of "St. Patrick's Eve," "Rory O'More," and "Flannigan and the Fairies" added to his celebrity, and the Haymarket gladly paid him £150 a week in 1834, when a dozen years before he had received but three.

He became immensely popular in America, which he visited in 1833, 1836, and 1839; and his well-known book, "Impressions of America," shows a hearty appreciation of the country and his many warm friends here.

Besides being the best *Sir Lucius, Paddy O'Rafferty, Tim Moore*, and *Sir Patrick O'Plenipo* ever seen, his genial personal character and the talents he exhibited as playwriter, poet, and novelist, made his visits here reciprocally delightful, and the loss of the steamship President in March, 1841, caused genuine mourning on both sides of the ocean, for the brilliant actor and gentleman who sank with her.

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Mrs. John Drew.

From a photograph by W. L. Germon, Philadelphia. In the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq.

afterward became one of the valued citizens of that rising city, and ultimately the mayor, and then one of the representatives of the State in Congress. He was the best man I ever knew, the very embodiment of justice and common-sense.

In 1848 I married Mr. George Mossop. He died a few months after in Albany, and in 1850 I was married to Mr. John Drew, although the marriage was not made public for some months, as I had several engagements to fulfil before I could join him. Then we went to Chicago for the season, and Buffalo, then to Albany. We went in the summer to New York, to act small comedies at Niblo's. In the company were W. R. Blake and wife, Lester Wallack, Mrs. Stephens, Mr. Joseph Jefferson, Mr. Drew, and myself. We played in conjunction with Signor Soto, Mons. Meyé, Mlle. Leontine, and Mlle. Dreux—a dancing party, brought to the country for Niblo's by Mr. J. H. Hackett. Six weeks comprised the season—then we went to Philadelphia, to the old Chestnut Street Theatre.

The season opened with Cibber's comedy of "She Would and She Would Not," with the following distribution of characters:

Don Manuel	Mr. John Gilbert
Don Philip	Mr. Dickerson
Don Octavio	Mr. Eytinge
Trappanti	Mr. John Drew
Soto	Mr. J. S. Clarke
Hypolita	Mrs. John Drew
Flora	Miss Celia Logan
Rosaro	Mrs. Gladstone
Viletta	Miss Lizzie Steel

Not one person had ever acted in the play before, or ever seen it acted. It was very successful. The farce was "The Miseries of Human Life," with Mr. Drew,

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John Drew, Sr.*

From a photograph in the collection of Louis Evan Shipman, Esq.

Mr. Thayer, and myself. When the season was nearly ended we withdrew from the company, and transferred our services to the Arch Street Theatre, then under the management of Mr. Hemphill. The lease was offered to Mr. William Wheatley and John Drew. They accepted it, and the following season opened as Wheatley & Drew's Arch Street Theatre. I didn't play during the early part of the season, and Mrs. D. P. Bowers was engaged, whose recent death must be deplored by all who knew her.

At the end of their second season John Drew retired from the concern, and J. S. Clarke came into it. John and I travelled in 1857, came back to Philadelphia in the spring, and joined Mrs. Bowers's company at the Walnut Street Theatre. Mr. Drew, accompanied by my mother, paid a visit to England and Ireland. I took the leading position at the Walnut, and they returned in the winter, when Mr. Drew played a long engagement at the Walnut.

(It is proper here to say that I had three children in these five years—Louisa, John, and Georgie.) The next season I was engaged at the Arch by Wheatley & Clarke. We brought out "The Sea of Ice" and "The Naiad Queen," having before that produced "The American Cousin," "Pauvrette," and "The Octoroon," in all of which I sustained the principal female characters. In the meantime Mr. Drew went to Australia, via

* Mr. John Drew was not only a renowned personator of Irish characters, but an admirable actor of light eccentric comedy parts, which he often played in the early portion of his too brief career. In New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Albany and other cities where he was an especial favorite, he was more closely identified with "Handy Andy," *Dr. O'Toole, Sir Lucius O'Trigger*, "The Irish Emigrant," and other popular representations of Irishmen than any actor since the days of Tyrone Power. Philadelphia may be claimed as the home of John Drew, and the Arch Street Theatre saw its halcyon days under the excellent management of Mr. Drew and his partner, William Wheatley.

Mr. Drew was born in Dublin, September 3, 1827, and died in Philadelphia, May 21, 1862.

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James Edward Murdoch.*

From a lithograph, after a daguerreotype by McClees & Germon, in the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq.

California, and from there to England, acting most successfully in all the cities.

In 1860 it was proposed by the stockholders of the Arch that I should assume the management, and in 1861 the theatre was opened as Mrs. John Drew's Arch Street Theatre. A good deal was done to beautify the theatre. It was a hard season to meet. I borrowed money every week to meet the salaries. Mr. Drew returned just after Christmas, and acted one hundred nights, then went to New York on business, returned, and died, after three days' illness, in May, 1862. The next season I got on rather better, and then it was determined by the stockholders to pull down and rebuild the theatre from the stage to the front. This was done in the summer, and we opened the third season with the Richings Opera Company. Wallack, Davenport, Edwin Booth, and a number of the best stars acted here, and it was a very fine season, enabling me to pay back all the money I had borrowed for the first, which gave me great joy in the doing.

Mr. E. L. Davenport was a very fine actor. I first met him at the old Chestnut Street Theatre, when he was a very handsome young man. Even at that time he was very versatile, and always continued so—to his detriment, it was thought. When he had the new Chestnut I saw him play *Sir Giles Overreach* in a masterly manner. As *Sir Giles* Mr. Davenport surpassed even the elder Booth, and to those who remember that great actor nothing can be said beyond that.

Edwin Booth had a very sweet character and a charming manner at rehearsals, which he detested. I think, after *Hamlet*, his *Bertuccio* in the "Fool's Revenge"

* James Edward Murdoch, one of the finest elocutionists and light comedians of the American stage, born January 25, 1811, first became celebrated as leading juvenile at the Chestnut Street Theatre in his native city, where he supported Fanny Kemble in 1833. He afterward was stage manager of that theatre, and later, in 1841, of the National Theatre, Boston. Until 1858 he performed at intervals in the leading theatres of the United States, achieving an unsurpassed reputation in *Young Mirabel*, *Claude*, *Rover*, *Vapid*, *Benedick*, *Orlando*, *Evelyn*, and *Mercutio*, and in these especial characters he was fortunate enough to please the English critics on his visit in 1856.

The breaking out of the Civil War in 1861 brought him from his Ohio farm, to which he had retired in 1858, and with patriotic zeal he devoted three years to reading and lecturing for the various sanitary commissions or entertaining the sick and wounded at the soldiers' hospitals. Mr. Murdoch's last performances were at the grand dramatic festival in Cincinnati in 1883, and he died in that city May 19, 1893.

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was his finest representation. He threw his whole soul into it, and it was, indeed, a performance to be remembered.

For about eight years fortune favored me. The great little actress Lotta acted with me for several years—long engagements, which were never enough for the public's satisfaction or my own. During this time many of my company went to New York—Mr. F. F. Mackay, Louis James, Robert Craig, who was one of the most talented young men I ever met, Charlotte Thompson, Stuart Robson, Miss Fannie Davenport, etc. Several became stars. About this time I concluded to follow the example of all the other theatres in the city, and ceased to have a stock company, and called the theatre a "combination theatre;" but it never did so well as before. The public seemed to miss the old favorites, and not to care for the new ones. I clung with such tenacity to the old customs that we were the last to take up *matinées*. There were two new theatres on Chestnut Street and one in Broad Street. They eventually became as one, having the same manager. Thus they and the old Walnut and new Park got all the best stars or combinations, and we were obliged to put up with what they kindly left. Then the people began to find out that the theatre was "out of the way"—"it was too far uptown" (there are now six theatres very much above it, "uptown"). My only remaining great

WHEATLEY'S

ARCH ST. THEATRE

SOLE LESSEE, ... W. WHEATLEY
ACTING AND STAGE MANAGER, ... W. B. FREDERICKS

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 14th, '57

Will be presented, after many months of preparation, and for the

FIFTH TIME,

The Celebrated Scenic and Beautifully Poetic and Legendary Play, entitled The

NAIAD QUEEN

OR, THE NYMPHS OF THE RHINE!

PRODUCED IN A STYLE OF UNEQUALED

GRANDEUR AND DAZZLING BEAUTY!

And with that general attention to detail peculiar to this Establishment. The

Gorgeous Scenery, by the Talented Artists, Mr. John Wiser and Mr. Thos. Glessing.

Mechanism, by Mr. Jos. Strahan; Costumes, by Mr. Frank Johnson; Appointments, by Mr. Charles Long.

MORTALS.

Sir Rupert, the Fearnought.....Mr. DOLMAN
Rinaldo, the Honorable.....Mr. STEARNS
Rudolpho, the Wise, (his first appearance).....Mr. WALLACE
Manfredi, the Ready.....Mr. REILLY
Rolando, the Disconsolate.....Mr. MORROW
Baron of Lauchausen.....Mr. BRADLEY
Schnapps, Squire to Sir Rupert.....Mr. J. S. CLARKE
Lady Una.....Mrs. H. A. PERRY
Bridget.....Mrs. THAYER

IMMORTALS.

Lurline, Queen of the Naiads.....Mrs. JOHN DREW
Idex.....Miss ANNA CRUISE
Tulvia.....Miss H. BAKER
Sparkle, (her first appearance at this Theatre)...Miss ELLA WARREN
Spray.....Miss C. LUDLAM

Corrilla.....Miss C. REED
Brilliant.....Miss A. ATKINS
Dewdrop.....Miss A. COOPER
Sprinkle.....Miss L. COOPER
Limpid.....Miss J. MILLER

Naiads, Syrens, &c., &c.

DEMONS OF THE RHINE.

Amphibeo, (his first appearance in several years)...Mr. H. CALLADINE
Black Fin.....Mr. ANDREWS
Goggle Eye.....Mr. WEST
Phantom Face.....Mr. MOORE
Scaly Skin.....Mr. WILSON
Sorrel Top.....Mr. PARKER
Corkscrew.....Mr. JONES
Fin Back.....Mr. MORTON

Attendant Demons, &c.

In the course of the Romance, the following Music will be sung:

SONG & CHORUS—"To-morrow and To-morrow," Sir Rupert and Chorus. INVISIBLE CHORUS—"In our Coral Caves." SONG—"Where the Bee Sucks," Idex. DUET—"Come o'er the Moonlit Sea," Idex and Tulvia. DUET & CHORUS—"See, Sister, See," Idex, Schnapps and Chorus. SONG—"Give me back my Arab Steed." Idex. FINALE—"On the Banks of the Rhine." *In the Second Act.*

GRAND PAS DE DEUX—"Las Naiads," Miss C. Ludlam and Miss Ella Warren

Play Bill of Arch Street Theatre, May 14, 1857.

In the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq.

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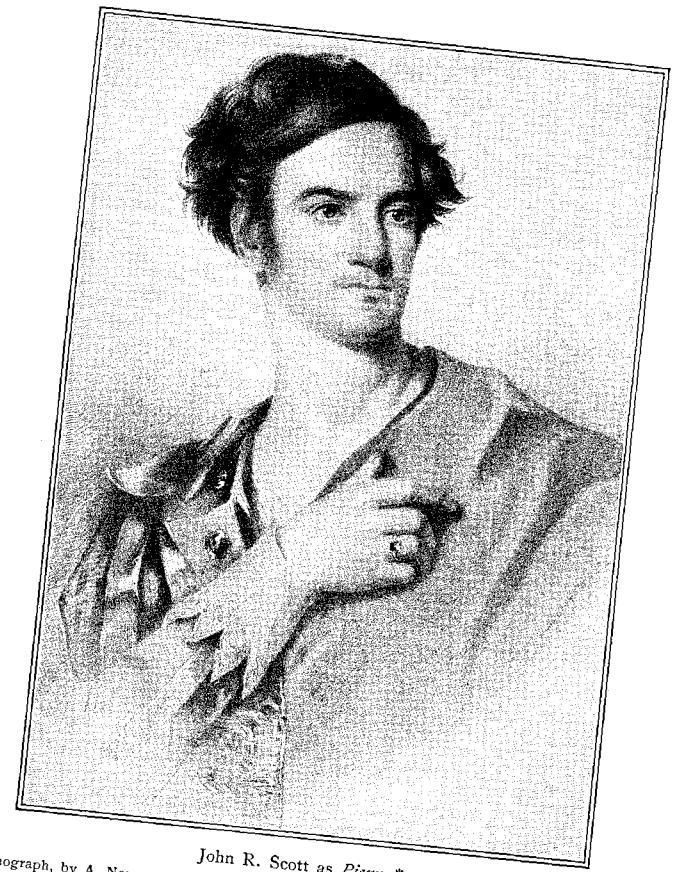

John R. Scott as *Pierre.**

From a lithograph, by A. Newsam, after a painting by T. Sully, Jr., in the collection of Peter Gilsey Esq.

attraction was Mr. Jefferson. Just before one of his engagements, as he and I with two other parties were sitting in the office, a lady came up to the window of the box-office to get seats. "Oh! papa told us (she was about fifty) we must be sure to see Mr. Jefferson; but please give us three good seats, down low, because papa told us they were all old people, so we want to get as close as we can to hear them!" This observation occasioned much mirth, for the "old people" consisted of Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Florence, Mr. Frank C. Bangs, Mr. Jack Barnes, and myself. In 1880 or 1881 I engaged with Mr. Jefferson to travel with him and act *Mrs. Malaprop* in "The Rivals," and from that time till 1892 continued to do so. From the time when Mr. William Florence was engaged, we did nothing but "The Rivals," and, occasionally, "The Heir-at-Law." Poor Mr. Florence, he was the best *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* I ever saw.

He obtained more effect out of the text than anybody reading it would think possible. Our first cast of the comedy was as follows:

Sir Anthony	Mr. Fred. Robinson
Captain Absolute	Mr. Maurice Barrymore
Sir Lucius O'Trigger	Mr. Waverly
Falkland	Mr. Taylor
Fag	Mr Tom Jefferson
David	Mr. Gallagher
Mrs. Malaprop	Mrs. John Drew
Lydia	Miss Rosa Rand
Lucy	Miss Paul
Bob Acres	Mr. Joseph Jefferson

* John R. Scott, a talented, robust tragedian and melodramatic actor of the Forrest school, was born in the birthplace of many eminent American actors, Philadelphia, October 17, 1808. His early career was a series of struggles from his first appearance in 1827, until 1846, when he visited England, playing at the Princess Theatre in London in 1847, and returned to the Old Bowery, where he had been for years the favorite of the east side theatre-goers. He remained at the Bowery, with the exception of brief starring visits South and West, till 1852, then joined Purdy's National Theatre until his death, which occurred March 2, 1856, and which was hastened by his unfortunate social habits and indulgence.

In early life he had supported Forrest with great effect, and in later years performed many of Forrest's parts with power and vigor, especially *Pierre* in "Venice Preserved," *Damon*, *Virginius*, *Macbeth*, and *Carwin*.

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WHEATLEY & CLARKE'S

ARCH ST. THEATRE

ACTING AND STAGE MANAGER, - - - - - W. S. FREDERICKS

SECOND WEEK

OF THE

GLORIOUSLY SUCCESSFUL COMEDY,

Taken from a Play entitled "ROCHESTER," by the celebrated Mocrasiff, which has achieved a most Triumphant Success of over 50 NIGHTS AT WALLACK'S THEATRE, NEW YORK, and still attracting CROWDED HOUSES at that Establishment. It has been carefully revised, altered, and adapted to the requirements of the present Stage, and called

FAST MEN

OF THE

OLDEN TIME!

This side-splitting Comedy nightly increases in attraction, and is now stamped in the estimation of the CROWDS who have witnessed the Fun upon Fun with which it abounds, will be presented, for the Ninth Time, this

TUESDAY EVENING, NOV. 29, '59,

WITH

Entirely New Scenery, by J. WISER; New and Characteristic Costumes, by F. JOHNSON; New Appointments, by T. BARRETT; New Dances, by W. WOOD; and Music Arranged by CHAS. R. DODWORTH.

EVERY ARTIST IN THE THEATRE will be included in the Complete and Powerful Cast.

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester ..... Mr WHEATLEY
George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham ..... Mr DOLMAN
Lycurgus Muddle, a specimen of the Genus Dogberry ..... Mr JOHN GILBERT
Amen Squeak, a Parish Beadle ..... Mr. S. D. JOHNSON
Charles II, King of England ..... Mr McCULLOUGH
Starvemouse, a Miser ..... Mr WALLIS
Jeremiah Thin, his man ..... Mr STEARNS
Balsam, Valet to Rochester ..... Mr REILLY
Dorsetshe, a Stroling Actor ..... Mr G. STODART
Jenkin ..... Mr LITTLE

Groff Barney ..... Mr BRADLEY
First Courtier ..... Mr SAPHORE
Second Courtier ..... Mr LESLIE

Countess of Lovelaugh ..... Mrs JOHN DREW
Lady Gay ..... Miss EMMA TAYLOR
Silvia Golden, an Heiress, ward to Starvemouse ..... Mrs. GEO. STODDART
Aunt Rebecca ..... Mrs JOHN GILBERT
Boll, Bar Maid at the Horse Inn, Peasants, Dancers, Courtiers ..... Miss K. NAGLE

Play Bill of the Arch Street Theatre, November 29, 1859.
In the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq.

I forget how many miles Mr. Barnes computed we had travelled the season he was with us, but I know he said 19,000 and some.

Every season was a happy one. The latter part of the time Mr. Jefferson was busy on his delightful autobiography, and used occasionally to read it to us. We generally travelled in our own car, and enjoyed "every comfort of home," in the true sense of the word—not as depicted in the farce.

To return to the subject of the Arch Street Theatre: when I returned there in 1892, at the close of the season, I found the business of the season had been so very poor; and as the outlook for the next season was no better, I concluded to give it up (if the stockholders would permit me to do so), and I wrote to the Board of Agents to that effect, and they agreed to my wish. And I must here pay a merited acknowledgment of the continued kindness and good-will shown me by that board, in every way and at all times; for which I tender them my sincere thanks and best wishes through all time. After this resignation had been accepted, the ladies of Philadelphia tendered me a reception, which was largely attended, at the Art Club.

Soon after this a testimonial was arranged to be given me at the Academy of Music, on which occasion the utmost good-will was

Mr. John Drew as *Sir Andrew Aguecheek.*

From an engraving published by Johnson & Co. In the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq.

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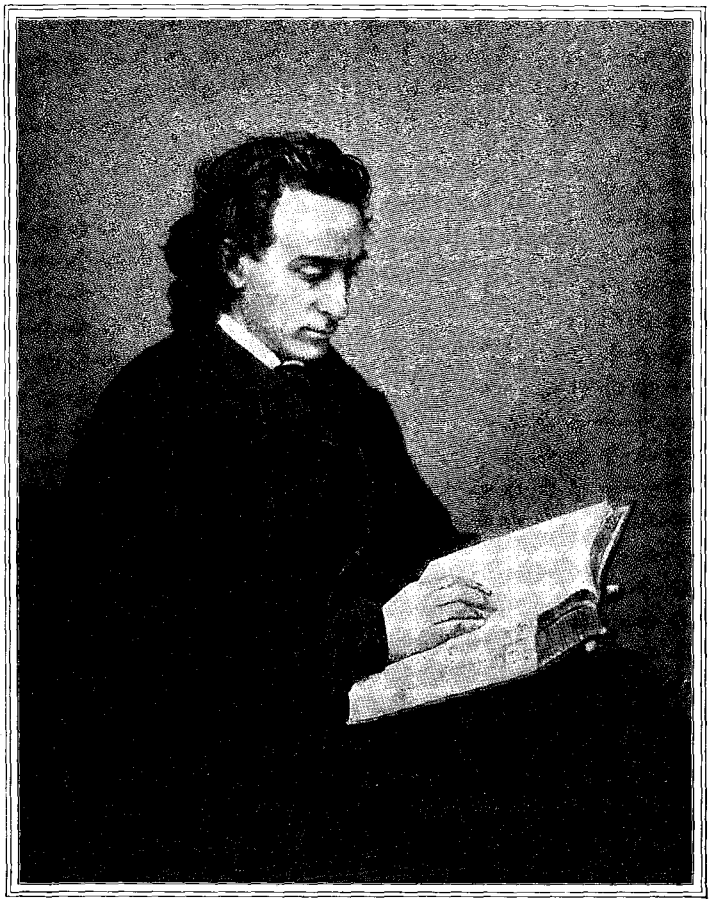

Edwin Booth.

From a photograph by Brady. In the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq.

Edwin Booth, named by his eccentric father after his then admiration—Forrest—changed afterward in temporary anger to Edwin Thomas, has filled too large a space to require more than passing mention. The *Bertuccio*, *Iago*, *Ruy Blas*, *Richelieu*, and *Don Cæsar*, of the stage and the ideal *Hamlet* of the cultured and intelligent lover of the drama, has been portrayed recently by Irving, Winter, Barrett, Hutton, Bispham, Young, Hill and a dozen other writers, and his sweet simple manners, brilliant talents and genial generosity extolled by numberless admirers. His gentle spirit departed June 7, 1890.

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William Charles Macready.*

From a lithograph by Aug. Lemoine. In the collection of Douglas Taylor, Esq.

shown me by the entire profession. The Lyceum Company came on and played a short comedy. Mr. Crane and his company played one act of "The Senator," Mr. and Mrs. Kendall appeared in "A Happy Pair;" and we concluded the bill with the second act of "The Rivals," with Mr. Jefferson, Maurice Barrymore, Louis James, Roland Reed, Miss Viola Allen, and myself. It was a memorable night for me.

The next thing was, what was I to do with myself! I couldn't live in Philadelphia in the manner in which I had always lived; couldn't afford it. So I moved to New York, after nearly forty years of housekeeping in Philadelphia. It was a terrible wrench! To look about for "something to do" at seventy-two years of age! But I was still in the possession of splendid health, good spirits, and the love of my two remaining children. My adopted son, Sidney White, for many years known as Sidney Drew, immediately undertook to make a five weeks' engagement; and as the terms were financially a certainty, I accepted and played for the five weeks with great success in Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and Harlem. Then three weeks in New York, at the Standard Theatre, as the theatrical *Mother-in-Law* in "An Arabian Night," in conjunction with Joseph Holland, Miss Evelyn, and Agnes Miller, under the management of Charles Frohman.

The next season I went out as a sort of star, under engagement to Sidney. We penetrated from San Francisco to New Orleans; but it was a losing season to me. Of course, if the money did not come in, and it did not, I couldn't get it. So in June I came home to my son John, with whom and his dear wife I have lived ever since, varying the scene by occasionally acting in Philadelphia, Boston, Saratoga, and New York.

About three years before I gave up man-

Mr. John Drew as *Handy Andy*.

From a photograph by Germon, Philadelphia. In the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq.

* William Charles Macready, born March 3, 1793, was well educated in his native London and at Rugby, with a view to the practice of law, but his father's ill-success at management in the provinces drove him to the stage, and at the age of sixteen he essayed *Romeo* successfully in Birmingham. Three years after he performed *Orestes* at Covent Garden and soon became the leading tragedian of England, filling, for over twenty years, the place held before by Edmund Kean and the Kembles, and after his retirement in 1851, by Phelps and Irving.

This acknowledged leader and pride of the British stage also won the admiration of the more cultured citizens during his three visits to America in 1826, 1843, and 1848. The last visit, however, closed with the unhappy quarrel with Forrest and consequent terrible riot in Astor Place. Full of mannerisms, with peculiar voice and homely visage, his genius, industry, and wonderful ability as an artist kept him in the front and defied all opposition, or even competition. He left the stage in the height of his power and popularity at the age of fifty-eight, living in quiet retirement with his books and studies and eminent friends until his death in 1873.

His range extended through the higher walks of tragedy and melodrama, his most appreciated parts being *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Werner*, *Wallace*, *Richard II.*, *Rob Roy*, *Virginius*, and *Richelieu*. Of the last three he was the original performer, and also of *Gisippus*, *William Tell*, *Alfred Evelyn*, and *Claude Melnotte*.

His eccentricities of temper are best indicated by his published diary, a strange compound of piety, petulance, and penitence.

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E. L. Davenport.*

From a photograph. In the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq.

agement, I acted for the testimonial benefit given by the citizens of Philadelphia to their representative actor, Mr. James E. Murdoch. Mrs. D. P. Bowers acted *Mrs. Haller* in (a most extraordinary arrangement of the play) "The Stranger," Mr. Murdoch as the stranger, followed by a three-act version of "The School for Scandal," with Mr. Murdoch as *Charles Surface*, Mr. George Holland as *Sir Peter Teazle*, Mr. Drew as *Joseph Surface*, and myself as *Lady Teazle*. I clung to this part—after marriage giving up all young parts—in Philadelphia, because the public seemed to like to see it.

Mr. Murdoch was in his day one of the most delightful of actors. His *Charles Surface*, *Young Mirabel*, *Don Felix*, *Vapid*, etc., have never been exceeded in excellence. He was also a very fine

* Edward Loomis Davenport, one of the most versatile and talented of our American actors, was a Boston boy, born in 1816. In the early forties he was a favorite stock actor at the Bowery, joining Mrs. Mowatt on her starring tour, commencing in 1845 and performing with her most of the time until 1854, mainly in England, where both were well received. He played leading and alternate business with Macready on the latter's farewell engagement at the Haymarket in 1851. His repertory included widely divergent parts, from *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Sir Giles Overreach*, *Brutus*, and *Pescara*, to *William* ("Black Eyed Susan"), *Bill Sykes*, *Hezekiah Pokeabout*, *Captain Hawskley*, and *Sir Harcourt Courtley*. In all he was equalled by few and in many excelled by none. A fondness for occasional management caused the loss of most of his hard earned and deserved gains, and in his later years he formed part of such combinations as the "Wallack-Davenport" and "Barrett Davenport and Bangs" starring sets. This most worthy gentleman and admirable actor died on September 1, 1877, at his daughter Fanny's residence in Canton, Pa.

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William Florence and Joseph Jefferson.

From a photograph by Falk.

Joseph Jefferson (Our Joel), fourth of the Jeffersons and third of the Josephs, was born in Philadelphia, February 20, 1829. His first recorded appearance, witnessed by Mrs. John Drew, was when tumbled out of a bag at T. D. Rice's benefit in 1833 at the Washington Theatre, with the following couplet introduced in his famous song by the negro delineator: "Ladies and gemmen, I'd have you for to know I've got a little darkey here to jump Jim Crow," which Joe did, imitating perfectly his sable carrier.

His barn-storming struggle in the West and South, and adventures in Mexico, as well as later triumphs in England, Australia, and through the Union, are familiar to all his myriad of admirers through his own charming autobiography. In this city his first comic part was at Chanfrau's National Theatre (the old Chatham) in September, 1849, with his stepbrother, Charley Burke, and Mrs. Barney Williams, but his great success was not to come until October 10, 1858, when Laura Keene presented "Our American Cousin." After that enormous run he joined the new enterprise of Stuart and Boucicault called the Winter Garden Theatre (where the Grand Central Hotel now stands), and made a series of hits as *Caleb Plummer*, *Dr. Pangloss*, *Salem Scudder*, *Newman Nagget*, and *Rip Van Winkle*, establishing his reputation as the first comedian of the age. In 1866 he adopted Boucicault's revised version of "Rip," making an immense success with it, first in England and then at home, and has adhered to it ever since, occasionally performing *Bob Acres* by way of variety.

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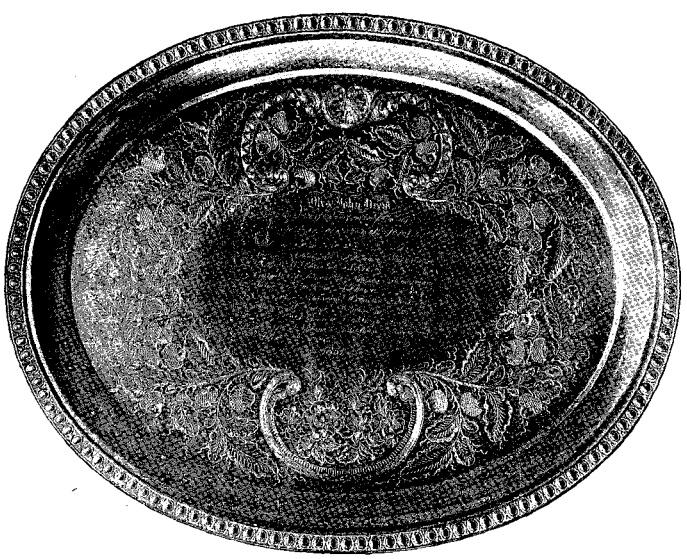
Hamlet. I knew him well from 1840 up to the time just mentioned. He was a delightful companion—would talk far into the night upon any congenial subject, the theatre being the most favorite topic. He would recite whole poems, and his vocabulary was of the richest description. I never heard him make use of an oath or a slang word in my life, and in youth he possessed the greatest spirits. Though he came on the stage a very young man, in the American company at the Arch he hadn't a tone of Mr. Forrest—a rare thing in an American actor at that time, all being imitations, more or less consciously, of that great actor. Mr. Murdoch was himself alone, not imitating anybody in the least, though his style was modelled on the Kemble School. He lost his only son in the late Civil War. He took great interest in the conduct of the war, and was a thorough American in heart and soul. How fast we are all dying off, to be sure! I only know one person who is my senior in the profession, Mrs. Clara Fisher Maeder, and I think it is two years since she acted, though she looks equal to any fatigue. It is one of the ills of this life that when we live so long as she and I have done we survive our children. She has buried several sons, and, like myself, now lives in her grandchildren. The keenest sorrow of my life came to me in '93, when my dearest daughter, Georgie, died in California, whither she had gone in search of health, and only found death. My eldest daughter died some five years ago, and now my son John is the only remaining link with his father's memory. I look on him with considerable pride—not personal, for I had nothing to do with his professional advancement, as he came to Daly's Theatre when just twenty-one, and remained there till a few seasons ago, under a much more energetic and capable manager than myself.

Silver Ewer and Goblets, Presented to Mrs. John Drew on Accession to the Management of the Arch Street Theatre, 1861.



Presented to Mrs. John Drew by the stockholders of the Arch Street Theatre, 1861.

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And now let me devote a few lines to the late John Drew, now deceased thirty-four years. I don't think there are many persons surviving him now who remember him well, and he was worth remembering; one of the best actors I ever saw, in a long list of the most varied description. Had he lived to be forty-five, he would have been a great actor. But too early a success was his ruin; it left him nothing to do. Why should he study when he was assured on all sides (except my own) that he was as near perfection as was possible for man to be! So he finished his brief and brilliant career at thirty-four years of age, about the age when men generally study most steadily and aspire most ambitiously.

"Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cause a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not 'Good-Night,' but in some brighter clime,
Bid me 'Good-Morning.'"

[The verse above, from Mrs. Barbauld's poem, my mother bade me inscribe on her tomb, which is now being done in Glenwood Cemetery, Philadelphia. JOHN DREW.]

TEARS

By Lizette Woodworth Reese

WHEN I consider Life and its few years—
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;
A call to battle, and the battle done
Ere the last echo dies within our ears;
A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;
The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat;
The burst of music down an unlistening street—
I wonder at the idleness of tears.
Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,
Chieftains, and bards, and keepers of the sheep,
By every cup of sorrow that you had,
Loose me from tears, and make me see aright
How each hath back what once he stayed to weep;
Homer his sight, David his little lad!

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THE

LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Edited by Sidney Colvin

LIFE IN SAMOA: NOVEMBER, 1890—DECEMBER, 1894

FROM November, 1890, until his death, four years later, Stevenson lived in his island home on the mountain-side above Apia, without change except for two or three excursions to Sydney and Auckland, and one, in 1893, to Honolulu. His life there was brimful of interest and occupation. With all the zest and energy of his nature he played a threefold part: as planter, settler, and leading white resident; as unofficial politician and political critic; and as man of letters. In the first of these characters he had to superintend the building of the handsome new house which in course of time was made ready for his occupation, with the clearing of the jungle and planting and management of the land—but these latter cares devolved, after awhile, almost entirely on his wife, who has a special gift in such matters, and on his step-son and daughter. He ruled in a spirit of affectionate kindness, tempered with firm justice, a kind of feudal clan of servants and retainers whom he by degrees gathered about him; while among both white residents and visitors from a distance he exercised a social hospitality which increased with every year. The name the natives knew him by was Tusitala, Teller of Tales, and he was supposed by them to be the master of an inexhaustible store of wealth, perhaps even to be the holder of the magic bottle of his own tale, "The Bottle Imp." In matters political, he was drawn into interference by the evils which he saw arising from the fact that these small and remote islands had in recent years become the scene of political intrigue and rivalry carried on by three great world-powers against each other, with scant regard to the wishes and welfare of the native population. His action embroiled him more or less seriously for a time with most of the white officials in the island, and at one period of the struggle he believed himself threatened with deportation. Whether all his own steps on that petty but extremely complicated political scene were judicious is more than can be said; but impartial witnesses agree that his criticisms of official action were in the main just, and that his efforts were all in the direction of peace and concord; while the course of recent events has tended strongly to confirm his judgment and testify to his foresight. In the third field, in his own special life's work of literature, his activity in these days was more strenuous than ever. His habit was to begin work at six in the morning, or earlier, continuing with scarce an interruption till the mid-day meal, and often resuming again until four or five in the afternoon. In addition to the various forms of historical or contemporary romance and tale which constituted his main work and source of income, he was busy with the record of his Pacific experiences, with a history of the local troubles, and with the annals of his own Scottish forebears. He had come by this time to suffer much from writer's cramp, and in all his work, as well as in his correspondence, his labors were greatly lightened by the affectionate services of his step-daughter, Mrs. Strong, who had become, as has been said, a member of the household in 1889, and who now proved herself an indefatigable amanuensis and helper.

From the date of his final settlement at Samoa, Stevenson made a habit of setting down his every-day doings and feelings in journal-letters which he made up and sent off monthly to myself. Such parts of this correspondence as seemed likely to be of general interest have already been published separately.* The letters which now follow are selected from those which he addressed in the same years to other corre-

* "Vailima Letters." Methuen, 1895.

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spondents, old and new; some to intimates of earlier days with whom he desired to keep in touch; some to strangers whose acquaintance he sought to make from his place of exile, or who wrote thither doing him homage and begging to make his; some to editors and publishers on literary affairs and projects. Scarce any writer has had so loyal or so devoted a following among the men of letters of a generation younger than his own, and of these several are among the most frequent of his new correspondents. Speaking generally, these miscellaneous letters from Samoa are much less full than the "Vailima Letters," already published, of the island politics and purely local interests which in these years claimed so much of his attention. They give a larger place to literature and home-thoughts, to chance moods and speculations, and to personal and general interests outside the islands. The writer has lost, he will be found averring, our European perspective. Signs that this was indeed to some extent the case may perhaps be noticed here and there; but he had certainly lost none of the vividness and variety of his interests, and none of his old attaching power of giving utterance to the warmth of heart and feeling that was in him.

I have divided these letters from Samoa into two periods: one of just over two years, November, 1890, to December, 1892, and a second of two years all but one month from January, 1893, to December, 1894. The first of these was the happiest part of his life at Vailima, alike as to health, productive power, and inward satisfaction. After the renewed attack of illness which had brought him down at Sydney in the spring of 1890, he had for almost two years no relapse, and found himself able to live a life of comparative freedom and activity in the open air, to ride, bathe, and boat with freedom, and to work harder than most men are accustomed to work in full health. Within the period covered by this first division, he had been able to write the greater part of the *Wrecker* and nearly the whole of the South-Sea book (the latter a heavy strain for a disappointing result); to compose his *Footnote to History*—an appeal to the European powers, and especially to Germany, for a wiser handling of the Samoan difficulties, but an appeal which for the time being failed of its effect—and at the same time to produce his best piece of Polynesian fiction in *The Beach of Falesà*, and all but the best of his Scottish romances in *Catriona*.

The intention announced in the following letter was only carried out to the extent of finishing one paper, "My First Book," and beginning a few others—"Genesis of the Master of Ballantrae," "Rosa Quo Locorum," etc. (See Edinburgh ed. *Miscellanies*, vol. iv.) The "long experience of gambling places" is a phrase which must not be misunderstood. Stevenson loved risk, but hated gambling for money, and had known the tables only as a looker-on during holiday or invalid travels as a boy and young man. "Tamate" is the native (Rarotongan) word for teacher, used especially as a name for the famous missionary pioneer, the Revd. James Chalmers.

VAILIMA [December, 1890].

MY DEAR BURLINGAME,—By some diabolical accident, I have mislaid your last. What was in it? I know not, and here I am caught unexpectedly by the American mail, a week earlier than by computation. The computation, not the mail, is supposed to be in error. The vols. of *Scribner's* have arrived, and present a noble appearance in my house, which is not a noble structure at present. But by autumn we hope to be sprawling in our verandah, twelve feet, sir, by eighty-eight in front, and seventy-two on the flank; view of the sea and mountains, sunrise, moonrise, and the German fleet at anchor three miles away in Apia harbour. I hope some day to offer you a bowl of kava there, or a slice of a pineapple, or some lemonade from my own hedge. 'I know a hedge where the lemons grow.'—*Shakespeare*. My house at this moment smells of them strong; and the rain, which a while ago roared there, now rings in minute drops upon the iron roof. I have no *Wrecker* for you this mail, other things having engaged me. I was on the whole rather relieved you did not vote for regular papers, as I feared the traces. It is my design from time to time to write a paper of a reminiscential (beastly word) description; some of them I could scarce pub-

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lish from different considerations; but some of them—for instance, my long experience of gambling places—Homburg, Wiesbaden, Baden-Baden, old Monaco, and new Monte Carlo—would make good magazine padding, if I got the stuff handled the right way. I never could fathom why verse was put in magazines; it has something to do with the making-up, has it not? I am scribbling a lot just now; if you are taken badly that way, apply to the South Seas. I could send you some, I believe, anyway, only none of it is thoroughly ripe. If you have kept back the volume of ballads, I'll soon make it a respectable size if this fit continue. By the next mail you may expect some more *Wrecker*, or I shall be displeased. Probably no more than a chapter, however, for it is a hard one, and I am denuded of my proofs, my collaborator having walked away with them to England; hence some trouble in catching the just note.

I am a mere farmer; my talk, which would scarce interest you on Broadway, is all of puapua, and tuitui, and black boys, and planting, and weeding, and axes and cutlasses; my hands are covered with blisters and full of thorns; letters are, doubtless, a fine thing, so are beer and skittles, but give me farming in the tropics for real interest. Life goes in enchantment; I come home to find I am late for dinner; and when I go to bed at night I could cry for the weariness of my loins and thighs. Do not speak to me of vexation, the life brims with it, but with living interest fairly.

Christmas I go to Auckland, to meet Tamate,* the new Guinea missionary, a man I love. The rest of my life is a prospect of much rain, much weeding and making of paths, a little letters, and devilish little to eat.—I am, my dear Burlingame, with messages to all whom it may concern, very sincerely yours,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

VAILIMA, APIA, SAMOA,
December 29th, 1890.

MY DEAR HENRY JAMES,—It is terrible how little everybody writes, and how much of that little disappears in the capacious maw of the Post Office. Many letters, both from and to me, I now know to have been lost in transit: my eye is on the Sydney Post Office, a large, ungainly structure with a tower, as being not a hundred miles from the scene of disappearance; but then I have no proof. The *Tragic Muse* you announced to me as coming; I had already ordered it from a Sydney bookseller; about two months ago he advised me that his copy was in the post; and I am still tragically museless.

News, news, news. What do we know of yours? What do you care for ours? We are in the midst of the rainy season, and dwell among alarms of hurricanes, in a very unsafe little two-storied wooden box, 650 feet above and about three miles from the sea beach. Behind us, till the other slope of the island, desert forest, peaks, and loud torrents; in front, green slopes to the sea, some fifty miles of which we dominate. We see the ships as they go out and in to the dangerous roadstead of Apia; and if they lie far out, we can even see their topmasts while they are at anchor. Of sounds of men, beyond those of our own labourers, there reach us, at very long intervals, salutes from the warships in harbour, the bell of the cathedral church, and the low of the conch shell calling the labour boys on the German plantations. Yesterday, which was Sunday—the *quantième* is most likely erroneous; you can now correct it—we had a visitor—Baker of Tonga. Heard you ever of him? He is a great man here, he is accused of theft, rape, judicial murder, private poisoning, abortion, misappropriation of public monies—oddly enough, not forgery, nor arson: you would be amused if you knew how thick the accusations fly in this South Sea world. I make no doubt my own character is something illustrious; or if not yet, there is a good time coming.

But all our resources have not of late been Pacific. We have had enlightened society: Lafarge the painter, and your friend Henry Adams: a great privilege—would it might endure. I would go oftener to see them, but the place is awkward to reach on horseback; I had to swim my horse the last time I went to dinner; and as I have not yet returned the clothes I had to borrow, I dare not return in the same plight: it seems inevitable—as soon as the wash comes in, I plump straight into

* The Revd. Dr. Chalmers, of Rarotongan and New Guinea fame.

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the American consul's shirt or trousers! They, I believe, would come oftener to see me but for the horrid doubt that weighs upon our commissariat department; we have *often* almost nothing to eat; a guest would simply break the bank; my wife and I have dined on one avocado pear; I have several times dined on hard bread and onions. What would you do with a guest at such narrow seasons? eat him? or serve up a labour boy fricasseed?

Work? work is now arrested, but I have written, I should think, about thirty chapters of the *South Sea Book;* they will all want rehandling, I daresay. Gracious, what a strain is a long book! The time it took me to design this volume, before I could dream of putting pen to paper, was excessive, and then think of writing a book of travels on the spot, when I am continually extending my information, revising my opinions, and seeing the most finely finished portions of my work come part by part in pieces. Very soon I shall have no opinions left. And without an opinion, how to string artistically vast accumulations of fact? Darwin said no one could observe without a theory; I suppose he was right, 'tis a fine point of metaphysic; but I will take my oath, no man can write without one—at least the way he would like to; and my theories melt, melt, melt, and as they melt the thaw-waters wash down my writing, and leave unideal tracts —wastes instead of cultivated farms.

Kipling is by far the most promising young man who has appeared since—ahem—I appeared. He amazes me by his precocity and various endowment. But he alarms me by his copiousness and haste. He should shield his fire with both hands 'and draw up all his strength and sweetness in one ball.' ('Draw all his strength and all His sweetness up into one ball'? I cannot remember Marvel's words.) So the critics have been saying to me; but I was never capable of—and surely never guilty of—such a debauch of production. At this rate his works will soon fill the habitable globe; and surely he was armed for better conflicts than these succinct sketches and flying leaves of verse? I look on, I admire, I rejoice for myself; but in a kind of ambition we all have for our tongue and literature I am wounded. If I had this man's fertility and courage, it seems to me I could heave a pyramid.

Well, we begin to be the old fogies now; and it was high time *something* rose to take our places. Certainly Kipling has the gifts; the fairy godmothers were all tipsy at his christening: what will he do with them?

I am going to manage to send a long letter every month to Colvin, which I dare say, if it is ever of the least interest, he will let you see. My wife has had an abscess in her ear, but she is now better, and I hope will be reasonably right. We are a very crazy people to lead so rough a life, but we manage excellently: she is handy and inventive, and I have one quality, I don't grumble. The nearest I came was the other day; when I had finished dinner, I thought awhile, then had my horse saddled, rode down to Apia, and dined again—I must say with unblunted appetite; that is my best excuse. Good-bye, my dear James, find an hour to write to us, and register your letter.—Yours affectionately, R. L. S.

[The next is written to a young friend and visitor of Bournemouth days, Miss May Rawlinson, on the news of her engagement.]

To Miss Rawlinson

VAILIMA, APIA, SAMOA, April, 1891.

MY DEAR MAY,—I never think of you by any more ceremonial name, so I will not pretend. There is not much chance that I shall forget you until the time comes for me to forget all this little turmoil in a corner (though indeed I have been in several corners) of an inconsiderable planet. You remain in my mind for a good reason, having given me (in so short a time) the most delightful pleasure. I shall remember, and you must still be beautiful. The truth is, you must grow more so, or you will soon be less. It is not so easy to be a flower, even when you bear a flower's name. And if I admired you so much, and still remember you, it is not because of your face, but because you were then worthy of it, as you must still continue.

Will you give my heartiest congratulations to Mr. S. He has my admiration; he is a brave man; when I was young,

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I should have run away from the sight of you, pierced with the sense of my unfitness. He is more wise and manly. What a good husband he will have to be! And you—what a good wife! Carry your love tenderly. I will never forgive him—or you—it is in both your hands—if the face that once gladdened my heart should be changed into one sour or sorrowful.

What a person you are to give flowers! It was so I first heard of you; and now you are giving the May flower!

Yes, Skerryvore has passed; it was, for us. But I wish you could see us in our new home on the mountain, in the middle of great woods, and looking far out over the Pacific. When Mr. S. is very rich, he must bring you round the world and let you see it, and see the old gentleman and the old lady. I mean to live quite a long while yet, and my wife must do the same, or else I couldn't manage it; so, you see, you will have plenty of time; and it's a pity not to see the most beautiful places, and the most beautiful people moving there, and the real stars and moon overhead, instead of the tin imitations that preside over London. I do not think my wife very well; but I am in hopes she will now have a little rest. It has been a hard business, above all for her; we lived four months in a hurricane season in a miserable house, overborne with work, ill-fed, continually worried, drowned in perpetual rain, beaten upon by wind, so that we must sit in the dark in the evenings; and then I ran away, and she had a month of it alone. Things go better now; the back of the work is broken; and we are still foolish enough to look forward to a little peace. I am a very different person from the prisoner of Skerryvore. The other day I was three-and-twenty hours in an open boat; it made me pretty ill; but fancy its not killing me half-way! It is like a fairy story that I should have recovered liberty and strength, and should go round again among my fellow-men, boating, riding, bathing, toiling hard with a wood-knife in the forest. I can wish you nothing more delightful than my fortune in life; I wish it you; and better, if the thing be possible.

Lloyd is tinkling below me on the typewriter; my wife has just left the room; she asks me to say she would have written had she been well enough, and hopes to do it still—Accept the best wishes of your admirer,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[Stevenson had been reading Mr. James's "Lesson of the Master;" Adela Chart is the heroine of the second story in that collection, called "The Marriage."]

[VAILIMA, SAMOA, October, 1891.]

MY DEAR HENRY JAMES,—From this perturbed and hunted being, expect but a line, and that line shall be but a whoop for Adela. O she's delicious, delicious; I could live and die with Adela—die, rather the better of the two; you never did a straighter thing, and never will.

David Balfour, second part of *Kidnapped*, is on the stocks at last; and is not bad, I think. As for *The Wrecker*, it's a machine, you know—don't expect aught else—a machine, and a police machine; but I believe the end is one of the most genuine butcheries in literature; and we point to our machine with a modest pride, as the only police machine without a villain. Our criminals are a most pleasing crew, and leave the dock with scarce a stain upon their character.

What a different line of country to be trying to draw Adela, and trying to write the last four chapters of *The Wrecker!* Heavens, it's like two centuries; and ours is such rude, transpontine business, aiming only at a certain fervor of conviction and sense of energy and violence in the men; and yours is so neat and bright and of so exquisite a surface! Seems dreadful to send such a book to such an author; but your name is on the list. And we do modestly ask you to consider the chapters on the *Norah Creina* with the study of Captain Nares, and the formentioned last four, with their brutality of substance and the curious (and perhaps unsound) technical manœuvre of running the story together to a point as we go along, the narrative becoming more succinct and the details fining off with every page.—Sworn affidavit of R. L. S.

No person now alive has beaten Adela: I adore Adela and her Maker. Sic subscrib. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

A Sublime Poem to follow.

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Adela, Adela, Adela Chart,
What have you done to my elderly heart?
Of all the ladies of paper and ink
I count you the paragon, call you the pink.
The word of your brother depicts you in part:
'You raving maniac!' Adela Chart;
But in all the asylums that cumber the ground,
So delightful a maniac was ne'er to be found.

I pore on you, dote on you, clasp you to heart,
I laud, love, and laugh at you, Adela Chart,
And thank my dear maker the while I admire
That I can be neither your husband nor sire.

Your husband's, your sire's were a difficult part;
You're a byway to suicide, Adela Chart;
But to read of, depicted by exquisite James,
O, sure you're the flower and quintessence of dames.

Eructavit cor meum.

My heart was inditing a goodly matter about Adela Chart.

Though oft I've been touched by the volatile dart,
To none have I grovelled but Adela Chart.
There are passable ladies, no question, in art—
But where is the marrow of Adela Chart?
I dreamed that to Tyburn I passed in the cart—
I dreamed I was married to Adela Chart:
From the first I awoke with a palpable start,
The second dumfoundered me, Adela Chart!

Another verse bursts from me, you see; no end to the violence of the Muse.

[The following is in answer to an application for an autograph from a young gentleman in the United States:]

To Fred Orr, Esq.

VAILIMA, UPOLU, SAMOA,
November 28th, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—Your obliging communication is to hand. I am glad to find that you have read some of my books, and to see that you spell my name right. This is a point (for some reason) of great difficulty; and I believe that a gentleman who can spell Stevenson with a v at sixteen, should have a show for the Presidency before fifty. By that time

I, nearer to the wayside inn,

predict that you will have outgrown your taste for autographs, but perhaps your son may have inherited the collection, and on the morning of the great day will recall my prophecy to your mind. And in the papers of 1921 (say) this letter may arouse a smile.

Whatever you do, read something else besides novels and newspapers; the first are good enough when they are good; the second, at their best, are worth nothing. Read great books of literature and history; try to understand the Roman Empire and the Middle Ages; be sure you do not understand when you dislike them; condemnation is non-comprehension. And if you know something of these two periods, you will know a little more about to-day, and may be a good President.

I send you my best wishes, and am yours,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,
Author of a vast quantity of little books.

[The next letter announces to his *New York* publishers the beginning of his volume on the troubles of Samoa, "*A Footnote to History.*"]

[VAILIMA, December, 1891.]

MY DEAR BURLINGAME,—The end of the *Wrecker* having but just come in you will, I daresay, be appalled to receive three (possibly four) chapters of a new book of the least attractive sort: a history of nowhere in a corner, for no time to mention, running to a volume! Well, it may very likely be an illusion; it is very likely no one could possibly wish to read it, but I wish to publish it. If you don't cotton to the idea, kindly set it up at my expense, and let me know your terms for publishing. The great affair to me is to have per return (if it might be) four or five—better say half a dozen—sets of the roughest proofs that can be drawn. There are a good many men here whom I want to read the blessed thing, and not one would have the energy to read MS. At the same time, if you care to glance at it, and have the time, I should be very glad of your opinion as to whether I have made any step at all towards possibly inducing folk at home to read matter so extraneous and outlandish. I become heavy and owlish; years sit upon me; it begins to seem to me to be a man's business to leave off his damnable faces and say his say. Else I could have made it pungent and light and lively. In considering, kindly forget that I am R. L. S.; think of the four chapters as a book you are read-

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ing by an inhabitant of our 'lovely but fatil' islands; and see if it could possibly amuse the hebetated public. I have to publish anyway, you understand; I have a purpose beyond; I am concerned for some of the parties to this quarrel. What I want to hear is from curiosity; what I want you to judge of is what we are to do with the book in a business sense. To me it is not business at all; I had meant originally to lay all the profits to the credit of Samoa; when it comes to the pinch of writing, I judge this unfair—I give too much—and I mean to keep (if there be any profit at all) one-half for the artizan; the rest I shall hold over to give to the Samoans *for that which I choose and against work done.* I think I have never heard of greater insolence than to attempt such a subject; yet the tale is so strange and mixed, and the people so oddly charactered—above all, the whites—and the high note of the hurricane and the warships is so well prepared to take popular interest, and the latter part is so directly in the day's movement, that I am not without hope but some may read it; and if they don't, a murrain on them! Here is, for the first time, a tale of Greeks—Homeric Greeks—mingled with moderns, and all true; Odysseus alongside of Rajah Brooke, proportion *gardée;* and all true. Here is for the first time since the Greeks (that I remember) the history of a handful of men, where all know each other in the eyes, and live close in a few acres, narrated at length, and with the seriousness of history. Talk of the modern novel; here is a modern history. And if I had the misfortune to found a school, the legitimate historian might lie down and die, for he could never overtake his material. Here is a little tale that has not 'caret'-ed its 'vates'; 'sacer' is another point. R. L. S.

[The following is the first of several letters to Mr. J. M. Barrie, for whose work Stevenson had a warm admiration, and with whom he soon established, by correspondence, a cordial friendship.]

VAILIMA, SAMOA, February, 1892.

DEAR MR. BARRIE,—This is at least the 3d letter I have written you, but my correspondence has a bad habit of not getting so far as the post. That which I possess of manhood turns pale before the business of the address and envelope. But I hope to be more fortunate with this: for, besides the usual and often recurrent desire to thank you for your work—you are one of four that have come to the front since I was watching and had a corner of my own to watch, and there is no reason, unless it be in these mysterious tides that ebb and flow, and make and mar and murder the works of poor scribblers, why you should not do work of the best order. The tides have borne away my sentence, of which I was weary at any rate, and between authors I may allow myself so much freedom as to leave it pending. We are both Scots besides, and I suspect both rather Scoty Scots; my own Scotchness tends to intermittency, but is at times erisypelitous — if that be rightly spelt. Lastly, I have gathered we had both made our stages in the metropolis of the winds: our Virgil's 'grey metropolis,' and I count that a lasting bond. No place so brands a man.

Finally, I feel it a sort of duty to you to report progress. This may be an error, but I believed I detected your hand in an article—it may be an illusion, it may have been by one of those industrious insects who catch up and reproduce the handling of each emergent man—but I'll still hope it was yours — and hope it may please you to hear that the continuation of *Kidnapped* is under way. I have not yet got to Alan, so I do not know if he is still alive, but David seems to have a kick or two in his shanks. I was pleased to see how the Anglo-Saxon theory fell into the trap: I gave my Lowlander a Gaelic name, and even commented on the fact in the text; yet almost all critics recognized in Alan and David a Saxon and a Celt. I know not about England: in Scotland at least, where Gaelic was spoken in Fife little over the century ago, and in Galloway not much earlier, I deny that there exists such a thing as a pure Saxon, and I think it more than questionable if there be such a thing as a pure Celt.

But what have you to do with this? and what have I? Let us continue to inscribe our little bits of tales, and let the

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heathen rage! Yours, with sincere interest in your career,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[The projected visit of Mr. Kipling, with his wife and brother-in-law, to Samoa, which is mentioned toward the close of the following letter, never took place; much to the regret of both authors.]

[VAILIMA, March, 1892.]

MY DEAR MRS. FAIRCHILD,—I am guilty in your sight, but my affairs besiege me. The chief-justiceship of a family of nineteen persons is in itself no sinecure, and sometimes occupies me for days: two weeks ago for four days almost entirely, and for two days entirely. Besides which, I have in the last few months written all but one chapter of a *History of Samoa* for the last eight or nine years; and while I was unavoidably delayed in the writing of this, awaiting material, put in one-half of *David Balfour*, the sequel to *Kidnapped*. Add the ordinary impediments of life, and admire my busyness. I am now an old but healthy skeleton, and degenerate much towards the machine. By six, at work; stopped at half-past ten to give a history lesson to a step-grandson; eleven, lunch; after lunch we have a musical performance till two; then to work again; bath, 4.40; dinner, five; cards in the evening till eight; and then to bed—only I have no bed, only a chest with a mat and blankets—and read myself to sleep. This is the routine, but often sadly interrupted. Then you may see me sitting on the floor of my verandah haranguing and being harangued by squatting chiefs on a question of a road; or more privately holding an inquiry into some dispute among our familiars, myself on my bed, the boys on the floor—for when it comes to the judicial I play dignity—or else going down to Apia on some more or less unsatisfactory errand. Altogether it is a life that suits me, but it absorbs me like an ocean. That is what I have always envied and admired in Scott; with all that immensity of work and study, his mind kept flexible, glancing to all points of natural interest. But the lean hot spirits, such as mine, become hypnotised with their bit occupations—if I may use Scotch to you—it is so far more scornful than any English idiom. Well, I can't help being a skeleton, and you are to take this devious passage for an apology.

I thought Aladdin capital fun; but why, in fortune, did he pretend it was moral at the end? The so-called nineteenth century, *où va-t-il se nicher?* 'Tis a trifle, but Pyle would do well to knock the passage out, and leave his boguey tale a boguey tale, and a good one at that.

The arrival of your box was altogether a great success to the castaways. You have no idea where we live. Do you know in all these islands there are not five hundred whites, and no postal delivery, and only one village—it is no more—and would be a mean enough village in Europe? We were asked the other day if Vailima were the name of our post town, and we laughed. Do you know, though we are but three miles from the village metropolis, we have no road to it, and our goods are brought on the pack-saddle? And do you know—or I should rather say, can you believe—or (in the famous old Tichborne trial phrase) would you be surprised to learn, that all you have read of Vailima—or Subpriorsford as I call it—is entirely false, and we have no ice-machine and no electric light, and no water supply but the cistern of the heavens, and but one public room, and scarce a bedroom apiece? But, of course, it is well known that I have made enormous sums by my evanescent literature, and you will smile at my false humility. The point, however, is much on our minds just now. We are expecting an invasion of Kiplings; very glad we shall be to see them; but two of the party are ladies, and I tell you we had to hold a council of war to stow them. You European ladies are so particular; with all of mine, sleeping has long become a public function, as with natives and those who go down much into the sea in ships. . . .

With love to Fairchild and the Huge Schoolboy, I am, my dear Mrs. Fairchild, yours very sincerely,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[The first sentences of the following refer to the "Footnote to History;" Chapter X. of which, relating to the hurricane of 1889, was first published in the *Scots Observer*, edited by Mr. Henley.]

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[VAILIMA, March, 1892]

MY DEAR BURLINGAME, — Herewith Chapters IX. and X., and I am left face to face with the horrors and dilemmas of the present regimen: pray for those that go down to the sea in ships. I have promised Henley shall have a chance to publish the Hurricane chapter if he like, so please let the slips be sent *quam primum* to C. Baxter, W.S., 11 S. Charlotte Street, Edinburgh. I got on mighty quick with that chapter—about five days of the toughest kind of work. God forbid I should ever have such another pirn to wind. When I invent a language there shall be a direct and an indirect pronoun differently declined—then writing would be some fun.

DIRECT	INDIRECT
He	Tu
Him	Tum
His	Tus

EX.: *He* seized *tum* by *tus* throat; but *tu* at the same moment caught *him* by *his* hair. A fellow could write hurricanes with an inflection like that! Yet there would be difficulties too.

Do what you please about *The Beach;* and I give you *carte blanche* to write in the matter to Baxter—or telegraph if the time press—to delay the English contingent. Herewith the two lost slips of the *Wrecker*. I cannot go beyond. By the way, pray compliment the printers on the proofs of the Samoa racket, but hint to them that it is most unbusiness-like and unscholarly to clip the edges of the galleys; these proofs should really have been sent me on large paper; and I and my friends here are all put to a great deal of trouble and confusion by the mistake. For, as you must conceive, in a matter so contested and complicated, the number of corrections and the length of explanations is considerable.

Please add to my former orders—

Le chevalier des Touches }
Les Diaboliques . . } by Barbey d'Aurévilly.
Correspondence de Henri Beyle (Stendahl).

Yours sincerely,
R. L. STEVENSON.

[Stevenson's correspondent in this case is an artisan, Mr. T. W. Dover, who had been struck by the truth of a remark in his essay on "Beggars," that it is only or mainly the poor who habitually give to the poor; and who wrote to ask whether it was from experience that R. L. S. knew this.]

VAILIMA PLANTATION, UPOLU, SAMOA,
June 20th, 1892.

SIR,—In reply to your very interesting letter, I cannot fairly say that I have ever been poor, or known what it was to want a meal. I have been reduced, however, to a very small sum of money, with no apparent prospect of increasing it; and at that time I reduced myself to practically one meal a day, with the most disgusting consequences to my health. At this time I lodged in the house of a working-man, and associated much with others. At the same time, from my youth up, I have always been a good deal and rather intimately thrown among the working-classes, partly as a civil engineer in out-of-the-way places, partly from a strong and, I hope, not ill-favoured sentiment of curiosity. But the place where, perhaps, I was most struck with the fact upon which you comment was the house of a friend, who was exceedingly poor, in fact, I may say destitute, and who lived in the attic of a very tall house entirely inhabited by persons in varying stages of poverty. As he was also in ill-health, I made a habit of passing my afternoon with him, and when there it was my part to answer the door. The steady procession of people begging, and the expectant and confident manner in which they presented themselves, struck me more and more daily; and I could not but remember with surprise that though my father lived but a few streets away in a fine house, beggars scarce came to the door once a fortnight or a month. From that time forward I made it my business to inquire, and in the stories which I am very fond of hearing from all sorts and conditions of men, learnt that in the time of their distress it was always from the poor they sought assistance, and almost always from the poor they got it.

Trusting I have now satisfactorily answered your question, which I thank you for asking, I remain, with sincere compliments,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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VAILIMA PLANTATION, UPOLU,
SAMOAN ISLAND 18th July 1892.

MY DEAR CHARLES [BAXTER],— . . . I have been now for some time contending with powers and principalities, and I have never once seen one of my own letters to the *Times*. So when you see something in the papers that you think might interest the exiles of Upolu, do not think twice, out with your saxpence, and send it flying to Vailima. Of what you say of the past, eh, man, it was a queer time, and awful miserable, but there's no sense in denying it was awful fun. Do you mind the youth in Highland garb and the tableful of coppers? Do you mind the SIGNAL of Waterloo Place?—Hey, how the blood stands to the heart at such a memory!—Hae ye the notes o't? Gie's them.—Gude's sake, man, gie's the notes, o't; I mind ye made a tüne o't an' played it on your pinanny; gie's the notes. Dear Lord, that past.

Glad to hear Henley's prospects are fair: his new volume is the work of a real poet. He is one of those who can make a noise of his own with words, and in whom experience strikes an individual note. There is perhaps no more genuine poet living, bar the Big Guns. In case I cannot overtake an acknowledgment to himself by this mail, please let him hear of my pleasure and admiration. How poorly —— compares! He is all smart journalism and cleverness: it is all bright and shallow and limpid, like a business paper—a good one, *s'entend;* but there is no blot of heart's blood and the Old Night: there are no harmonics, there is scarce harmony to his music; and in Henley—all of these; a touch, a sense within sense, a sound outside the sound, the shadow of the inscrutable, eloquent beyond all definition. The First London Voluntary knocked me wholly.—Ever yours affectionately, my dear Charles,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Kind memories to your father and all friends.

To W. E. Henley.

VAILIMA PLANTATION, UPOLU, SAMOA,
August 1st, 1892.

MY DEAR HENLEY,—It is impossible to let your new volume pass in silence. I have not received the same thrill of poetry since George Meredith's *Joy of Earth* volume and *Love in a Valley;* and I do not know that even that was so intimate and deep. Again and again I take the book down and read, and my blood is fired as it used to be in youth. *Andante con moto* in the *Voluntaries*, and the thing about the trees at night (No. XXIV. I think) are up to date my favourites. I did not guess you were so great a magician; these are new tunes, this is an undertone of the true Apollo; these are not verse, they are poetry—inventions, creations, in language. I thank you for the joy you have given me, and remain your old friend and present huge admirer,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

The hand is really the hand of Esau, but under a course of threatened scrivener's cramp.

For the next edition of the Book of Verses, pray accept an emendation. Last three lines of Echoes No. XLIV. read—

> But life in act? How should the grave
> Be victor over these,
> Mother, a mother of men?

The two vocatives scatter the effect of this inimitable close. If you insist on the longer line, equip 'grave' with an epithet.

R. L. S.

[VAILIMA, August, 1892.]

MY DEAR MRS. FAIRCHILD,—Thank you a thousand times for your letter. You are the Angel of (the sort of) Information (that I care about); I appoint you successor to the newspaper press; and I beg of you, whenever you wish to gird at the age, or think the bugs out of proportion to the roses, or despair, or enjoy any cosmic or epochal emotion, to sit down again and write to the Hermit of Samoa.

What do I think of it all? Well, I love the romantic solemnity of youth; and even in this form, although not without laughter, I have to love it still. They are such ducks! But what are they made of? We were just as solemn as that about atheism and the stars and humanity; but we were all for belief anyway—we held atheism and sociology (of which none of us, nor indeed anybody, knew anything)

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for a gospel and an iron rule of life; and it was lucky enough, or there would have been more windows broken. What is apt to puzzle one at first sight in the New Youth is that, with such rickety and risky problems always at heart, they should not plunge down a Niagara of Dissolution. But let us remember the high practical timidity of youth. I was a particularly brave boy—it is, I think, of myself, looking back—and plunged into adventures and experiments, and ran risks that it still surprises me to recall. But, dear me, what a fear I was in of that strange blind machinery in the midst of which I stood; and with what a compressed heart and what empty lungs I would touch a new crank and await developments! I do not mean to say I do not fear life still; I do; and that terror (for an adventurer like myself) is still one of the chief joys of living. But it was different indeed while I was yet girt with the priceless robes of inexperience; then the fear was exquisite and infinite. And so, when you see all these little Ibsens, who seem at once so dry and so excitable, and faint in swathes over a play (I suppose—for a wager) that would seem to me merely tedious, smile behind your hand, and remember the little dears are all in a blue funk.

It must be very funny, and to a spectator like yourself I almost envy it. But never get desperate; human nature is human nature; and the Roman Empire, since the Romans founded it and made our European human nature what it is, bids fair to go on and to be true to itself. These little bodies will all grow up and become men and women, and have heaps of fun; nay, and are having it now; and whatever happens to the fashion of the age, it makes no difference—there are always high and brave and amusing lives to be lived; and a change of key, however exotic, does not exclude melody. Even Chinamen, hard as we find it to believe, enjoy being Chinese. And the Chinaman stands alone to be unthinkable; naturally enough, as the representative of the only other great civilisation. Take my people here at my doors; their life is a very good one; it is quite thinkable, quite acceptable to us. And the little dears will be soon skating on the other foot; sooner or later, in each generation, the one-half of them at least begin to remember all the material they had rejected when first they made and nailed up their little theory of life; and these become reactionaries or conservatives, and the ship of man begins to fill upon the other tack.

Here is a sermon, by your leave! It is your own fault, you have amused and interested me so much by your breath of the New Youth, which comes to me from so far away, where I live up here in my mountain, and secret messengers bring me letters from rebels, and the government sometimes seizes them, and generally grumbles in its beard that Stevenson should really be deported. O, my life is the more lively, never fear!

It has recently been most amusingly varied by a visit from Lady Jersey. I took her over mysteriously (under the pseudonym of my cousin, Miss Amelia Balfour) to visit Mataafa, our rebel; and we had great fun, and wrote a Ouida novel on our life here, in which every author had to describe himself in the Ouida glamour, and of which—for the Jerseys intend printing it—I must let you have a copy. My wife's chapter, and my description of myself, should, I think, amuse you. But there were finer touches still; as when Belle and Lady Jersey came out to brush their teeth in front of the rebel King's palace, and the night guard squatted opposite on the grass and watched the process; or when I and my interpreter, and the King with his secretary, mysteriously disappeared to conspire.
—Ever yours sincerely,

R. L. Stevenson.

Vailima Plantation, Samoan Islands,
November 1st, 1892.

Dear Mr. Barrie, — I can scarce thank you sufficiently for your extremely amusing letter. No, *The Auld Licht Idyls* never reached me—I wish it had, and I wonder extremely whether it would not be good for me to have a pennyworth of the Auld Licht pulpit. It is a singular thing that I should live here in the South Seas under conditions so new and so striking, and yet my imagination so continually inhabit that cold old huddle of grey hills from which we come. I have just finished *David Balfour;* I have another book on the stocks, *The Young Chevalier*,

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which is to be part in France and part in Scotland, and to deal with Prince Charlie about the year 1749 ; and now what have I done but begun a third which is to be all moorland together, and is to have for a centrepiece a figure that I think you will appreciate — that of the immortal Braxfield—Braxfield himself is my *grand premier*, or since you are so much involved in the British drama, let me say my heavy lead. . . .

Your description of your dealings with Lord Rintoul are frightfully unconscientious. You should never write about anybody until you persuade yourself at least for the moment that you love him, above all anybody on whom your plot revolves. It will always make a hole in the book ; and if he has anything to do with the mechanism, prove a stick in your machinery. But you know all this better than I do, and it is one of your most promising traits that you do not take your powers too seriously. The *Little Minister* ought to have ended badly ; we all know it did ; and we are infinitely grateful to you for the grace and good feeling with which you lied about it. If you had told the truth, I for one could never have forgiven you. As you had conceived and written the earlier parts, the truth about the end, though indisputably true to fact, would have been a lie, or what is worse, a discord in art. If you are going to make a book end badly, it must end badly from the beginning. Now your book began to end well. You let yourself fall in love with, and fondle, and smile at your puppets. Once you had done that your honour was committed—at the cost of truth to life you were bound to save them. It is the blot on *Richard Feverel*, for instance, that it begins to end well and then tricks you and ends ill. But in that case there is worse behind, for the ill ending does not inherently issue from the plot — the story *had*, in fact, *ended well* and the great last interview between Richard and Lucy—and the blind, illogical bullet which smashes all has no more to do between the boards than a fly has to do with the room into whose open window it comes buzzing. It *might* have so happened ; it needed not; and unless needs must, we have no right to pain our readers. I have had a heavy case of conscience of the same kind about my Braxfield story. Braxfield —only his name is Hermiston—has a son who is condemned to death ; plainly, there is a fine tempting fitness about this ; and I meant he was to hang. But now on considering my minor characters, I saw there were five people who would—in a sense who must — break prison and attempt his rescue. They were capable, hardy folks, too, who might very well succeed. Why should they not then ? Why should not young Hermiston escape clear out of the country ? and be happy, if he could, with his—— But soft ! I will not betray my secret or my heroine. Suffice it to breathe in your ear that she was what Hardy calls (and others in their plain way don't) a Pure Woman. Much virtue in a capital letter, such as yours was.

Write to me again in my infinite distance. Tell me about your new book. No harm in telling *me ;* I am too far off to be indiscreet ; there are too few near me who would care to hear. I am rushes by the riverside, and the stream is in Babylon : breathe your secrets to me fearlessly ; and if the Trade Wind caught and carried them away, there are none to catch them nearer than Australia, unless it were the Tropic Birds. In the unavoidable absence of my amanuensis, who is buying eels for dinner, I have thus concluded my despatch, like St. Paul, with my own hand. —Yours very truly,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

To J. M. Barrie.

[VAILIMA, December, 1892.]

DEAR J. M. BARRIE,—You will be sick of me soon ; I cannot help it. I have been off my work for some time, and reread the *Edinburgh Eleven*, and had a great mind to write a parody and give you all your sauce back again, and see how you would like it yourself. And then I read (for the first time—I know not how) the *Window in Thrums ;* I don't say that it is better than the *Minister ;* it's less of a tale—and there is a beauty, a material beauty, of the tale *ipse*, which clever critics now-a-days long and love to forget; it has more real flaws ; but somehow it is —well, I read it last anyway, and it's by Barrie. And he's the man for my money. The glove is a great page ; it is startlingly

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original, and as true as death and judgment. Tibbie Birse in the Bural is great, but I think it was a journalist that got in the word "official." The same character plainly had a word to say to Thomas Haggard. Thomas affects me as a lie—I beg your pardon; doubtless he was somebody you knew, that leads people so far astray. The actual is not the true.

I am proud to think you are a Scotchman—though to be sure I know nothing of that country, being only an English tourist, quo' Gavin Ogilvy. I commend the hard case of Mr. Gavin Ogilvy to J. M. Barrie, whose work is to me a source of living pleasure and heartfelt national pride. There are two of us now that the Shirra might have patted on the head. And please do not think, when I thus seem to bracket myself with you, that I am wholly blinded with vanity. Jess is beyond my frontier line; I could not touch her skirt; I have no such glamour of twilight on my pen. I am a capable artist; but it begins to look to me as if you were a man of genius. Take care of yourself for my sake. It's a devilish hard thing for a man who writes so many novels as I do, that I should get so few to read. And I can read yours, and I love them.

A pity for you that my amanuensis is not on stock to-day, and my own hand perceptibly worse than usual.

Yours,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

December 5th, 1892.

P.S.—We have, for a wonder of wonders, visitors here. They are a mother and daughter by the name of Fraser. They seem to know you, and I must say I feel as if I rather knew you myself since the daughter acted you for my entertainment one afternoon. This is put in malice prepense in the hopes of stirring you up to be lively on the subject of the Frasers. And anyway you will have the fun of seeing her act me before you are very much older. Then tell me your health is not strong—Man, come out here and try the Prophet's chamber. The whole family smoke, and that all day long, except when they are suffering from the practice and have sworn off. But reassure yourself, these revivals never last long. There's only one bad point to us—we do rise early. The Amanuensis states that you are a lover of silence—and that ours is a noisy house—and she is a chatterbox—I am not answerable for these statements, though I do think there is a touch of garrulity about my premises. We have so little to talk about you see. The house is three miles from town in the midst of great silent forests. There is a burn close by, and when we are not talking you can hear the burn and the birds and the sea breaking on the coast three miles away and six hundred feet below us, and about three times a month a bell—I don't know where the bell is nor who rings it, it may be the bell in Hans Andersen's story for all I know. It is never hot here—86 in the shade is about our hottest—and it is never cold except just in the early mornings. Take it for all in all, I suppose this island climate to be by far the healthiest in the world—even the influenza entirely lost its sting. Only two patients died and one was a man nearly eighty and the other a child below four months. I won't tell you if it is beautiful, for I want you to come here and see for yourself. Everybody on the premises except my wife has some Scotch blood in their veins—I beg your pardon—except the natives—and then my wife is a Dutchwoman—and the natives are the next thing conceivable to Highlanders before the forty-five. We would have some grand cracks! R. L. S.

COME, it will broaden your mind, and be the making of me.

[This journal-letter to Mr. Barrie covers a period of a month. In the interval between two of its parts (August 6th–August 12th), the news of Mr. Barrie's engagement and marriage, which took place soon after his recovery from a dangerous illness, had reached Samoa.]

VAILIMA, July 13th, 1894.

MY DEAR BARRIE,—This is the last effort of an ulcerated conscience. I have been so long owing you a letter, I have heard so much of you, fresh from the press, from my mother and Graham Balfour, that I have to write a letter no later than to-day, or perish in my shame. But the deuce of it is, my dear fellow, that you write such a very good letter that I am ashamed

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to exhibit myself before my junior (which you are, after all) in the light of the dreary idiot I feel. Understand that there will be nothing funny in the following pages. If I can manage to be rationally coherent, I shall be more than satisfied.

In the first place, I have had the extreme satisfaction to be shown that photograph of your mother. It bears evident traces of the hand of an amateur. How is it that amateurs invariably take better photographs than professionals? I must qualify invariably. My own negatives have always represented a province of chaos and old night in which you might dimly perceive fleecy spots of twilight, representing nothing; so that, if I am right in supposing the portrait of your mother to be yours, I must salute you as my superior. Is that your mother's breakfast? Or is it only afternoon tea? If the first, do let me recommend to Mrs. Barrie to add an egg to her ordinary. Which, if you please, I will ask her to eat to the honour of her son, and I am sure she will live much longer for it, to enjoy his fresh successes. I never in my life saw anything more deliciously characteristic. I declare I can hear her speak. I wonder my mother could resist the temptation of your proposed visit to Kirriemuir, which it was like your kindness to propose. By the way, I was twice in Kirriemuir, I believe in the year '71, when I was going on a visit to Glenogil. It was Kirriemuir, was it not? I have a distinct recollection of an inn at the end—I think the upper end—of an irregular open place or square, in which I always see your characters evolve. But, indeed, I did not pay much attention; being all bent upon my visit to a shooting-box where I should fish a real trout-stream, and I believe preserved. I did, too, and it was a charming stream, clear as crystal, without a trace of peat—a strange thing in Scotland—and alive with trout; the name of it I cannot remember, it was something like the Queen's River, and in some hazy way connected with memories of Mary Queen of Scots. It formed an epoch in my life, being the end of all my trout-fishing. I had always been accustomed to pause and very laboriously to kill every fish as I took it. But in the Queen's River I took so good a basket that I forgot these niceties; and when I sat down, in a hard rain shower, under a bank, to take my sandwiches and sherry, lo! and behold, there was the basketful of trouts still kicking in their agony. I had a very unpleasant conversation with my conscience. All that afternoon I persevered in fishing, brought home my basket in triumph, and sometime that night, 'in the wee sma' hours ayont the twal,' I finally foreswore the gentle craft of fishing. I daresay your local knowledge may identify this historic river; I wish it could go farther and identify also that particular Free kirk in which I sat and groaned on Sunday. While my hand is in I must tell you a story. At that antique epoch you must not fall into the vulgar error that I was myself ancient. I was, on the contrary, very young, very green, and (what you will appreciate, Mr. Barrie) very shy. There came one day to lunch at the house two very formidable old ladies—or one very formidable and the other what you please—answering to the honoured and historic name of the Miss Carnegie Arbuthnots of Balnamoon. At table I was exceedingly funny, and entertained the company with tales of geese and bubbly-jocks. I was great in the expression of my terror for these bipeds, and suddenly this horrid, severe, and eminently matronly old lady put up a pair of gold eye-glasses, looked at me awhile in silence, and pronounced, in a clangerous voice, her verdict. 'You give me very much the effect of a coward, Mr. Stevenson!' I had very nearly left two vices behind me at Glenogil; fishing, and jesting at table. And of one thing you may be very sure, my lips were no more opened at that meal.

July 29th.

No, Barrie, 'tis in vain they try to alarm me with their bulletins. No doubt, you're ill, and unco ill, I believe; but I have been so often in the same case that I know pleurisy and pneumonia are in vain against Scotsmen who can write. (I once could.) You cannot imagine probably how near me this common calamity brings you. *Ce que j'ai toussé dans ma vie!* How often and how long have I been on the rack at night and learned to appreciate that noble passage in the Psalms when somebody or other is said to be more set on something than they 'who dig for hid

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treasures—yea, than those who long for the morning'—for all the world, as you have been racked and you have longed. Keep your heart up, and you'll do. Tell that to your mother, if you are still in any danger or suffering. And by the way, if you are at all like me—and I tell myself you are very like me—be sure there is only one thing good for you, and that is the sea in hot climates. Mount, sir, into 'a little frigot' of 5000 tons or so, and steer peremptorily for the tropics; and what if the ancient mariner, who guides your frigot, should startle the silence of the ocean with the cry of land ho!—say, when the day is dawning—and you should see the turquoise mountain tops of Upolu coming hand over fist above the horizon? Mr. Barrie, sir, 'tis then there would be larks! And though I cannot be certain that our climate would suit you (for it does not suit some), I am sure as death the voyage would do you good—would do you *Best*—and if Samoa didn't do, you needn't stay beyond the month, and I should have had another pleasure in my life, which is a serious consideration for me. I take this as the hand of the Lord preparing your way to Vailima—in the desert, certainly—in the desert of Cough and by the ghoul-haunted woodland of Fever—but whither that way points there can be no question—and there will be a meeting of the twa Hoasting Scots Makers in spite of fate, fortune, and the Devil. *Absit omen.*

My dear Barrie, I am a little in the dark about this new work of yours: what is to become of me afterwards? You say carefully—methought anxiously—that I was no longer me when I grew up? I cannot bear this suspense: what is it? It's no forgery? And AM I HANGIT? These are the elements of a very pretty lawsuit which you had better come to Samoa to compromise. I am enjoying a great pleasure that I had long looked forward to, reading Orme's *History of Indostan;* I had been looking out for it everywhere; but at last, in four volumes, large quarto, beautiful type and page, and with a delectable set of maps and plans, and all the names of the places wrongly spelled—it came to Samoa, little Barrie. I tell you frankly you had better come soon. I am sair failed a'ready; and what I may be if you continue to dally, I dread to conceive. I may be speechless; already, or at least for a month or so, I'm little better than a teetoller—I beg pardon, a teetotaller. It is not exactly physical, for I am in good health, working four or five hours a day in my plantation, and intending to ride a paper-chase next Sunday—ay, man, that's a fact, and I havena had the hert to breathe it to my mother yet—the obligation's poleetical, for I am trying every means to live well with my German neighbours—and O Barrie, but it's no easy! I think they are going to annex; and that's another reason to hurry up your visit, for if the Herrs come I'll have to leave. They are such a stiff-backed and sour-natured people; people with permanent hot-coppers, scouring to find offence, exulting to take it. To be sure, there are many exceptions. And the whole of the above must be regarded as private—strictly private. Breathe it not in Kirriemuir: tell it not to the daughters of Dundee! What a nice extract this would make for the daily papers! and how it would facilitate my position here! . . .

August 5th.

This is Sunday, the Lord's Day. 'The hour of attack approaches.' And it is a singular consideration what I risk; I may yet be the subject of a tract, and a good tract too—such as one which I remember reading with recreant awe and rising hair in my youth, of a boy who was a very good boy, and went to Sunday Schule, and one day kipped from it, and went and actually bathed, and was dashed over a waterfall, and he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. A dangerous trade, that, and one that I have to practise. I'll put in a word when I get home again, to tell you whether I'm killed or not. 'Accident in the (Paper) Hunting Field: death of a notorious author. We deeply regret to announce the death of the most unpopular man in Samoa, who broke his neck at the descent of Magagi, from the misconduct of his little raving lunatic of an old beast of a pony. It is proposed to commemorate the incident by the erection of a suitable pile. The design (by our local architect, Mr. Walker) is highly artificial, with a rich and voluminous Crockett at each corner, a small but im-

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pervious Barrièer at the entrance, an arch at the top, an Archer of a pleasing but solid character at the bottom; the colour will be genuine William-Black; and Lang, lang may the ladies sit wi' their fans in their hands.' Well, well, they may sit as they sat for me, and little they'll wreck, the ungrateful jauds! Muckle they cared about Tusitala when they had him! But now ye can see the difference; now, leddies, ye can repent, when ower late, o' your former cauldness and what ye'll perhaps allow me to ca' your *tepeedity!* He was beautiful as the day, but his day is done! And perhaps, as he was maybe gettin' a wee thing fly-blawn, it's nane too shüne.

MONDAY, August 6th, 1894.

Well, sir, I have escaped the dangerous conjunction of the widow's only son and the Sabbath Day. We had a most enjoyable time, and Lloyd and I were 3 and 4 to arrive; I will not tell here what interval had elapsed between our arrival and the arrival of 1 and 2; the question, sir, is otiose and malign; it deserves, it shall have no answer. And now without further delay to the main purpose of this hasty note. We received and we have already in fact distributed the gorgeous fabrics of Kirriemuir. Whether from the splendour of the robes themselves, or from the direct nature of the compliments with which you had directed us to accompany the presentations, one young lady blushed as she received the proofs of your munificence. . . .

Bad ink, and the dregs of it at that, but the heart in the right place. Still very cordially interested in my Barrie and wishing him well through his sickness, which is of the body, and long defended from mine, which is of the head, and by the impolite might be described as idiocy. The whole head is useless, and the whole sitting part painful: reason, the recent Paper Chase.

There was racing and chasing in Vailile plantation,
And vastly we enjoyed it,
But, alas! for the state of my foundation,
For it wholly has destroyed it.

Come, my mind is looking up. The above is wholly impromptu.

On oath,

TUSITALA.

August 12th, 1894.

And here, Mr. Barrie, is news with a vengeance. Mother Hubbard's dog is well again—what did I tell you? Pleurisy, pneumonia, and all that kind of truck is quite unavailing against a Scotchman who can write—and not only that but it appears the perfidious dog is married. This incident, so far as I remember, is omitted from the original epic—

She went to the graveyard
To see him get *him* buried,
And when she came back
The Deil had got merried.

It now remains to inform you that I have taken what we call here 'German offence' at not receiving cards, and that the only reparation I will accept is that Mrs. Barrie shall incontinently, upon the receipt of this, Take and Bring you to Vailima in order to apologise and be pardoned for this offence. The commentary of Tamaitai upon the event was brief but pregnant: 'Well, it's a comfort our guest-room is furnished for two.'

This letter, about nothing, has already endured too long. I shall just present the family to Mrs. Barrie—Tamaitai, Tamaitai Matua, Teuila, Palema, Loia, and with an extra low bow, Yours,

TUSITALA.

To James Payn

VAILIMA, SAMOA, Nov. 4th, 1894.

MY DEAR JAMES PAYN,—I am asked to relate to you a little incident of domestic life at Vailima. I had read your *Gleams of Memory*, No. 1; it then went to my wife, to Osbourne, to the cousin that is within my gates, and to my respected amanuensis, Mrs. Strong. Sunday approached. In the course of the afternoon I was attracted to the great 'all—the winders is by Vanderputty, which upon entering I beheld a memorable scene. The floor was bestrewn with the forms of midshipmen from the *Curacoa*—'boldly say a wilderness of gunroom'—and in the midst of this sat Mrs. Strong throned on the sofa and reading aloud *Gleams of Memory*. They had just come the length of your immortal definition of boyhood in the concrete, and I had the pleasure to see the whole party dissolve under its influence

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with inextinguishable laughter. I thought this was not half bad for arthritic gout! Depend upon it, sir, when I go into the arthritic gout business, I shall be done with literature, or at least with the funny business. It is quite true I have my battle-fields behind me. I have done perhaps as much work as anybody else under the most deplorable conditions. But two things fail to be noticed: In the first place, I never was in actual pain; and in the second, I was never funny. I'll tell you the worst day that I remember. I had a hæmorrhage, and was not allowed to speak; then, induced by the devil, or an errant doctor, I was led to partake of that bowl which neither cheers nor inebriates—the castor-oil bowl. Now, when castor-oil goes right, it is one thing; but when it goes wrong, it is another. And it went wrong with me that day. The waves of faintness and nausea succeeded each other for twelve hours, and I do feel a legitimate pride in thinking that I stuck to my work all through and wrote a good deal of Admiral Guinea (which I might just as well not have written for all the reward it ever brought me) in spite of the barbarous bad conditions. I think that is my great boast; and it seems a little thing alongside of your *Gleams of Memory* illustrated by spasms of arthritic gout. We really should have an order of merit in the trade of letters. For valour, Scott would have had it; Pope too; myself on the strength of that castor oil; and James Payn would be a Knight Commander. The worst of it is, though Lang tells me you exhibit the courage of Huish, that not even an order can alleviate the wretched annoyance of the business. I have always said that there is nothing like pain; toothache, dumbague, arthritic gout, it does not matter what you call it, if the screw is put upon the nerves sufficiently strong, there is nothing left in heaven or in earth that can interest the sufferer. Still, even to this there is the consolation that it cannot last for ever. Either you will be relieved and have a good hour again before the sun goes down, or else you will be liberated. It is something after all (although not much) to think that you are leaving a brave example; that other literary men love to remember, as I am sure they will love to remember, everything about you—your sweetness, your brightness, your helpfulness to all of us, and in particular those one or two really adequate and noble papers which you have been privileged to write during these last years. With the heartiest and kindest goodwill, I remain, yours ever, R. L. S.

[The next, and last, letter is to Mr. Gosse, dated also only three days before the writer's death. It acknowledged the dedication to "Tusitala" of that gentleman's volume of poems "In Russet and Silver," just received.]

To E. Gosse

VAILIMA, SAMOA, 1st December, 1894

I AM AFRAID, MY DEAR WEG, that this must be the result of bribery and corruption! The volume to which the dedication stands as preface seems to me to stand alone in your work; it is so natural, so personal, so sincere, so articulate in substance, and what you always were sure of—so rich in adornment.

Let me speak first of the dedication. I thank you for it from the heart. It is beautifully said, beautifully and kindly felt; and I should be a churl indeed if I were not grateful, and an ass if I were not proud. I remember when Symonds dedicated a book to me; I wrote and told him of 'the pang of gratified vanity' with which I had read it. The pang was present again, but how much more sober and autumnal—like your volume. Let me tell you a story, or remind you of a story. In the year of grace something or other, anything between '76 and '78, I mentioned to you, in my usual autobiographical and inconsiderate manner, that I was hard up. You said promptly that you had a balance at your banker's, and could make it convenient to let me have a cheque, and I accepted and got the money—how much was it?—twenty, or perhaps thirty pounds? I know not—but it was a great convenience. The same evening, or the next day, I fell in conversation (in my usual autobiographical and . . . see above) with a denizen of the Savile Club, name now gone from me, only his figure and a dim three-quarter view of his face remaining. To him I mentioned that you had given me a loan, remarking

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easily that of course it didn't matter to you. Whereupon he read me a lecture, and told me how it really stood with you financially. He was pretty serious, fearing, as I could not help perceiving, that I should take too light a view of the responsibility and the service (I was always thought too light—the irresponsible jester—you remember. O, *quantum mutatus ab illo!*) If I remember rightly, the money was repaid before the end of the week—or to be more exact and a trifle pedantic, the se'night—but the service has never been forgotten; and I send you back this piece of ancient history, *consule Planco*, as a salute for your dedication, and propose that we should drink the health of the nameless one who opened my eyes as to the true nature of what you did for me on that occasion.

But here comes my Amanuensis, so we'll get on more swimmingly now. You will understand perhaps that what so particularly pleased me in the new volume, what seems to me to have so personal and original a note, are the middle-aged pieces in the beginning. The whole of them, I may say, though I must own an especial liking to—

> I yearn not for the fighting fate,
> That holds and hath achieved;
> I live to watch and meditate
> And dream—and be deceived.

You take the change gallantly. Not I, I must confess. It is all very well to talk of renunciation, and of course it has to be done. But, for my part, give me a roaring toothache! I do like to be deceived and to dream, but I have very little use for either watching or meditation. I was not born for age. And, curiously enough, I seem to see a contrary drift in my work from that which is so remarkable in yours. You are going on sedately travelling through your ages, decently changing with the years to the proper tune. And here am I, quite out of my true course, and with nothing in my foolish elderly head but love-stories. This must repose upon some curious distinction of temperaments. I gather from a phrase, boldly autobiographical, that you are—well, not precisely growing thin. Can that be the difference?

It is rather funny that this matter should come up just now, as I am at present engaged in treating a severe case of middle age in one of my stories—'The Justice-Clerk.' The case is that of a woman, and I think that I am doing her justice. You will be interested, I believe, to see the difference in our treatments. *Secreta Vitæ* comes nearer to the case of my poor Kirstie. Come to think of it, Gosse, I believe the main distinction is that you have a family growing up around you, and I am a childless, rather bitter, very clear-eyed, blighted youth. I have in fact lost the path that makes it easy and natural for you to descend the hill. I am going at it straight. And where I have to go down it is a precipice.

I must not forget to give you a word of thanks for *An English Village*. It reminds me strongly of Keats, which is enough to say; and I was particularly pleased with the petulant sincerity of the concluding sentiment.

Well, my dear Gosse, here's wishing you all health and prosperity, as well as to the mistress and the bairns. May you live long, since it seems as if you would continue to enjoy life. May you write many more books as good as this one—only there's one thing impossible, you can never write another dedication that can give the same pleasure to the vanished

TUSITALA.

THE END

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THE PARIS OF HONORÉ DE BALZAC

By Benjamin Ellis Martin and Charlotte M. Martin

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. FULLEYLOVE

SET in the front wall of a commonplace house, in the broad main street of sunny Tours, a tablet records the birth of Balzac in that house, on the 27th Floréal, *an VII.* of the Republic—May 16, 1799—the day of Saint-Honoré, a saint whose name happened to hit the fancy of the parents, and they gave it to their son. Many a secluded corner of the town, many a nook within and about its cathedral of Saint-Gatien, many a portrait of its priests, has been brought into his books. And he has portrayed, with his artist hand, the country round about, of the broad Loire and of bright Touraine, always vivid in his boyish reminiscences. In his life and his work, however, he was, first and always, a Parisian. To the great town, with all its mysteries and its possibilities, his favorite creations surely found their way, however far from it they started, drawn thither, as was drawn and held their creator, by its unconquerable authority.

His father had been a lawyer, forced for safety during the Revolution into army service, and when he was ordered from Tours, in 1814, to take charge of the commissariat of the First Division of the Army in Paris, he brought his family with him. Their abode was in rue de Thorigny, one of the old Marais streets, and the boy, nearly fifteen, was put to school in the same street, and later in rue Saint-Louis, hard by. Transformed as is this quarter, there yet remain many of the magnificent mansions with which it was built up in the days of its grandeur, and their ample halls and rooms and gardens serve admirably now as schools for boys and for girls. The young Honoré and his Louis Lambert are one in their pitiful memories of these schools and of their earlier schooling at the seminary of Vendôme.

To please his father, the boy, when almost eighteen, went through the law-course of the Sorbonne and the Collége de France. To please himself he listened, for the sake of their literary charm, to the lectures of Villemain and Cousin and Guizot, and would rehearse them with passion when he got home. But he had no love for the arid literature of the law, and was wont to linger, in his daily walks along the quays and across the bridges to and from his lecture-rooms, over the book-stalls, spending his modest allowance for old books, which he had learned already to select for their worth.

These studies ended, he entered the law-office of M. de Merville, a friend of his father, with whom Eugène Scribe had just before finished his time, and to whom Jules Janin came for his training, a little later. And these three, unknown to one another, were, as it happened, of the same mind in their revolt against the drudgery of the desk, and against the servitude of the attorney, coupled with certain competence as it might be; and in their preference for that career of letters, which might mean greater toil, but which brought immediate freedom and promised not far-off fame, and perhaps fortune, too.

The elder Balzac, severely practical, dreamed no dreams, and was horrified by his son's refusal to pursue the profession appointed for him. He foretold speedy starvation, and—perhaps to prepare Honoré for it—allowed him to try his experiment, for two years, on a hundred francs or less a month. So, the family having to leave Paris early in 1820, a garret—literally—was rented for the young author, and poorly furnished by his mother, a painstaking, hard-working, fussy old lady, who looked on him as a little boy all her life long, who drudged for him to his last days, and who felt it to be her duty to discipline him to hardship in these early days!

This attic-room was at the top of the old house No. 9 rue Lesdiguières, which was swept away by the cutting of broad boulevard Henri IV. in 1866–67, its site

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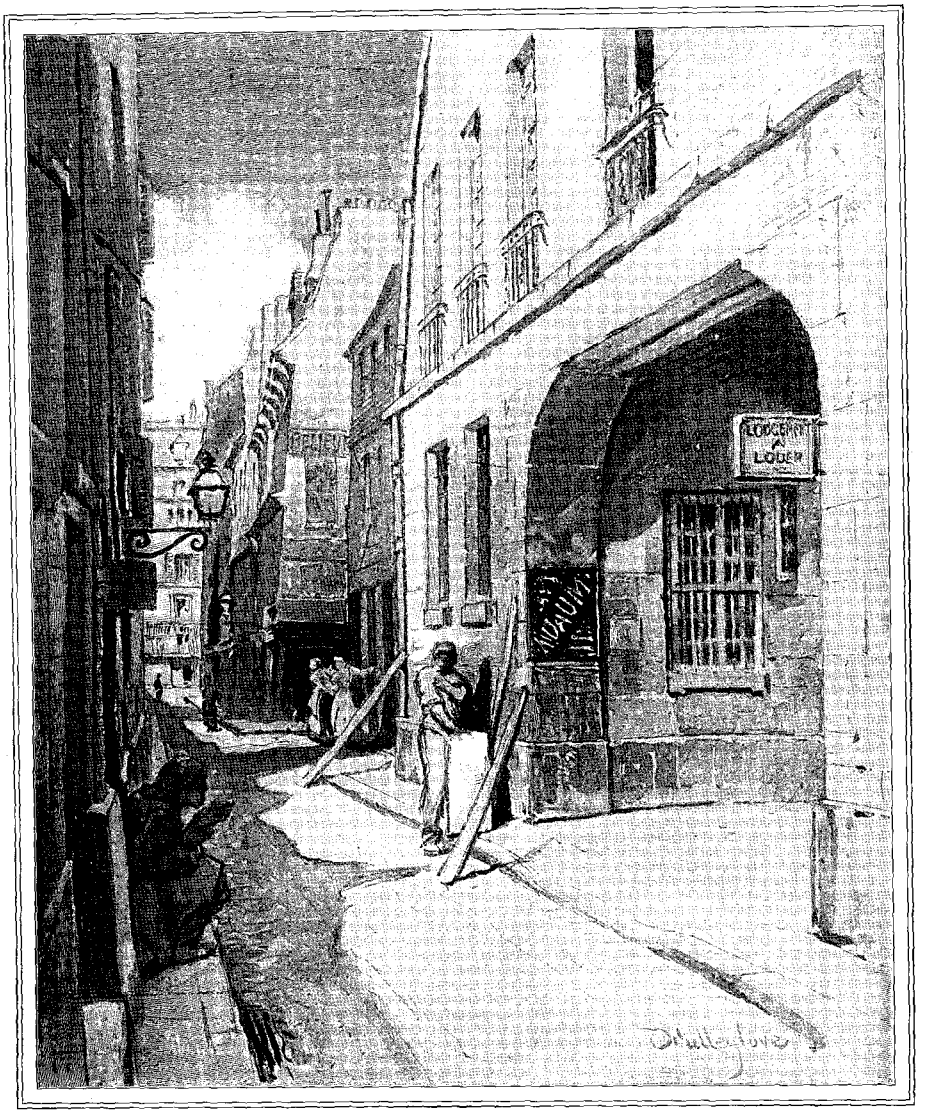

Rue Visconti.

being in the very middle of this new street. To wax sentimental—as has a recent writer—over the present No. 9 as Balzac's abode is touching, but hardly worth while, that house having no interest for us beyond that of being of the style and the period of Balzac's house, and serving to show the shabbiness of his surroundings.

These did not touch the young author, whose garret's rental was within his reach, as was the *Librairie de Monsieur* — he gives it the old Bourbon name—to be near which he had selected his quarters. This was the Library of the Arsenal, still open to students as in his days there, in the building begun by François I. for the casting of cannon, which he made lighter and easier of carriage, and the casting of which exploded the Arsenal within twenty years, and with it part of the adjacent Marais. The Valois kings rebuilt it, Henri IV. enlarged it, and gave it for a residence to his grand master of artillery, Sully, for whom he decorated the *salons* as we see them to-day. You may climb the grand staircase, and stand in the rooms—their gildings fresh, their paintings bright —occupied by the great minister. In the cabinet that contains his furniture and fittings is an admirable bust of the king.

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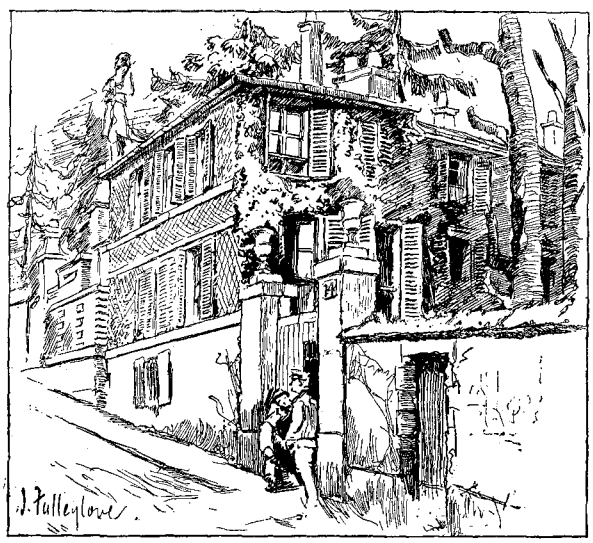
And you seem to see the man himself, as he enters, his debonair swagger covering his secret shamefacedness for fear of a refusal of his stern treasurer to make the little loan for which he has again come to beg, to pay his last night's gambling or other debt of honor !

In this library by day, and in his garret by night, Balzac began that life of terrific toil from which he never ceased until death stopped his unresting hand. The novels he produced during these years were hardly noticed then, are quite unknown now : showing no art, giving no promise. He never owned them, and put them forth under grotesque pen-names, such as " Horace de Saint-Aubin," " Lord R'hoone " — an anagram of Honoré — and others equally absurd, all telling of his fondness for titles.



Les Jardies, House at Ville d'Avray, inhabited by Balzac and Gambetta.

This garret, in which he lived for fifteen months, is vividly pictured in " La Peau de Chagrin," written in 1830, as Raphael's room in his early days, before he became rich and wretched. Balzac's letters to his sister Laure (Madame Laure de Surville) detail, with delightful gayety, his exposure to wind and wet within these weather-worn walls ; and his ingenious shifts in daily small expenditure of *sous* to make his income serve. He relates how he shopped, how he brought home in his pockets his scant provender, how he fetched up from the court-pump his large allowance of water. For he used it lavishly in making his coffee, that stimulation supplying the place of insufficient food, and carrying him through his nights of pen-work. Excessive excitation and excessive toil, begun thus early, went on through all his life, and he dug his too early grave with his implacable pen. His only outings, by day or by night, were the long walks that gave him his amazing acquaintance with every corner of Paris, and his solitary strolls through the great graveyard of Paris, near at hand. "*Je vais m'égayer au Père-Lachaise*," he writes to his sister ; and there he would climb to the upper slopes, from which he saw the vast city stretched out. For he was fond of height and space, and we shall see how he sought for them in his later dwelling-places.

And in this storm-swept attic he had his first dreams of dwelling in marble halls. Extreme in everything, he could imagine no half-way house between a garret and a palace : he began in the one, he ended in the other, unable to find pause or repose in either !

Dreaming the dreams of Midas, he loved to plunge his favorite young heroes into floods of sudden soft opulence, and his longings for luxury found expression in those unceasing schemes for sudden wealth which made him a kindly mock to

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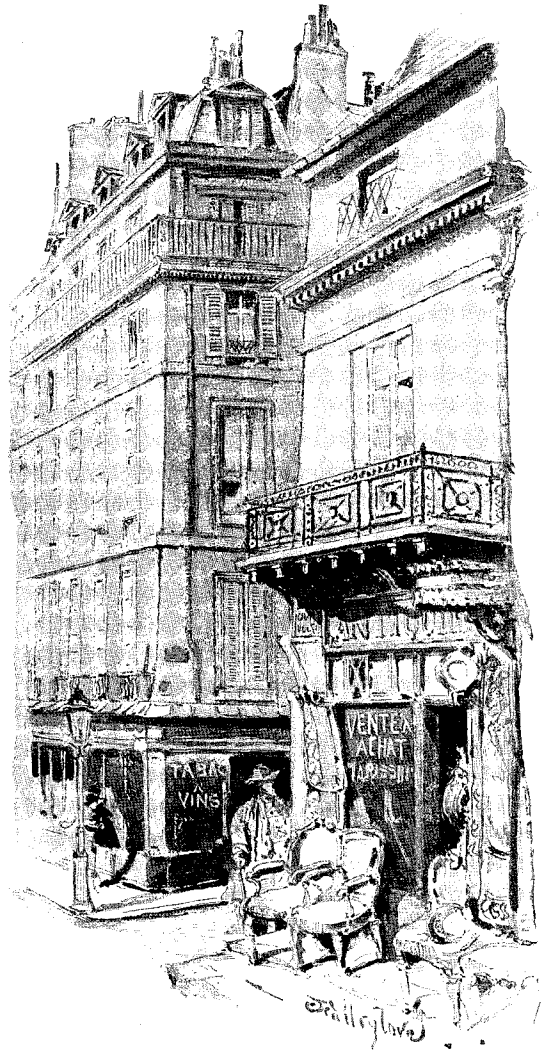
his companions. His first practical project was started in 1826, during a temporary sojourn for needed rest and proper food at his father's new home in Villeparisis, eighteen miles from Paris, on the edge of the forest of Bondy. He speedily hurried back to Paris and turned printer and publisher; bringing out, among other reprints, the complete works of Molière and of La Fontaine, each with his own introduction, each in one volume—compact and inconvenient—and, at the end of the year which saw twenty copies of either sold, the entire editions were got rid of, to save storage, at the price by weight of their paper. This and other failures left him in debt, and to pay this debt and to gain quick fortune, he set up a type-foundry in partnership with a foreman of his printing-office. The young firm took the establishment at No. 17 rue des Marais-Saint-Germain, now rue Visconti; named for the famous archæologist who had lived, and in 1818 had died, in that venerable mansion hard by on the corner of rue de Seine and quai Malaquais.

Balzac's establishment, now entirely rebuilt, was as typical a setting of the scene as any ever invented by that master of scene-setting in fiction. It may be seen, as it



The Antiquary's shop of "La Peau de Chagrin," on Quai Voltaire.

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stood until very lately, in its neighbor No. 15, an exact copy of this No. 17. Its frowning front, receding as it rises, is pierced with infrequent windows, and hollowed out by a huge, wide doorway, within which you may see men casting plates for the press, albeit the successors of "Balzac et Barbier" no longer set type nor print.

"Balzac H, et Barbier A, Imprimeurs, rue des Marais-Saint-Germain, 17;" so appears the firm in the Paris directory for 1827. The senior partner had not yet assumed the particle "*de*," so proudly worn in later years when, too, he is labelled in the directory "*homme-de-lettres*," the title of "*imprimeur*," on which he prided himself because it meant wealth, having lasted only until the end of 1827, or the beginning of 1828. Printing-office and type-foundry were sold at a ruinous sacrifice, and Balzac was left with debts of about 120,000 francs: a burden that nearly broke his back and his heart for many years. He never went through that narrow street without groaning for its memories; and for a long time, he told his sister, he had been tempted to kill himself, as was tempted his hero of "La Peau de Chagrin." In "Les Illusions Perdues," he has painted, in relentless detail, the cruel capacity of unpaid, or partially paid, debts, for piling up interest. But the helpless despair of David Séchard was, in Balzac himself, redeemed by a buoyant confidence that never deserted him for long. To pay his debts, he toiled as did Walter Scott, whom Balzac admired for this bondage to rectitude, as he admired his genius. All through the "Comédie Humaine" he dwells on the burden of debt, the ceaseless struggle to throw it off, by desperate, by dishonorable, expedients.

On an upper floor of his establishment, Balzac had fitted up a small but elegant apartment for his living-place, his first attempt to realize that ideal of a bachelor residence such as those in which he installed his heroes. This was furnished, of course, on credit, and when failure came, he removed his belongings to a room at No. 2 rue de Tournon—a house quite unchanged still. Here his neighbor was the editor of the *Figaro*, Henri de la Touche—his intimate friend then, later his intimate enemy; a poor creature eaten by envy, whose specialty it was to turn against former friends and to sneer at old allies.

Here Balzac finished the book begun in his former room over his works, "Les Chouans." It was published in 1829, and was the first to bear his real name as author, the first to show to the reading world of what sterling stuff he was made. That stuff was not content with the book, good as it was, and he retouched and bettered it in after years. It brought him not only readers but editors and publishers; and before the end of 1830, he had poured forth a flood of novels, tales, and studies; among them such works as "La Maison du Chat-qui-pelote," "Physiologie du Mariage," "Gobseck," "Étude de Femme," "Une passion dans le Désert," "Un Épisode sous la Terreur," "Catherine de Médicis," "Lettres sur Paris"—with "Les Chouans," seventy in all!

Werdet, one of Balzac's publishers—his sole publisher from 1834 to 1837—lived and had his shop near by, at No. 49 rue de Seine. To his house, just as it stands to-day, the always impecunious young author used to come, morning, noon, and night, for funds, in payment of work unfinished, of work not yet begun, often of work never to be done.

From rue de Tournon he removed, early in 1831, to rue Cassini, No. 1, as we find it given in the Paris *Bottin* of that year. It is a short street of one block, running from avenue de l'Observatoire to rue du Faubourg-Saint-Jacques, and takes its name appropriately from the Italian astronomer, who was installed in the Observatory, having been made a citizen of France by Colbert, Louis XIV.'s great Finance Minister. It is a secluded quarter still, with its own air of isolation and its own village atmosphere. In 1831, it was really a village, far from town, and these streets were only country lanes, bordered by infrequent cottages, dear to the weary Parisian seeking distance and quiet.

Three of them, near together here, harbored famous men at about this period, and all three have remained intact until lately for the delight of the pilgrim—that of Châteaubriand, No. 92 rue d'Enfer—a street now punningly renamed, in memory of the heroic defender of Belfort, Denfert-Rochereau — that of Victor Hugo, No. 27, rue Notre-Dame-des-

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The Pension of "Le Père Goriot" (No. 24 Rue Tournefort).

Champs, and this one of Balzac. His house, destroyed only in 1899, was on the southwest corner of rue du Faubourg-Saint-Jacques and rue Cassini. It was a little cottage of two stories, with two wings and a small central body, giving on a tiny court. A misguided Paris journal has claimed, with copious letter-press and illustrations, the large building at No. 6 rue Cassini for Balzac's abode. This is a lamentable error, one of the many met with in topographical research by which the traditions of a demolished house are transplanted to an existing neighbor. This characterless No. 6 carries its own proof that Balzac could have never chosen it, even were we without the decisive proof given by the *cadastre* of the city lately unearthed by M. G. Lenôtre among the buried archives of the *Bureau des Contributions Directes*.

In the sunny apartment of the left wing dwelt Balzac and his friend, Auguste Borget; in the other wing, Jules Sandeau lived alone and lonely in his recent separation from George Sand. Their separation was not so absolute as to prevent an occasional visit from her, and an occasional dinner to her by the three men. She has described one of these wonderful dinners with much humor; telling how Balzac, when she started for her home—then on quai Saint-Michel—arrayed himself in a fantastically gorgeous dressing-gown to accompany her; boasting, as they went, of the four Arabian horses he was about to buy; which he never bought, but which he quite convinced himself, if not her, that he already owned! Says Madame Dudevant: "He would, if we had permitted him, have thus escorted us from one end of Paris to the other." He so far real-

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ized his vision as to set up a tilbury and horses at this period—about 1832—and exulted in the sensation created by his magnificence as he drove, clad in his famous blue coat with shining buttons, and attended by his tiny groom, "*Grain-de-mil.*"

This equipage and that gorgeous dressing-gown were but a portion of the bizarre splendor with which Balzac loved to relieve the squalor of his debt-ridden days. Here, his creditors forgetting, by them forgotten, as he fondly hoped, hiding from his friends the furniture he had salvaged from his wreck, he wantoned in silver toilet-appliances, in dainty porcelain and *bric-à-brac;* willing to go without soup and meat—never without his coffee—that he might fill, with egregious *bibelots*, his "nest of boudoirs *à la marquise*, hung with silk and edged with lace," to use George Sand's words: boudoirs he has described in minute detail, placing them in the preposterous apartment of "La Fille aux Yeux d'Or."

In his work-room, apart and markedly simple and severe, he began that series of volumes, amazing in number and vigor, with which he was resolute to pay his enormous debts. Here, in this little wing, in the years between 1831 and 1838, he produced, among over sixty others of less note, such masterpieces as "La Peau de Chagrin," "Le Chef d'Œuvre Inconnu," "Le Curé de Tours," "Louis Lambert," "Eugènie Grandet," "Le Médecin de Campagne," "Le Père Goriot," "La Duchesse de Langeais," "Les Illusions Perdues" (first part), "Le Lys dans la Vallée," "L'Enfant Maudit," "César Birotteau," "Les Contes Drolatiques" (in three sections), "Séraphita," "La Femme de Trente Ans," and "Jésus Christ en Flandres."

In addition to his books, he did journalistic writing, chiefly for weekly papers; and in 1835, he bought up and took charge of the *Chronique de Paris*, aided by a gallant staff of the cleverest men of the day. It lived only a few months. In 1840, he started *La Revue Parisienne*, written entirely by himself. It lived three months.

When once at work, Balzac shut himself in his room, often seeing no one but his faithful servant for many weeks. His work-room was darkened from all daylight, his table lit only by steady-flamed candles, shaded with green. A cloistered monk of fiction, he was clad in his favorite robe of white cashmere, lined with white silk, open at the throat, with a silken cord about the waist, as we see him on the canvas of Louis Boulanger. He would get to his table at two in the morning and leave it at six in the evening; the entire time spent in writing new manuscript, and in his endless correction of proofs, except for an hour at six in the morning, for his bath and coffee, an hour at noon for his frugal breakfast, with frequent coffee betweentimes. At six in the evening he dined most simply, and was in bed and asleep by eight o'clock.

With no inborn literary facility, with an inborn artistic conscience that drove him on in untiring pursuit of perfection, he filled the vast chasm between his thought and its expression with countless pen-strokes, and by methods of composition all his own: the exact reverse of those of Dumas, writing at white heat, never rewriting; or of Hugo, who said, "I know not the art of soldering a beauty in the place of a defect, and I correct myself in another work." Balzac began with a short and sketchy and slip-shod skeleton, making no attempt toward sequence or style, and sent it, with all its errors, to the printer. Proofs were returned to him in small sections pasted in the centre of huge sheets; around whose wide borders soon shot from the central text rockets and squibs of the author's additions and corrections, fired by his infuriated fist. The new proofs came back on similar sheets, to be returned to the printer, again like the web and tracks of a tipsy spider. This was repeated a dozen or, it is said, a score of times, always with amplifications, until his type-setters became palsied lunatics. He overheard one of them, as he entered the office one day, say: "I've done my hour of Balzac; who takes him next?" Type-setter, publisher, author were put out of misery only when the last proof came in, at its foot the magic "*Bon à tirer.*"

This stupendous work had been preceded and was accompanied by as stupendous preparation of details. He dug deep to set the solid foundations for each structure he meant to build. "I have had to read *so many* books," he says, referring to his preliminary toil on "Louis Lambert."

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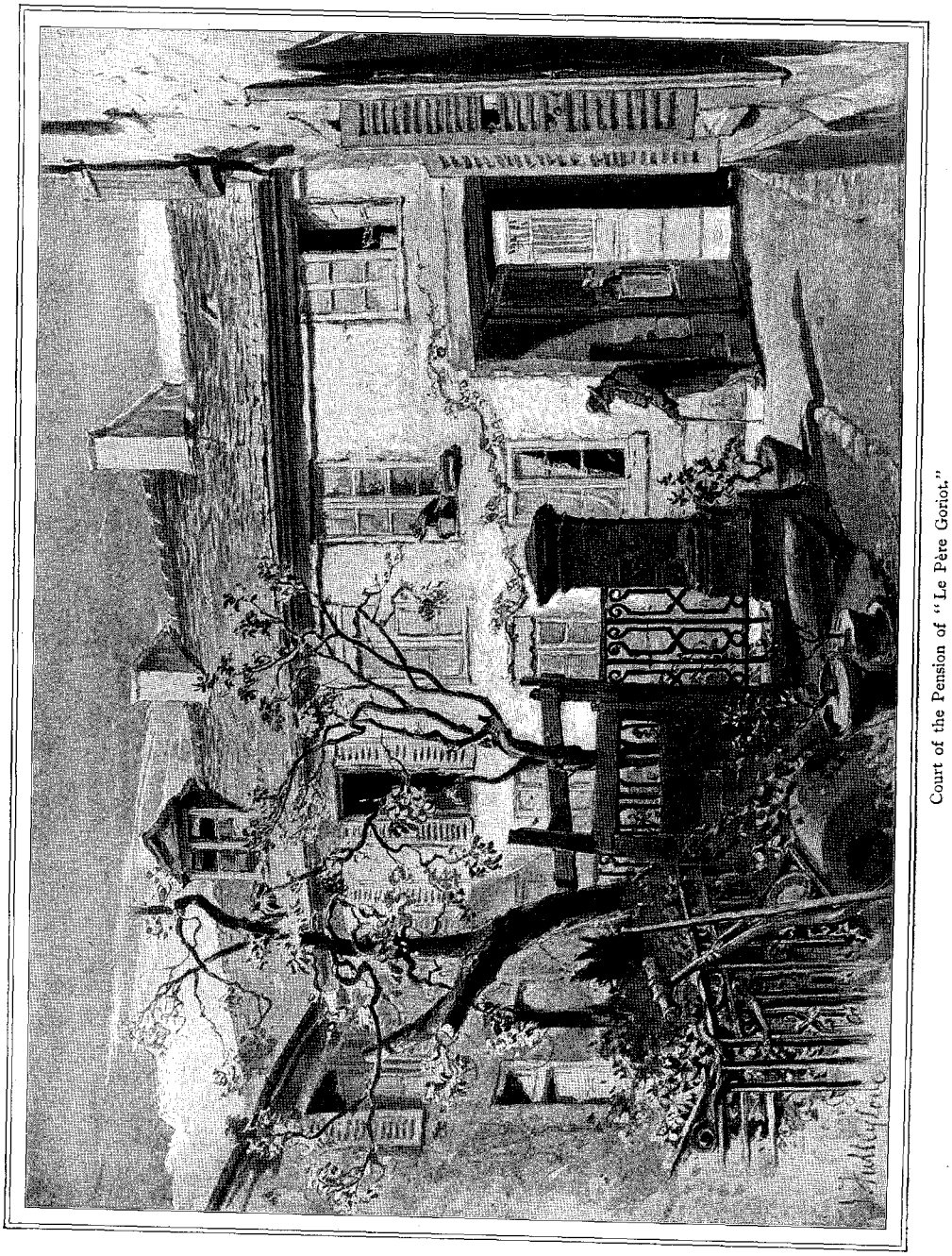

Court of the Pension of "Le Père Goriot."

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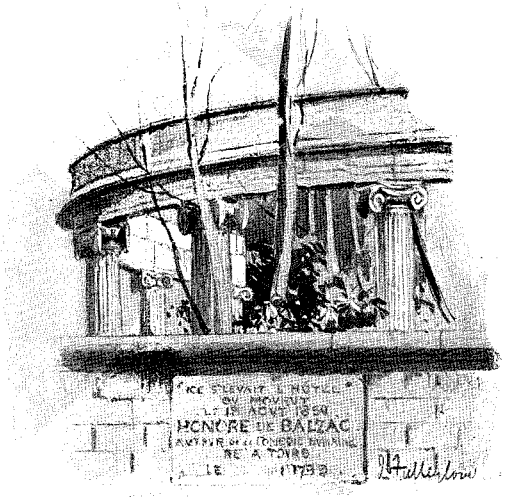
So real were his creations to him—more alive to his vision than visible creatures about—that he must needs name them fittingly, and house them appropriately. Invented nomenclature gave no vitality to them, in his view, and he hunted, on signs and shop-fronts wherever he went, for real names that meant life, and a special life. "A name," as he said, "which explains and pictures and proclaims him; a name that shall be his, that could not possibly belong to any other." He revelled in his discovery of "Matifat," and "Cardot," and like oddities. He dragged Léon Gozlan through miles of streets on such a search, refusing every name they found, until he quivered and colored before "Marcas" on a tailor's sign; it was the name he had dreamed of, and he put "Z" before it, "to add a flame, a plume, a star to the name of names!"

His scenes, too, were set for his personages with appalling care, so that, as has been well said, he sometimes chokes one with brick and mortar. He knew his Paris as Dickens knew his London, and found in unknown streets or unfrequented quarters the scenes he searched long for, the surroundings demanded by his characters. If his story were placed in a provincial town, he would write to a friend living there for a map of the neighborhood, and for accurate details of certain houses. Or, he would make hurried journeys to distant places: "I am off to Grenoble," or, "to Alençon"—he wrote to his sister—"where so-and-so lives:" one of his new personages, already a living acquaintance to him. In his artistic frenzy for fitting atmosphere he has, unconsciously, breathed his spirit of unrest into much of his narrative, and the reader plunges on breathlessly through chapterless pages of fatiguing detail.

These excursions were not his only outings in later days. He got away from his desk, during the summer months, for welcome journeys to his own Touraine, and to other lands, and for visits to old family friends. Always and everywhere he carried his work with him.

And he began to see the world of Paris, and to be seen in that world, notably in the famous *salon* of Émile de Girardin and his young wife, Delphine Gay de Girardin, where the watch-word was: "Admiration, more admiration, and still more admiration." He met well-bred women and illustrious men, whose familiar intercourse polished him, whose attentions gratified him. The pressure of his present toil removed for awhile, he was fond of emerging from his solitude, and of flashing in the light of publicity. He was an interested and an interesting talker, earnest and vehement and often excited in his utterances; yet frank, and merry, and vivid with an "Herculean joviality." His thick fine black hair was tossed back like a mane from his noble



Temple in the Garden of Balzac's last Home.

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towering brow; his nose was square at the end, his lips full and curved, and hidden partly by a small mustache. His most notable features were his eyes, brown, spotted with gold, glowing with life and light—"the eyes of a sovereign, a seer, a subjugator." A great soul shone out of them, and they redeemed and triumphed over all that was heavy in face and vulgar in body; for, with a thickness of torso like Mirabeau, and the neck of a bull, he had his own corpulence. Lamartine says that the personal impression made by Balzac was that of an element in nature; he gripped one's brain when speaking, and one's heart when silent. Moreover, it was an element good as well as strong, unable to be other than good; and his expression, we know from all who saw it, told of courage, patience, gentleness, kindliness.

He was commonly as careless of costume as a vagrant school-boy in outgrown clothes. He would rush from his desk to the printer's or race away in search of names, clad in his green hunting-jacket with its copper buttons of foxes' heads, black-and-gray-checked trousers, pleated at the waist and held down by straps passing under the huge high-quartered shoes, tied or untied as might happen, a red silk kerchief cord-like about his neck, his hat, shaggy and faded, crushed over his eyes—altogether a grotesque creature! In contrast, he was gorgeous in his gala toilet of the famous blue coat and massive gold buttons, and the historic walking-stick, always carried *en grande tenue*, its great knob aglow with jewels sent him by his countless feminine adorers.

When Balzac removed with Sandeau, in 1838, to new quarters, he kept this apartment in rue Cassini for an occasional retreat, perhaps for a friendly refuge against the creditors, who became more and more clamorous in their attentions. The two comrades furnished the lower floor of their new home most handsomely: mainly with the view of dazzling urgent publishers, who, as said Balzac, "would give me nothing for my books if they found me in a garret." Coming to drive a bargain, these guileless gentry found themselves too timid to haggle with the owners of such luxury. They could not know that that luxury was merely hired under cover of a friend's name, and lit up only by night to blind and bewilder them, while the haughty authors lived by day in bare discomfort, on a half-furnished upper floor.

Of this mansion only the site remains. It was at No. 17 rue des Batailles, on the heights of Chaillot—the suburb between Paris and Passy—and that street and the Balzac house have been cut away by the modern Avenue d'Iéna. Retired and high as it was, with its grand view over river and town, it was not high enough nor far enough away for this lover of distance and height. He soon tried again to realize his ideal of a country home by buying, in 1838, three acres of land at Ville d'Avray, a quarter near Sèvres, on the road to Versailles. On the ground was a small cottage called, in Louis XIV.'s time, *Les Jardies*, still known by that name, and notable in our time as the country-home of Léon Gambetta, wherein he died. That home remains exactly as he left it, at No. 14 rue Gambetta, Ville d'Avray, and has been placed among the national monuments of France. It is a shrine for the former followers of the great tribune, who visit it on each anniversary of his death. The statue they have erected to their leader may be most kindly passed by in silence.

The glorious view from this spot—embracing the valley of Ville d'Avray, the slopes of Meudon, the great city in the distance—was a delight to Balzac. *Les Jardies* was a tiny box, having but three rooms in its two stories, which communicated by a ladder-like staircase outside. He had tried to improve the place by a partial rebuilding, and the stairs were forgotten until it was too late to put them inside. A later tenant has enclosed that absurd outer staircase within a small addition. His garden walls gave him even more trouble, for they crumbled and slid down on the grounds of an irate neighbor. The greater part of that garden has been walled off. Yet the poor little patch was a domain in his eyes; its one tree and scattered shrubs grew to a forest in his imagination, and his fancy pictured, in that confined area, a grand plantation of pineapples, from which he was to receive a yearly income of 400,000 francs! He had fixed on the very shop on the boulevards where they were to be sold, and only Gautier's cold sense prevented the great planter, as he saw himself, from renting it before he had grown one pineapple!

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His rooms were almost bare of furniture, which was suggested, rather than supplied, by his stage directions charcoaled on the plaster walls: "Rosewood panels," "Gobelins tapestries," "Venetian mirror," "An inlaid cabinet stands here," "Here hangs a Raphael." Thus he was content to camp for four or five years, hoping his house would be, and perhaps believing it was, furnished.

At this time, and for many years, Balzac rented a room over the shop of his tailor Buisson, at the present No. 112 rue de Richelieu. His letters came here always, and he used the place not only for convenience when in town, but, in connection with other shelters, for his unceasing evasion of pursuing creditors. A tailor still occupies that shop, and seems to be prosperous; probably able to collect his bills from prompter customers than was Balzac.

In 1843, forced to sell *Les Jardies*, he came back into the suburbs, to a house then No. 19 rue Basse, at Passy; now No. 47 rue Raynouard of that suburb. On the opposite side of the street, at No. 40, is a modest house, hiding behind its garden-wall. This was the unpretending home of "*Béranger, pôète à Passy*," to quote the Paris *Bottin*. No. 47 is a plain bourgeois dwelling of two stories and attic, wide and low, standing on the line of the street; in the rear is a court, and behind that court is the pavilion occupied by Balzac. He had entrance from the front, and unseen egress by a small gate on the narrow lane sunk between walls, now named rue Berton, and so by the quay into town. This was a need for his furtive goings and comings, at times.

Balzac's work-room here looked out over a superb panorama — across the winding Seine, over the Champ de Mars, and the Invalides' dome, and all southern Paris, to the hills of Meudon in the distance. This room he kept austerely furnished, as was his way; while the living apartments were crowded with the extraordinary collection of rare furniture, pictures, and costly trifles which he had begun again to bring together. To it he gave all the money he could find or get credit for, and as much thought and labor and time as to his books, although with little of the knowledge that might have saved him from frequent swindlers. It was only his intimates who were allowed to enter these rooms, and they needed, in order to enter them, or the court or the house on the street, many contrivances and passwords, frequently changed. He himself posed as *la Veuve Durand*, or as *Madame de Bruguat*, and each visitor had to ask for one of these fictitious persons; stating, with cheerful irrelevancy, "The season of plums has arrived," or "I bring laces from Belgium." Once in, they found free-hearted greeting and full-handed hospitality, and occasional little dinners. The good cheer was more toothsome, to the favored *convives*, than were the cheap acrid wines, labelled with grand names, made drinkable only by the host's fantastic fables of their vintages and their voyages; believed by *him*, at least, who dwelt always in his own domain of dreams.

These dinners were not extravagant, and there was no foolish expenditure in this household at Passy. Balzac wrote later to his niece, that his cooking there had been done only twice a week, and in the days between he was content with cold meat and salad, and that each inmate had cost him only one franc a day. For this man of lavish outlay for genuine and bogus antiques, this slave to strange extravagances and colossal debts — partly imaginary — was painfully economical in his treatment of himself. He thought of money, he wrote about money. Before him, love had been the only passion allowed in novels; he put money in its place and found romance in the Code. All through his life he worked for money to pay his debts, intent on that one duty. In October, 1844, he wrote two letters, within one week, to the woman who was to be his wife; in one of them he says that his dream, almost realized, is to earn before December the paltry twenty-thousand francs that would free him from all debt; in the other he gloats over recent purchases of *bric-à-brac*, amounting to hundreds of francs. He saw nothing comically inconsistent in the two letters.

In all his letters, the saddest reading of all letters, there is this curious commingling of the comic and the sordid. Those especially written to his devoted sister and to the devoted lady who became his wife at the last, give us most intimate acquaint-

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ance with the man; showing a *man*, indeed, strong and vehement, steadfast and patient; above all, magnanimous. Self-assertive in his art, eager and insistent concerning it, he was quite without personal envy or self-seeking. Said Madame Dudevant: "I saw him often under the shock of great injustices, literary and personal, and I never heard him say an evil word of anyone." Nor was there any evil in his life—a life of sobriety and of chastity, as well as of toil. At the bottom of his complex nature lay a deep natural affection. This giant of letters, when nearly fifty years old, signed his letters to his mother, "*Ton fils soumis*"; so expressing truly his feeling for her, from the day she had installed him in his mean garret, to that later day, when she fitted up his grand last mansion. In his letters to those dear to him, amid clamorous outcries about debts and discomforts, comes a deeper cry for sympathy and affection. Early in life, he wrote to his sister: "My two only and immense desires—to be famous and to be loved—will they ever be satisfied?" To a friend he wrote: "All happiness depends on courage and work." So, out of his own mouth, we may judge this man in all fairness.

From this Passy home one night, Balzac and Théophile Gautier went to the apartment of Roger de Beauvoir, in the Hôtel de Lauzun - Pimodan, on the island of Saint-Louis; and thence the three friends took a short flight into a hashish heaven. Their strange experiences have been told by their pens, but to us, Balzac's night of drugged dreams is not so strange as his days of unforced dreams. That which attracts us in this incident is its scene—one of the grandest of the mansions that sprang up from the thickets of Île Saint-Louis, as the *Menteur* has put it. Built in the middle years of the seventeenth century, it stands quite unchanged at No. 17 quai d'Anjou, bearing, simply and effectively, every mark of Mansart's hand in his later years. Its first owner followed his friend Fouquet to the Bastille and to Pignerol; its next tenant came to it from a prison-cell, and went from it to the very steps of the throne. He was the superb adventurer, Antonin Nompar de Caumont, duc de Lauzun, and his family name clings still to the place and is cut in gold letters on the black marble tablet above the door. On that prettiest balcony in Paris, crowded the prettiest women of Paris, on summer nights, to look at the river fêtes got up by their showy and braggart Gascon host. Through this portal have passed Bossuet and Père Lachaise, going in to convert the plain old Huguenot mother of de Lauzun, who lived retired in her own isolated chamber through the years of her son's ups and downs. When her family had gone, came the Marquis de Richelieu, great-nephew of the great Richelieu, with the bride he had stolen from her convent at Chaillot—the daughter of Hortense Mancini, niece of Mazarin, and of her husband, it is alleged. Then came the Pimodan, who was first of that name, and who gave it to his hotel. It is an admirable relic; its *salons*, with their frescoed ceilings and their panelled walls, are in their decoration as remarkable as those of the château of Fontainebleau, and are not surpassed by any in Paris. The mansion is well worth a visit for itself and for its memories.

Balzac's Paris—the Paris for which his pen did what Callot and Meryon did for it with their needles—has been almost entirely pickaxed out of sight and remembrance. The Revolution, wild-eyed in its mad Carmagnole, gave itself time to raze a few houses only, after clearing the ground of the Bastille, although it had meant much more destruction; the Empire cut some new streets, and planned some new quarters; the Bourbons came back and went away again, leaving things much as they had found them. It remained for Louis Philippe to begin "works of public utility;" an academic phrase, which being interpreted, signified the tearing down of the old and the building up of the new, to gratify the grocers and tallow-chandlers whose chosen king he was, and to fill his own pocket. Yet much of Balzac's stage-setting remained until it was swept away by Haussmann and his master of the second Empire. Such was the wretched rue Doyenné, that "narrow ravine" between the Louvre and place du Carrousel, where Baron Hulot first saw *la Marneffe*, and where *la Cousine Bette* kept guard over her Polish artist in his

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squalid garret; doubtless the very garret known to Balzac in his visits there, when it was tenanted by Arsène Houssaye, Gautier, Gavarni, and the rest of "Young France, harmless in its furies." That house, one of a block of black old eighteenth-century structures, stood where now is the trim little garden behind the preposterous statue of Gambetta.

History and fiction meet on the steps of Saint-Roch. There César Birotteau, the ambitious and unlucky perfumer, was "wounded by Napoleon," on the thirteenth Vendémiaire, the day that put the young Corsican's foot into the stirrup, and gave to the sham-heroic César that sounding phrase, always thereafter doing duty on his tongue. He was carried to his shop in rue Saint-Honoré, on the north side near to rue Castiglione, and hid and bandaged and nursed in his *entresol*. This part of rue Saint-Honoré and its length eastward, with its narrow pavement and its tall, thin houses, is still a part of the picture Balzac knew and painted; but the business district hereabout has greatly changed since his day. The avenue de l'Opéra, and all that mercantile quarter dear to the American pocket, the Bourse and the banking-houses about, date from this side of his Paris. Nucingen would be lost in his old haunts, and Lucien de Rubempré could not recognize the newspaper world of our day.

The hôtels of the Faubourg Saint-Germain—the splendid mansions of the splendid eighteenth century, where his Rastignac and his lesser pet swells lorded it—are now, in many cases, let out in apartments, their owners content with the one floor that is in keeping with their diminished fortunes. Undiminished, however, are their traditions and their prejudices, albeit "*Le Faubourg*" exists no longer, except as an attitude of mind. Yet, here, on the left bank, are still to be found some of the scenes of the "Comédie Humaine." On quai Voltaire, alongside the house in which Voltaire died, is the very same shop of the antiquary, from whom Raphael de Valentin bought the *peau de chagrin*. Balzac knew it well, doubtless was swindled there, and to-day you will find it as crowded with curiosities, as begrimed with dust, as suggestive of marvels hid in its dusky corners, as when he haunted it.

Raphael de Valentin lived in the *hôtel-garni* Saint-Quentin, rue des Cordiers. Long before his day, Rousseau had been a tenant of a dirty room in the same dirty *hôtellerie*, going there because of the scholarly neighborhood of the place, and of its memories, even at that time. Leibnitz, in 1646, had found it a village inn in a narrow lane, hardly yet a street. Gustave Planche lived there, and Hégésippe Moreau died there in 1838—a true poet, starved to death. The old inn and all its memories and the very street are vanished; and the new buildings of the Sorbonne cover their site.

"One of the most portentous settings of the scene in all the literature of fiction. In this case there is nothing superfluous; there is a profound correspondence between the background and the action." Such is the judgment of so competent a critic as Mr. Henry James, concerning the house in which is played the poignant tragedy of Père Goriot. You will, if you love Balzac, own to the truth of this statement, when you look upon this striking bit of salvage. It stands absolutely unchanged as to externals, at No. 24 rue Tournefort; a street named in honor of the great botanist who cleared the track for Linnæus. In Balzac's day, this street was known by its original name of Neuve-Sainte-Geneviève; one of the most ancient and most isolated streets on the south bank. Once only, all through the centuries, has its immemorial quiet been broken by unseemly noise, when, in the days of François I., a rowdy gambling-den there, the "*Tripôt des 11,000 Diables,*" did its utmost to justify its name. The street seems to creep, in subdued self-effacement, over the brow of Mont Sainte-Geneviève; away from the Paris of shops and cabs and electric light. The house stands narrow on the street, its gable window giving scanty light to poor old Goriot's wretched garret; framed in it, one may fancy the patient face of the old man, looking out in mute bewilderment on his selfish worldly daughters. The place no longer holds the "*pension bourgeoise de deux sexes et autres*" of Madame Vauquer's—*née* Conflans—naïve description on her cards; and is now let out to families and single tenants. Its gateway stands always open, and you may enter

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without let or hindrance into the court, and so through to the tiny garden behind, once the pride of Madame Vauquer, still most carefully kept up. You may peep into the small, shabby *salle-à-manger*, on the entrance floor of the house, and seem to see the convict Vautrin, manacled, in the clutch of the gens-d'armes, and, cowering before him, the vicious old maid who has betrayed him. That colossal conception of the great romancer had found his ideal hiding-place here, as had the forlorn father his hiding-place, in his self-inflicted poverty. All told, there is no more convincing pile of brick and mortar in fiction: sought out and selected by Balzac with as much care and as many journeys as given by Dickens to his hunt for exactly the right house for Sampson and Sally Brass.

While Balzac was still at Passy, after long searching for a new home, he made purchase, as early as 1846, in the new quarter near the present Parc Monceaux. That name came from an estate hereabout, once owned by Philippe Égalité; and his son, the King of the French, and the shrewdest speculator among the French, was just at this time exploiting this estate, in company with lesser speculators. The whole suburb was known as the Quartier Beaujon, from a great banker of the eighteenth century, whose grand mansion, within its own grounds, had been partly demolished by the cutting of new streets, leaving only out-buildings and a pavilion in a small garden. This was the place bought by Balzac: the house and grounds, dear as they were, costing much less, as he found, than the furniture, bronzes, porcelains, and pottery, paintings and their frames—all minutely described in the collection of *le cousin Pons*. He made a museum, indeed, of this house, bringing out all his hidden treasures from their various concealments, here and there about town. There was still a pretence of poverty regarding his new home; he would say to his friends, amazed by the display: "Nothing of all this is mine. I have furnished this house for a friend, whom I expect. I am only the guardian and doorkeeper of this hôtel."

The pretty mystery was resolved within a few months, and its solution explained Balzac's frequent and long absences from Paris, since the winter of 1842–43. These months had been passed at the home of Madame Ève de Hanska, the Polish widow who was to be his wife. Her home was in the grand château of Wierzchownie, in the Ukraine, whose present owner keeps unchanged the furniture of Balzac's apartment, where is hung his portrait by Boulanger, a gift to Madame de Hanska from her lover. And from there he brought his bride to Paris in the summer of 1850, their marriage dating from March of that year, after many years of waiting, in patient affection. She had made over—with Balzac's cordial consent—nearly the whole of her great fortune to her daughter, her only child, and to that daughter's husband, retaining but a small income for herself. It was—and the envious world owned that it was—truly a love-match. They came home to be welcomed, first of all, by Balzac's aged mother; who had, during his absence, taken charge of all the preparations, with the same anxious loving care she had given to the fitting-up of his garret thirty years before. She had carried out, in every detail, even to the arrangement of the flowers in the various rooms, the countless directions he had sent from every stage of the tedious journey from Wierzchownie.

"And so, the house being finished, death entered," goes the Turkish proverb. This undaunted mariner, after his stormy voyage, gets into port, and is shipwrecked there. His premonition of early years, written to his confident Dablin in 1830, was proven true: "I foresee the darkest of destinies for myself; that will be to die when all that I now wish for shall be about to come to me." As early as in the preceding summer of 1849, he had ceased to conceal from himself any longer the malady that others had seen coming since 1843. The long years of unbroken work, of combat without pause, of stinted sleep, of insufficient food, of inadequate exercise, of the steady stimulation of coffee, had broken the body of this athlete doubled with the monk. Years before, he had found that the inspiration for work, given by coffee, had lessened in length and strength. "It now excites my brain for only fifteen days consecutively," he had complained; protesting that Rossini was able to work for the same period on the same stimulus! So he spurred himself on, listening to none

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of the warnings of worn nature nor of watchful friends. "Well, we won't talk about that now," was always his answer. "In the olden days," says Sainte-Beuve, "men wrote with their brains; but Balzac wrote, not only with his brains, but with his blood." And now, he went to pieces all at once; his heart and stomach could no longer do their work; his nerves, once of steel and Manila hemp, were torn and jangled, and snapped at every strain; his very eyesight failed him. The most pitiful words ever penned by a man-of-letters were scrawled by him, at the end of a note written by his wife to Gautier, a few weeks after their home-coming: "*Je ne puis ni lire ni écrire.*"

"On the 18th August, 1850"—writes Hugo in "Choses Vues"—"my wife, who had been during the day to call on Madame de Balzac, told me that Balzac was dying. My uncle, General Louis Hugo, was dining with us, but as soon as we rose from table, I left him and took a cab to rue Fortunée, Quartier Beaujon, where M. de Balzac lived. He had bought what remained of the hôtel of M. de Beaujon, a few buildings of which had escaped the general demolition, and out of them he had made a charming little house, elegantly furnished, with a *porte-cochère* on the street, and in place of a garden, a long, narrow, paved court-yard, with flower-beds about it here and there."

It was to No. 14, allée Fortunée, that Hugo drove. That suburban lane is now widened into rue Balzac, and where it meets rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honoré there is a bit of garden-wall, and set in it is a tablet recording the site of this, his last home. The house itself has quite vanished, but one can see, above that wall, the upper part of a stone pavilion with Greek columns, built by him, it is believed.

"I rang," continues Hugo; "the moon was veiled by clouds; the street deserted. No one came. I rang again. The gate opened; a woman came forward, weeping. I gave my name, and was told to enter the *salon*, which was on the ground-floor. On a pedestal opposite the fireplace was the colossal bust by David. A wax-candle was burning on a handsome oval table in the middle of the room. . . . We passed along a corridor, and up a staircase carpeted in red, and crowded with works of art of all kinds—vases, pictures, statues, paintings, brackets bearing porcelains. . . . I heard a loud and difficult breathing. I was in M. de Balzac's bed-room.

"The bed was in the middle of the room. M. de Balzac lay in it, his head supported by a mound of pillows, to which had been added the red damask cushions of the sofa. His face was purple, almost black, inclining to the right. The hair was gray, and cut rather short. His eyes were open and fixed. I saw his side face only, and thus seen, he was like Napoleon. . . . I raised the coverlet and took Balzac's hand. It was moist with perspiration. I pressed it; he made no answer to the pressure. . . ."

The bust that Hugo saw was done by David d'Angers; a reduced copy surmounts Balzac's tomb. His portrait, in water-color, done, within an hour after his death, by Eugène Giraud, is a touching portrayal of the man, truer than any made during life, his widow thought. While long suffering had wasted, it had refined, his face, and into it had come youth, strength, majesty. It is the head of the Titan, who carried a pitiable burden through a life of brave labor.

Balzac's death was known in a moment, it would seem, to his creditors, and they came clamoring to the door, and invaded the house—a ravening horde, ransacking rooms and hunting for valuables. They drove the widow away, and she found a temporary home with Madame de Surville, at 47 rue des Martyrs. This house and number are yet unchanged. Cabinets and drawers were torn open, and about the grounds were scattered his letters and papers, sketches of new stories, drafts of contemplated work—all, that could be, collected by his friends, also hurrying to the spot. They found manuscripts in the shops around, ready to enwrap butter and groceries. One characteristic and most valuable letter was tracked to three places, in three pieces, by an enthusiast, who rescued the first piece just as it was twisted up and ready to light a cobbler's pipe.

"He died in the night," continues Hugo. "He was first taken to the Chapel Beaujon. . . . The funeral service took place at Saint-Philippe-du-Roule. As I stood by the coffin I remembered that there

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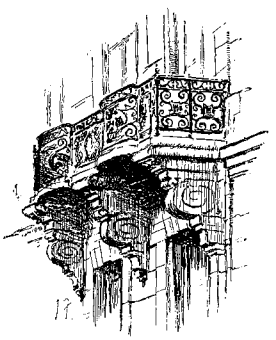
my second daughter had been baptized. I had not been in the church since. . . . The procession crossed Paris, and went by way of the boulevards to Père-Lachaise. Rain was falling as we left the church, and when we reached the cemetery. It was one of those days when the heavens seemed to weep. We walked the whole distance. I was at the head of the coffin on the right, holding one of the silver tassels of the pall. Alexandre Dumas was on the other side. . . . When we reached the grave, which was on the brow of the hill, the crowd was immense. . . . The coffin was lowered into the grave, which is near to those of Charles Nodier and Casimir Delavigne. The priest said a last prayer and I a few words. While I was speaking the sun went down. All Paris lay before me, afar off, in the splendid mists of the sinking orb, the glow of which seemed to fall into the grave at my feet, as the dull sounds of the sods dropping on the coffin broke in upon my last words."

Yes, stretched before his grave, lies all Paris, as his Rastignac saw it, when he turned from the *fosse-commune*, into which they had just thrown the body of Père Goriot, and with his clenched fist, flung out his grand defiance toward the great, beautiful, cruel city: "*À nous deux maintenant!*"



Balcony of the Hôtel de Lauzun-Pimodan.

A SONG WITH A DISCORD

By Arthur Colton

THOUGH Winter come with dripping skies,
And laden winds and strong,
Yet I'll read summer in her eyes
Whose voice is summer's song.

Who grieves because the world is old,
Or cares how long it last,
If no gray threads are in our gold,
The shade our marbles cast,

How creeping near, we may not see?
Time's heirs are Love and I,
And spend our minted days—Ah, me!
For anything they'll buy.

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THE FORMATION AND CONTROL OF TRUSTS

By Arthur T. Hadley
President of Yale University

IN the year 1898, the new companies formed in the United States for purposes of industrial consolidation had a capital of over nine hundred million dollars. When this fact first transpired, it was regarded as surprising. Now it has become commonplace. For in the earlier half of 1899, according to the careful estimate of the *Financial Chronicle*, the capital of the new companies of this character was three thousand one hundred million dollars, or more than three times that of the whole year preceding.*

It is hard at once to appreciate the magnitude of these figures. No single event of a similar character, either in the American or in the English market, has involved such large and sudden transmutations of capital. Compare the history of railroad investments. Even in the year 1887, so conspicuous in our railroad history, the new capital used in building thirteen thousand miles of line can hardly have reached seven hundred million dollars. In the whole period of rapid expansion from 1879 to 1882 the volume of new railroad securities issued did not equal the industrial issues of this single half year alone. Under such circumstances, the question of industrial consolidation becomes one of pressing importance. Is this a transient movement, or is it a manifestation of permanent tendencies? How far is it likely to go? To what limits, commercial or legal, is it subject? How are its evils to be avoided? Is it, as the socialists claim, a stepping-stone toward a new organization of industry under government authority? These are the questions which must be asked and answered.

It is safe to say at the outset that this movement is not likely to continue long at the rate which it is now maintaining. While some of the industrial issues represent an investment of new capital, a much larger number represent a conversion of old capital. To such conversion there is, of course, a natural limit, when all, or nearly all, the older enterprises in an industry have become consolidated. Of the three thousand million dollars of securities placed on the market in the first half of the current year, it is doubtful whether our thousand million, or even five hundred million, really represent new capital put into the various lines of business enterprise. Measured in dollars and cents, the industrial growth is a comparatively small element in this movement, and the financial change of form a much larger one. We may, I think, go a step farther, and say that in no small part of these enterprises the financial motive of rendering the securities marketable is at present more prominent than the industrial motive of rendering the operations of the consolidated company efficient.

Let us see what is the difference between these two kinds of motives, and how they operate at the present juncture.

A man who invests his money in a business has two distinct objects. He wishes to secure as large an income as possible; this is his industrial motive. He also wishes to be able to get his money back whenever he needs it, and if possible to get back more than he put in; this is his financial motive. The business must be profitable; the security must be marketable. To a certain extent these two things go hand in hand. An investment which has paid large and fairly regular dividends for a series of years becomes known in the local security market, and can be transferred to other hands at comparatively slight sacrifice in case the owner desires to sell it. But this is only true up to a certain point. Some of the things which make an industry

* $1,981,000,000 common stock, $1,041,000,000 preferred stock, and $120,000,000 bonds.

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profitable to the individual owner tend to make its securities less marketable instead of more so. A local business which a man has under his own eye, and whose details he knows by experience, may be a very sure investment for him, and a relatively unsafe one for others; good to hold, but bad to sell. The intimate personal knowledge which is his protection becomes a possible menace to other holders. The majority of investors throughout the country cannot safely have anything to do with it. In such an industry the market value of the stock when it is sold is apt to be less than proportionate to its income-producing power.

A great many of the manufacturing industries of the country have remained in this localized condition. If we compare the past history of industrial investments and of railroad investments, we are struck with the relative narrowness of the market for the former. The securities of a good railroad could find purchasers anywhere. If the price paid for the stock was low in proportion to the return, it was only because people distrusted its future earning capacity. Even a small railroad might have a national reputation as an investment. The demand for the securities of Iowa railroads was not in any sense confined to one State or one section. As much as ninety-seven per cent. came from districts remote from Iowa. But the demand for the securities of an Iowa factory was for the most part local. Its operations were not performed under the public eye. Its stocks could therefore safely be held only by those who had private advantages for getting an inside view.

But when an industry throughout the country was consolidated, this condition rapidly changed. A very much larger public was ready to buy securities of the American Sugar Refineries Company or the American Tobacco Company than would have cared to invest in any of the individual concerns of which they were composed. The national extent of the organization gave the holder of its securities larger and steadier opportunities of converting his investment into cash than he could have had when his factory remained separate from the others; and it often, though not always, enabled him to realize a much higher price than he otherwise would have obtained. While this was not always a dominant purpose in the formation of these earlier "trusts," it was an incidental advantage by which their organizers were quick to profit. Besides the motive of economy in operation, which was first urged as the reason for entering these combinations, the motive of selling securities easily and at a high price soon took its place as one of co-ordinate importance.

Apart from this legitimate increase in the value of trust securities, due to the national extent of industry which enables them to find a market among a larger circle of investors, there is an illegitimate increase due to the opportunities which they afford for manipulation by inside rings. There is a fashion in investments as in everything else. A large section of the public buys the kind of thing that others are buying. Sometimes it has been land; sometimes it has been railroads; just now it is industrials. In a year of prosperity, with a slight tendency toward inflation, prices of all kinds of securities tend to rise. The man who has bought to be in fashion is pleased with the increase in the nominal value of his investment and buys more. Those who are connected with the management see an opportunity of disposing of some or all of their holdings to great advantage. Before the inevitable crash comes they have converted most of their capital into money; and the outside buyer is a loser. Prior to the crisis of 1873 the favorite chance for these operations was found in railroad enterprise; but railroad traffic and railroad accounts are now so much supervised that the possibility of such transactions in this field is less than it was thirty years ago. And, what is of still more importance, a series of hard experiences has made the investing public quite shy of dishonest railroads. In manipulating the stocks of "industrials," the speculator finds these obstacles less serious. The authorities have not learned to exercise adequate supervision; the public has not accustomed itself to use caution.

The buying of industrial securities simply because it is the fashion to do so is bound to come to an end. The speculation now so actively indulged in must

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reach its own limit in process of time.* When the investors as a body discover that the system of first and second preferences is a fatally easy means of putting an individual security-holder at the mercy of a dishonest board of directors, we shall probably witness an apparent stoppage in the rapid process of industrial consolidation. In fact, there may be a reaction, and a reconversion of the united companies into separate ones, if, as has happened in other cases, the unreasoning fondness of the public for a particular form of investment is followed by an equally unreasoning aversion of all enterprises of this form, legitimate as well as illegitimate. Such a reaction has taken place more than once in the economic history of the nineteenth century. Over-speculation in English railroads in 1844, in American railroads in 1873, in produce warrants in 1881, in car trusts in 1886, not to mention a score of other less important instances, produced in the years immediately following an almost absolute stoppage of the issue of what had seemed previously a very promising and important form of investment or speculation.

We are safe in concluding that the rate of formation of large industrial companies will be less rapid in the future than it has been in the past. Consolidations which have been formed for selling securities and deceiving investors will cease. But there will always remain a considerable number which are formed for industrial rather than financial purposes; and these will probably be more important twenty years hence than they are to-day. As the world moves on, the relative economy of large concerns makes itself more clearly known. The steady movement in this direction is not confined to the United States. It is just as strongly felt in England; it is, if possible, even more strongly felt in Germany. If less is said about these industrial consolidations in Europe than in America, it is because they have proceeded more quietly and along more legitimate lines, not because they are fewer or less important. They have not advertised themselves so extensively, because they were not trying to sell their securities. This has prevented the public from knowing so much about them. It has kept them in some measure out of the market. But so far from interfering with their prominence in the actual operation of manufacture it has rather contributed to increase it.

The nature of the economy which is realized by these combinations has been set forth by so many writers that we can pass over this phase of the subject very quickly. This advantage is two-fold. In the first place, the consolidation of all competing concerns avoids many unnecessary expenses of distribution. Under the old system these expenses are very great. The multiplication of selling agencies involves much waste. Competitive advertisement is often an unnecessary and unprofitable use of money. Delivery of goods from independent producers, whether by wagon or by railroad, often costs more than the better-organized shipments of a single large concern. All of these evils can be avoided by consolidation. In the second place, a consolidated company has advantages in its power of adapting the amount of production to the needs of consumption. Where several concerns with large plants are competing and no one knows exactly what the others are doing, we are apt to have an alternation between years of over-production and years of scarcity—an alternation no less unfortunate for the public than for the parties immediately concerned. A wisely managed combination can do much to avoid this. By making its production more even it can give a constant supply of goods to the consumers and a constant opportunity of work to the laborers; and the resulting steadiness of prices is so great an advantage to all concerned that the public can well afford to pay a very considerable profit to those whose organizing power has rendered such useful service.

This is the picture of the workings of industrial consolidation which is drawn by its most zealous defenders. It is needless to say that it represents possible rather than actual achievement; that where one company has secured these results, five, or perhaps ten, have failed to secure them;

* In fact, it has already begun to do so. The companies formed last year found little difficulty in selling their preferred and often their common stock at very lucrative prices. Many of those formed at the beginning of the present year could do little more than dispose of their bonds. To-day, it is no longer so easy to accomplish even this result, as the underwriters of recent issues know to their cost.

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that for one combination which has earned large profits by public service, many have tried to earn large profits by public disservice and have frequently ended in loss to themselves and to the public alike.

But as long as it is possible for a well-managed consolidation to do better work for all parties than could have been done under free competition, so long we may expect to see the movement in this direction continue. Where there is a real economy to be achieved, investors will try to take advantage of the opportunity. The attempt to prohibit them from so doing is likely to prove futile. There is no better evidence of the strength of the tendency toward consolidation than is furnished by the multitude of unenforced laws and decisions intended to prevent it. When railroads were first introduced, people's minds revolted against the monopoly of transportation thereby involved. Statutes were devised to make the track free for the use of different carriers, as the public highway is free to the owners of different wagons. But the economy of having all the trains controlled by a single owner was so great that people were forced to abandon their preconceived notion of public right to the track. They still, however, tried to insist that the owners of separate railroads should compete with one another, and passed various laws to forbid the formation of pools and traffic associations. Some of these attempts have been failures from the outset; others have simply hastened the process of consolidation of the competing interests which put them beyond the reach of the special law; the few which have been effective have done a great deal of harm and almost no good. The majority of thinking men have come to the conclusion that railroads are in some sense a natural monopoly, and have classed them with water-works, gas-works, and other "quasi-public" lines of business, as an exception to the general rule of free competition. But we are now beginning to find that the same possibilities of economy which first showed themselves in these distributive enterprises may be realized also in productive industry. They are felt to a considerable degree in all kinds of enterprise involving large plant; and there is every reason to believe that the tendency toward consolidation will be as inevitable in manufacturing as in transportation. In the one case as in the other, we may expect that laws against pools will contribute to the formation of trusts, that laws against trusts will lead to actual consolidation.

On the other hand, we need not expect this process to be a sudden one. There are practical limits to the economy of consolidation, which are more effective than the legal ones. The difficulty of finding men to manage the largest of these enterprises constitutes the greatest bar to their success. Just as in an army there are many who can fill the position of captain, few who can fill that of colonel, and almost none who are competent to be generals in command—so in industrial enterprise there are many men who can manage a thousand dollars, few who can manage a million, and next to none who can manage fifty million. The mere work of centralized administration puts a tax upon the brains of men who are accustomed to a smaller range of duties, which very few find themselves able to bear.

Nor is this all. The existence of a monopoly gives its managers a wider range of questions to decide than came before any of them under the old system of free competition. Where several concerns are producing the same line of goods the price which any of them can charge is largely fixed by its competitors. It is compelled to sell at market prices. The manager concentrates his attention on economy of production, so as to be able to make a profit at those prices while his rival is perhaps making a loss. But when all of these concerns are consolidated under a single hand, the power of controlling the prices of the product is vastly greater. The manager no longer asks at what rate others are selling; he asks what the market will bear. To answer this question intelligently he must consider the future development of the industry as well as the present. The discretionary power which the absence of competition places in his hands constitutes a temptation to put prices up to a point injurious to the public and ruinous to the permanence of the consolidated company. Our past experience with industrial consolidations proves that very few men are capable of resisting

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this temptation or of exercising the wider power over business which the modern system places in their hands.

The name trust, which is popularly applied to all these large aggregations of capital, was somewhat accidental in its origin. It has, however, an appropriateness which few persons realize. The managers of every consolidated enterprise, whether based on a contract, a trust agreement, or an actual consolidation, are exercising powers to benefit or injure the public which are analogous to those of a trustee. It has been said that all property is, in its wider sense, a trust in behalf of the consumer. But where competition is active, the power of using your business methods to impose high prices is so far limited that the chance for abuse of this trust is greatly lessened. It is only in the case of large combinations, with their discretionary power for good or evil, that the character of the trust reposed by society in the directors of its business enterprise makes itself really and truly felt. With these trusts, as with every other trust that deserves the name, it is hard to provide legislative machinery which will absolutely secure its fulfilment. The ability to handle any trust is the result of a long process of legal and moral education. We cannot make a law which shall allow the right exercise of a discretionary power and prohibit its wrong exercise. But it is possible to modify the existing law in a great many directions, which will hasten instead of retard the educational process. Thus far most of our statutory regulations have been in the wrong direction. We have attempted to prohibit the inevitable, and have simply favored the use of underhanded and short-sighted methods of doing things which must be done openly if they are to be done well.

To make matters move in the right direction, at least three points must be kept in view.

1. *Increased responsibility on the part of boards of directors.*

Where the members of a board are working for their own individual purposes, ignoring or even antagonizing the permanent interests of the investors, all the evils of industrial combination are likely to be seen at their worst, and the possibility of improvement is reduced to a minimum.

In the first place, the mere fact that the directors are allowed to ignore their narrower and clearer duties to the investors prevents them from recognizing the very existence of their wider duties to the public. They think of business as a game, which they play under certain well-defined rules. They sacrifice those whom they represent in order to win the game for themselves. This wrong underlying idea prevents them from rightly conceiving of any trust which they may handle.

In the next place, the temporary interests which the directors pursue in endeavoring to manipulate the market are not likely to coincide with the interests of the outside public, whether laborers or consumers. The interests of the speculator may be furthered by these very fluctuations in price which it is the ostensible object of the consolidation to avoid. If a business like that of the Standard Oil Company is run with a view to the permanent interests of the public, it will generally be found that prices are made relatively low and steady, and that laborers are given constant employment; but in some other cases, where the property has been subject to manipulation, the results have been just the reverse.

Finally—and this is perhaps the most important point of all—if the directors are allowed to make their money independently of the interests of the investor and consumer both, the education in political economy which should result from business success or failure is done away with. If a man is managing a business with a full sense of responsibility to those who put money into the enterprise, a failure to serve the public means, in the long run, a failure of his own purposes and ambitions. If this failure is but partial, he will learn to do better next time; if it is complete, he will give place to someone else. But if he has taken up the industry as a temporary speculation, buying the securities at prices depressed by false reports, holding for an increase of value, and selling them on false pretences to deluded investors, no lesson is learned by the management of the enterprise; and the same mistakes may be repeated indefinitely under successive boards of directors. Greater strictness with regard to the formation of new companies, increased publicity of accounts, clear recognition, legal and moral, of the

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responsibility of directors who have made false reports to the stockholders—these are conditions precedent to any radical and thorough reform of existing abuses.

2. *A change in the legal character of the labor contract.*

Here we stand on more doubtful ground. It is easy to say that the present relations between large corporations and their employees are unsatisfactory. It is difficult to say just what should be done to make them better. As matters stand at present, a strike begun on trivial grounds may be allowed to interrupt the whole business of a community. The natural alternative would seem to be compulsory arbitration; but this in practice has not worked nearly as well as could be desired. It is probable that in this respect changes in the laws must come slowly. An obligation of a consolidated company to perform continuous service must be coupled with a clearer definition of the obligations of the workman in this respect. Whatever can or cannot be done by legal enactment, society must at any rate recognize that those whom it has placed in charge of large industrial enterprises are not simply handling their own money or other people's money, but are above all things leaders of men; and it must judge the financier, who has through his negligence allowed the business of the community to be interrupted by strikes, as it would judge the general who, in his anxiety to secure the emoluments of his office, had allowed his country to be invaded and his armies paralyzed.

3. *An increased care in the imposition of high import duties.*

In the past we have allowed the manufacturers in each line of industry a great deal of freedom to suggest what the tariff on the products of their foreign competitors should be, knowing that if it was placed too high the internal competition of new enterprises would reduce profits and prices to a not exorbitant level. Of course mistakes have been made in this matter which have caused serious and unnecessary variations in price; but as a rule domestic competition has set moderate limits to the arbitrary results of tariff-making. When, however, domestic competition is done away with, the danger is more serious and permanent. It is hardly possible to deal very directly with the tariff question without going beyond the limits of an article like this; but it is safe to say that in those industries which are at all thoroughly monopolized public safety will generally demand that duties be placed on a revenue higher than a protective basis. The fact that an industry can thus organize itself shows that it has outgrown the period of infancy. If it continues to demand a prohibitory tariff on its products, the presumption is that it is trying to make an arbitrary profit at the expense of the consumer.

Such are the general directions in which private corporations must expect increased restriction, as they become more or less complete monopolies. But there is a still deeper question which many are asking, and to which not a few are giving a radical answer. Will such monopolies be long allowed to remain in the hands of private corporations at all? Is it not rather true that this consolidation is a step in the direction of state ownership of industrial enterprise? Is not a grave crisis at hand in which there will be a decisive struggle between the forces of individualism and socialism, of property and of numbers?

It is quite within the limits of possibility that many of these enterprises will pass into government ownership in the immediate future; but it is highly improbable that this tendency toward consolidation is increasing the dangers of a conflict between individualists and socialists. Its net effect is to diminish these dangers by making the question of state ownership relatively unimportant to the public as a whole. This may seem like a surprising statement, but there are a great many facts to justify it. There has been of late years, in connection with these movements toward consolidation, an approximation in character between private and public business. Formerly the two were sharply distinguished; to-day their methods are much closer to one another. Private business can do little more than pay interest on the capital involved, because of the increased intensity of modern competition. Public business can do no less than pay interest on the capital involved, because of the increased vigilance

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of the taxpayers; for the taxpayers will not tolerate a deficit which increases their burdens. But obviously the position of the consumer toward a private business which pays less than four per cent. is not likely to be very different from his position toward a public business which must pay more than three. The distinction from the financial standpoint is thus reduced to a minimum; nor is it much greater, if we look at the matter from the operating standpoint. The officers of a large private corporation have almost ceased to come into direct contact with the stockholders; and to a nearly equal degree our public administrative officials who actually do the work have ceased to come into contact with the voters. The private officer no longer seeks simply to please the individual group of investors; the public official no longer strives simply to please the individual group of politicians. The man who does so is in either case charged, and rightly charged, with misunderstanding the duties of his office. The more completely the principles of civil service reform are carried out, the closer does the similarity become. The responsibility of public and private officials alike leads them to the exercise of technical skill and sound general principles of business policy, rather than to the help of influential private interests. Under these circumstances, the character of good public business and good private business becomes so nearly alike that it makes comparatively little difference to most of us whether an enterprise is conducted by our voters or by our financiers. The one question to ask is, which method produces in any case the fewer specific abuses. We may look with confidence to the time when the question of state ownership of industrial enterprises will cease to be a broad popular issue, and become a business question; which economic considerations may perhaps lead society to decide in favor of public control at one point and private control at some closely related point. There will, of course, always be a conflict between those who have more money than votes, who will desire to extend the sphere of commercial activity, and those who have more votes than money, who will desire to extend the sphere of political activity; but to the great majority of people, who have one vote and just money enough to support their families, it is not probable that this conflict will ever create a general issue of the first importance.

We may sum up our general conclusions as follows: So far as the present tendency toward industrial consolidation is a financial movement for the sake of selling securities, it is likely to be short-lived. So far as it is an industrial movement to secure economy of operation and commercial policy, it is likely to be permanent. Attempts to stop this tendency by law will probably be as futile in the field of manufacture as they have been in that of transportation. The growth of these enterprises creates a trust in a sense which is not generally appreciated; it gives their managers a discretionary power to injure the public as well as to help it. The wise exercise of this trust cannot be directly provided for by legal enactment; it must be the result of an educational process which can be furthered by widened conceptions of directors' responsibility. As this process of consolidation and of education goes on, private and public business tend to approach one another in character. The question of state ownership of industrial enterprises, instead of becoming an acute national issue, as so many now expect, will tend rather to become relatively unimportant, and may not improbably be removed altogether from the field of party politics.

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THE SHIP OF STARS

By A. T. Quiller-Couch

(Q.)

XXVIII

À OUTRANCE

LIZZIE PEZZACK had put Joey to bed and was smoothing his coverlet, when she heard someone knocking. She passed out into the front room, and opened to the visitor.

On the doorstep stood a lady in deep black—Honoria. Beyond the garden-wall the lamps of her carriage blazed in the late twilight. The turf had muffled the sound of wheels; but now the jingle of shaken bits came loud through the open door.

"Ah!" said Lizzie, drawing her breath back through her teeth.

"I must speak to you, please. May I come in? I have a question. . . ."

Lizzie turned her back, struck a match and lit a candle. "What question?" she asked, with her back turned, her eyes on the flame as it sank, warming the tallow, and grew bright again.

"It's . . . it's a question," Honoria began, weakly; then shut the door behind her and advanced into the room. "Turn round and look at me. Ah, you hate me, I know!"

"Yes," Lizzie assented, slowly, "I hate you."

"But you must answer me. You see, it isn't for me alone . . . it's not a question of our hating, in a way . . . it concerns others. . . ."

"Yes?"

"But it's cowardly of me to put it so; because it concerns me, too—you don't know——"

"Maybe I do."

"But if you did—" Honoria broke off, and then plunged forward desperately. "That child of yours—his father—alone here—by ourselves. . . . Think before you refuse!"

Lizzie set down the candle and eyed her.

"And *you*," she answered at length, dragging out each word, "—*you* can come here and ask me that question?"

For a moment silence fell between them and each could hear the other's breathing. Then Honoria drew herself up and faced her honestly, casting out both hands.

"Yes, I *had* to."

"*You!* a lady——"

"Ah, but be honest with me! Lady or not, what has that to do with it? We are two women—that's where it all started, and we're kept to that."

Lizzie bent her brows. "Yes, you are right," she admitted.

"And," Honoria pursued, eagerly, "if I come here to sue you for the truth—it is you who force me."

"I?"

"By what you said that night, when George—when my husband—was drowned; when you cursed me. 'A son's a son,' you said, 'though he was my man.'"

"Did I say that?" Lizzie seemed to muse over the words. "You have suffered?" she asked.

"Yes, I have suffered."

"Ah! if I thought so! . . . But you have not. You are a hypocrite, Mrs. Vyell, and you are trying to cheat me now. You come here, not to end *that* suffering, but to force a word from me that'll put joy and hope into you; that you'll go home hugging in your heart. Oh, I know you!"

"You do not."

"I do—because I know myself. From a child I've been dirt to your pride, an item to your money. For years I've lived a shamed woman. But one thing I bought with it—one little thing. Think the price high for it—I dessay it is; but I bought and paid for it—and often when I turn it over in mind I don't count the price too dear."

"I don't understand."

"You may, if you try. What I bought was the power over you, my proud lady. While I keep tight lips I have you at

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the end of a chain. You come here to-night to break it; one little word and you'll be free and glad. But no, and no, and no! You may guess till you're tired—you may be sure in your heart; but it's all no good without that little word you'll never get from me."

"You *shall* speak!"

Lizzie shrugged her shoulders and picked up the candle.

"Simme," she said, "you'd best go back to your carriage and horses. My li'l boy's in the next room, tryin' to sleep; and 'tisn' fit he heard much of this."

She passed resolutely into the bedroom, leaving her visitor to darkness. But Honoria, desperate now, pushed after her, scarcely knowing what she did or meant to do.

"You *shall* speak!"

The house-door opened and light footsteps came running through the outer room. It was little George, and he pulled at her skirts.

"Mummy, the horses are taking cold!"

But Honoria still advanced. "You *shall* speak!"

Joey catching sight of her from the bed, screamed and hid his face. To him she was a thing of horror. From the night when, thrust beneath her eyes, he had cowered by her carriage-step, she had haunted his worst dreams. And now, black-robed and terrible of face she had come to lay hands on him and carry him straight to hell.

"Mother! Take her away! take her away!"

His screams rang through the room. "Hush, dear!" cried Lizzie, running to him; and laid a hand on his shoulder.

But the child, far too terrified to know whose hand it was, flung himself from her with a wilder scream than any; flung himself all but free of the bed-clothes. As Lizzie caught and tried to hold him the thin night-shirt ripped in her fingers, laying bare the small back from shoulder to buttock.

They were woman to woman now; cast back into savagery and blindly groping for its primitive weapons. Honoria crossed the floor, not knowing what she meant to do, or might do. Lizzie sprang to defence against she knew not what. But when her enemy advanced, towering, with a healthy boy dragging at her skirts, she did the one thing she could—turned with a swift cry back upon her own crippled child and caught at the bed-clothes to cover and hide his naked deformity.

While she crouched and shielded him, silence fell on the room. She had half expected Honoria to strike her; but no blow came, nor any sound. By and by she looked up. Honoria had come to a standstill, with rigid eyes. They were fastened on the bed. Then Lizzie understood.

She had covered the child's legs from sight; but not his back—nor the brown mole on it—the large brown mole, ringed like Saturn, set obliquely between the shoulder-blades.

She rose from the bed slowly. Honoria turned on little George with a gesture as if to fling off his velvet jacket. But Lizzie stamped her foot.

"No," she commanded, hoarsely; "let be! Mine is a cripple."

"So it is true . . . ." Honoria desisted; but her eyes were wide and still fixed on the bed.

"Yes, it is true. You have all the luck. Mine is a cripple."

Still Honoria stared. Lizzie gulped down something in her throat, but her voice, when she found it again, was still hoarse and strained.

"And now—go! You have learnt what you came for. You have won, because you stop at nothing. But go, before I try to kill you for the joy in your heart!"

"Joy?" Honoria put out a hand toward the bed's foot, to steady herself. It was her turn to be weak.

"Yes—joy." Lizzie stepped between her and the door, pointed a finger at her and held it pointing. "In your heart you are glad already. Wait, and in a moment I shall see it in your eyes—glad, glad! Yes, your man was worthless, and you are glad. But oh! you bitter fool!"

"Let me go, please."

"Listen a bit; no hurry now. Plenty of time to be glad; 'twas only your husband, not the man of your heart. Look at me, and answer—I don't count for much now, do I? Not much to hate in me, now you know the name of my child's father, and that 'tisn' Taffy Raymond!"

"Let me go." But seeing that Lizzie would not, she stopped and kissed her boy.

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"Run out to the carriage, dear, and say I'll be coming in a minute or two." Little George clung to her wistfully, but her tone meant obedience. Lizzie stepped aside to let him pass out.

"Now," said Honoria, "the next room is best, I think. Lead me there, and I will listen."

"You may go if you like."

"No; I will listen. Between us two there is—there is——"

"*That.*" Lizzie nodded toward the child huddling low in the bed.

"That, and much more. We cannot stop at the point you've reached. Besides, I have a question to ask."

Lizzie passed before her into the front room, lit two candles and drew down the blind.

"Ask it," she said.

"How did you know that I believed the other—Mr. Raymond—to be—" She came to a halt.

"I guessed."

"What? From the beginning?"

"No; it was after a long while. And then, all of a sudden, something seemed to make me clever."

"Did you know that, believing it, I had done him a great wrong—injured his life beyond repair?"

"I knew something had happened: that he'd given up being a gentleman and taken to builder's work. I thought maybe you were at the bottom of it. Who was it told you lies about en?"

"Must I answer that?"

"No; no need. George Vyell was a nice fellow; but he was a liar. Couldn' help it, I b'lieve. But a dirty trick like that—well, well!"

Honoria started at her, confounded. "You never loved my husband?"

And Lizzie laughed—actually laughed; she was so weary. "No more than you did, my dear. Perhaps a little less. Eh, what two fools we are here, fending off the truth! Fools from the start—and now, simme, playing foolish to the end; ay, when all's said and naked atween us. Lev' us quit talkin' of George Vyell. We knawed George Vyell, you and me, too; and here we be, left to rear children by en. But the man we hated over wasn' George Vyell, but the t'other."

"Yet if—as you say—you loved him—the other one—why, when you saw his life ruined and guessed the lie that ruined it—when a word could have righted him—if you loved him——"

"Why didn' I speak? Ladies are most dull, somehow; or else you don't try to see. Or else—wasn't he near me, passing my door ivery day? Oh, I'm ignorant and selfish. But hadn't I got him near? And wouldn't that word have lost him, sent him God knows where—to *you* perhaps? You—you'd had your chance, and squandered it like a fool. I never had no chance. I courted en, but he wouldn' look at me. He'd have come to your whistle—once. Nothing to hinder but your money. And from what I can see and guess, you piled up that money in his face like a hedge. Oh, I could pity you, now! for now you'll never have 'n."

"God pity us both," said Honoria, going; but she turned at the door. "And after our marriage you took no more thought of my—of George?" The question was an afterthought; she never thought to see it stab as it did. But Lizzie caught at the table-edge, held to it swaying over a gulf of hysterics, and answered between a sob and a passing bitter laugh.

"At the last—just to try en. No harm done, as it happened. You needn' mind. He was worthless anyway."

Honoria stepped back, took her by the elbow as she swayed, and seated her in a chair; and so stood regarding her as a doctor might a patient. After a while she said:

"I think you will do me injustice, but you must believe as you like. I am not glad. I am very far from glad or happy. I doubt if I shall ever be happy again. But I do not hate you as I did."

She went out, closing the door softly.

XXIX

THE SHIP OF STARS

TAFFY guessed nothing of these passions in conflict, these weak agonies. He went about his daily work, a man grown, thinking his own thoughts; and these thoughts were of many things; but they held no room for the problem which meant

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everything in life to Honoria and Lizzie—yes, and to Humility, though it haunted her in less disturbing shape. Humility pondered it quietly with a mind withdrawn while her hands moved before her on the lace-pillow; and pondering it, she resigned the solution to time; but it filled her thoughts constantly, none the less.

One noon, Taffy returned from the light-house for his dinner, to find a registered postal packet lying on the table. He glanced up and met his mother's gaze, but let the thing lie while he ate his meal, and having done, picked it up and carried it away with him unopened.

On the cliff-side, in a solitary place, he broke the seal. He guessed well enough what the packet contained; the silver medal procured for him by the too officious coroner. And the coroner, finding him obstinate against a public presentation, had forwarded the medal with an effusive letter. Taffy frowned over its opening sentences, and without reading further crumpled the paper into a tight ball. He turned to examine the medal, holding it between finger and thumb; or rather, his eyes examined it while his brain ran back along the tangled procession of hopes and blunders, wrongs and trials and lessons hardly learnt, of which this mocking piece of silver symbolized the end and the reward. In that minute he saw Honoria and George, himself and Lizzie Pezzack as figures travelling on a road that stretched back to childhood; saw behind them the anxious eyes of his parents, Sir Harry's debonair smile, the sinister face of old Squire Moyle, malevolent yet terribly afraid; saw that the moving figures could not control their steps, that the watching faces were impotent to warn; saw finally beside the roadways branching to left and right, and down these undestined and neglected avenues the ghosts of ambitions unattempted, lives not lived, all that might have been.

Well, here was the end of it, this ironical piece of silver. With sudden anger he flung it from him; sent it spinning far out over the waters. And the sea, his old sworn enemy, took the votive offering. He watched it drop—drop; saw the tiny splash as it disappeared.

And with that he shut a door and turned a key. He had other thoughts to occupy him—great thoughts. The light-house was all but built. The Chief Engineer had paid a surprise visit, praised his work, and talked about another sea-light soon to be raised on the North Welsh Coast; used words that indeed hinted, not obscurely, at promotion. And Taffy's blood tingled at the prospect. But, out of working hours, his thoughts were not of light-houses. He bought maps and charts. On Sundays he took far walks along the coast, starting at daybreak, returning as a rule long after dark, mired and foot-sore and at supper too weary to talk with his mother, whose eyes watched him always.

. . . . . .

It was a still autumn evening when Honoria came riding to visit Humility; the close of a golden day. Its gold lingered yet along the west and fell on the white-washed doorway where Humility sat with her lace-work. Behind, in the east, purple and dewy, climbed the domed shadow of the world. And over all lay that hush which the earth only knows when it rests in the few weeks after harvest. Out here, on barren cliffs above the sea, folks troubled little about harvest. But even out here they felt and knew the hush.

In sight of the whitewashed cottages Honoria slipped down from her saddle, slipped off Aide-de-camp's bridle and turned him loose to browse. With the bridle on her arm she walked forward alone. She came noiselessly on the turf and with the click of the gate her shadow fell at Humility's feet. Humility looked up and saw her standing against the sunset, in her dark habit. Even in that instant she saw also that Honoria's face, though shaded, was more beautiful than of old. "More dangerous" she told herself; and rose, knowing that the problem was to be solved at last.

"Good-evening!" she said, rising. "Oh yes—you must come inside, please; but you will have to forgive our untidiness."

Honoria followed, wondering as of old at the beautiful manners which dignified Humility's simplest words.

"I heard that you were to go."

"Yes; we have been packing for a week past. To North Wales it is—a spot as forsaken as this. But I suppose that's

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the sort of spot where light-houses are useful."

The sun slanted in upon the trunks and dismantled walls; but it blazed also upon brass window-catches, fender-knobs, door-handles—all polished and flashing like mirrors.

"I am come," said Honoria, "now at the last—to ask your pardon."

"At the last?" Humility seemed to muse, staring down at one of the trunks; then went on as if speaking to herself. "Yes, yes, it has been a long time."

"A long injury—a long mistake; you must believe it was an honest mistake."

"Yes," said Humility, gravely. "I never doubted you had been misled. God forbid I should ask or seek to know how."

Honoria bowed her head.

"And," Humility pursued, "we had put ourselves in the wrong by accepting help. One sees now it is always best to be independent; though at the time it seemed a fine prospect for him. The worst was our not telling him. That was terribly unfair. As for the rest—well, after all, to know yourself guiltless is the great thing, is it not? What others think doesn't matter in comparison with that. And then of course he knew that I, his mother, never believed the falsehood, no, not for a moment."

"But it spoiled his life?"

Now Humility had spoken, and still stood, with her eyes resting on the trunk. Beneath its lid, she knew, and on top of Taffy's books and other treasures, lay a parcel wrapped in tissue-paper—a dog collar with the inscription "Honoria from Taffy." So, by lifting the lid of her thoughts a little—a very little—more, she might have given Honoria a glimpse of something which her actual answer, truthful as it was, concealed.

"No. I wouldn't say that. If it had spoilt his life—well, you have a child of your own and can understand. As it is, it has strengthened him, I think. He will make his mark—in a different way. Just now he is only a foreman among masons; but he has a career opening. Yes, I can forgive you at last."

And, being Humility, she had spoken the truth. But being a woman, even in the act of pardon she could not forego a small thrust, and in giving must withhold something.

And Honoria, being a woman, divined that something was withheld.

"And Taffy—your son—do you think that *he*——?"

"He never speaks, if he thinks of it. He will be here presently. You know—do you not?—they are to light the great lantern on the new light-house to-night for the first time. The men have moved in, and he is down with them making preparations. You have seen the notices of the Trinity Board? They have been posted for months. Taffy is as eager over it as a boy; but he promised to be back before sunset to drink tea with me in honor of the event; and afterward I was to walk down to the cliff with him to see."

"Would you mind if I stayed?"

Humility considered before answering. "I had rather you stayed. He's like a boy over this business; but he's a man, after all."

After this they fell into quite trivial talk while Humility prepared the tea-things.

"Your mother—Mrs. Venning—how does she face this journey you are to take?"

"You must see her," said Humility, smiling, and led her into the room where the old lady reclined in bed, with a flush on each waxen cheek. She had heard their voices.

"Bless you"—she was quite cheerful—"I'm ready to go as far as they'll carry me! All I ask is that in the next place they'll give me a window where I can see the boy's lamp when he's built it."

Humility brought in the table and tea-things and set them out by the invalid's bed. She went out into the kitchen to look to the kettle. In that pause Honoria found it difficult to meet Mrs. Venning's eyes; but the old lady was old enough to leave grudges to others. It was enough, in the time left to her to accept what happened and leave the responsibility to Providence.

Honoria, replying but scarcely listening to her talk, heard a footfall at the outer door—Taffy's footfall; then the click of a latch and Humility's voice, saying, "There's a visitor, inside; come to take tea with you."

"A visitor?" He was standing in the

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doorway. "*You?*" he said, and blushed in his surprise.

Honoria rose. "If I may," she said, and wondered if she might hold out a hand.

But he held out his, quite frankly, and laughed. "Why, of course. They will be lighting up in half an hour. We must make haste."

Once or twice during tea he stole a glance from Honoria to his mother; and each time fondly believed that it passed undetected. His talk was all about the light-house and the preparations there, and he rattled on in the highest spirits. Two of the women knew, and the third guessed, that this chatter was with him unwonted.

At length he, too, seemed to be struck by this. "But what nonsense I'm talking!" he protested, breaking off midway in a sentence and blushing again. "I can't help it, though. I'm feeling just as big as the light-house to-night, with my head wound up and turning round like the lantern!"

"And your wit occulting," suggested Honoria, in her old light manner. "What is it?—three flashes to the minute?"

He laughed and hurried them from the tea-table. Mrs. Venning bade them a merry good-by as they took leave of her.

"Come along, mother."

But Humility had changed her mind. "No," said she. "I'll wait in the doorway. I can just see the lantern from the garden gate, you know. You two can wait by the old light-house, and call to me when the time comes."

She watched them from the doorway as they took the path toward the cliff, toward the last ray of sunset fading across the dusk of the sea. The evening was warm and she sat bareheaded with her lace-work on her knee; but presently she put it down.

"I must be taking to spectacles soon," she said to herself. "My eyes are not what they used to be."

. . . . . .

Taffy and Honoria reached the old light-house and halted by its white-painted railing. Below them the new pillar stood up in full view, young and defiant. A full tide lapped its base, feeling this comely and untried adversary as a wrestler shakes hands before engaging. And from its base the column, after a gentle inward curve — enough to give it a look of lissomeness and elastic strength—sprang upright straight and firm to the lantern, ringed with a gallery and capped with a cupola of copper not yet greened by the weather; in outline as simple as a flower, in structure to the understanding eye almost as subtly organized, adapted, and pieced into growth.

"So that is your ambition now?" said Honoria, after gazing long. She added, "I do not wonder."

"It does not stop there, I'm afraid." There was a pause, as though her words had thrown him into a brown study.

"Look!" she cried. "There is someone in the lantern—with a light in his hand. He is lighting up!"

Taffy ran back a pace or two toward the cottage and shouted, waving his hand. In a moment Humility appeared at the gate and waved in answer, while the strong light flashed seaward. They listened; but if she called, the waves at their feet drowned her voice.

They turned and gazed at the light, counting, timing the flashes; two short flashes with but five seconds between, then darkness for twenty seconds, and after it a long, steady stare.

Abruptly he asked, "Would you care to cross over and see the lantern?"

"What, in the cradle?"

"I can work it easily. It's not dangerous in the least; a bit daunting perhaps."

"But I'm not easily frightened, you know. Yes, I should like it greatly."

They descended the cliff to the cable. The iron cradle stood ready as Taffy had left it when he came ashore. She stepped in lightly, scarcely touching for a second the hand he put out to guide her.

"Better sit low," he advised; and she obeyed, disposing her skirts on the floor, caked with dry mud from the workmen's boots. He followed her and launched the cradle over the deep twilight.

A faint breeze—there had been none perceptible on the ridge—played off the face of the cliffs. The forward swing of the cradle, too, raised a slight draught of air. Honoria plucked off her hat and veil and let it fan her temples.

Half-way across she said, "Isn't it like

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this—in mid-air over running water—that the witches take their oaths ? "

Taffy ceased pulling on the rope. " The witches ? Yes, I remember something of the sort."

" And a word spoken so is an oath and lasts forever. Very well ; tell me what I came to ask you to-night."

" What is that ? " But he knew.

" That when you know—when I tell you I was deceived . . you will forgive." Her voice was scarcely audible.

" I forgive."

" Ah, but freely ? It is only a word I want ; but it has to last me like an oath."

" I forgive you freely. It was all a mistake."

" And you have found other ambitions ? And they satisfy you ? "

He laughed and pulled at the rope again. " They ought to," he answered, gayly, " they're big enough. Come and see."

The seaward end of the cable was attached to a doorway thirty feet above the base of the light-house. One of the under-keepers met them here with a lantern. He stared when he caught sight of the second figure in the cradle, but touched his cap to the mistress of Carwithiel.

" Here's Mrs. Vyell, Trevarthen, come to do honor to our opening night."

" Proudly welcome, ma'am," said Trevarthen. " You'll excuse the litter we're in. This here's our cellar, but you'll find things more ship-shape upstairs. Mind your head, ma'am, with the archway—better let me lead the way perhaps."

The archway was indeed low, and they were forced to crouch and almost crawl up the first short flight of steps. But after this, Honoria following Trevarthen's lantern round and up the spiral way found the roof heightening above her, and soon emerged into a gloomy chamber fitted with cupboards and water-tanks—the provision-room. From this a ladder led straight up through a man-hole in the ceiling to the light-room store, set round with shining oil-tanks and stocked with paint-pots, brushes, buckets, cans, signalling flags, coils of rope, bags of cotton-waste, tool-chests. . . . A second ladder brought them to the kitchen, and a third to the sleeping-room ; and here the light of the lantern streamed down on their heads through the open man-hole above them. They heard, too, the roar of the ventilator, and the *ting-ting*, regular and sharp, of the small bell reporting that the machinery revolved.

Above, in the blaze of the great lenses, old Pezzack and the second under-keeper welcomed them. The pair had been watching and discussing the light with true professional pride ; and Taffy drew up at the head of the ladder and stared at it and nodded his slow approbation. The glare forced Honoria back against the glass wall, and she caught at its lattice for support.

But she pulled herself together, ashamed of her weakness and glad that Taffy had not perceived it.

" This satisfies you ? " she whispered.

He faced round on her with a slow smile. " No," he said, " this light-house is useless."

" Useless ? "

" You remember the wreck—*that* wreck—the *Samaritan ?* She came ashore beneath the light-house here ; right beneath our feet ; by no fault or carelessness. A light-house on a coast like this—a coast without a harbour—is a joke set in a death-trap, to make game of dying men."

" But since the coast has no harbor—— "

" I would build one. Look at this." He pulled a pencil and paper from his pocket and rapidly sketched the outlines of the Bristol Channel. " What is that ? A bag. Suppose a vessel taken in the mouth of it ; a bag with death along the narrowing sides and death waiting at the end—no deep-water harbor—no chance anywhere. And the tides ! You know the rhyme—

> ' From Padstow Point to Lundy Light
> Is a watery grave by day or night.'

Yes, there's Lundy "—he jotted down the position of the island—" Hit off the lee of Lundy, if you can, and drop hook, and pray God it holds ! "

" But this harbor ? What would it cost ? "

" I dare say a million of money ; perhaps more. But I work it out at less—at Porthquin, for instance, or Lundy itself, or even at St. Ives."

" A million ! " she laughed. " Now I

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see the boy I used to know—the boy of dreams."

He turned on her gravely. She was exceedingly beautiful, standing there, in her black habit, bareheaded in the glare of the lenses, standing with head thrown back, with eyes challenging the past, and a faint glow on either cheek. But he had no eyes for her beauty.

He opened his lips to speak. Yes, he could overwhelm her with statistics and figures, all worked out, of shipping and disasters to shipping; of wealth and senseless waste of wealth. He could bury her beneath evidence taken by Royal Commission and Parliamentary Committee, commissioners' reports, testimony of ship-owners and captains; calculated tables of tides, set of currents, prevailing winds; results of surveys hydrographical, geological, geographical; all the mass of facts he had been accumulating and brooding over for eighteen long months. But the weight of it closed his lips, and when he opened them again it was to say, "Yes, that is my dream."

At once he turned his talk upon the light revolving in their faces; began to explain the lenses and their working in short, direct sentences. She heard his voice but without following.

Pezzack and the under-keeper had drawn apart to the opposite side of the cage and were talking together. The lantern hid them, but she caught the murmur of their voices now and again. She was conscious of having let something slip—slip away from her forever. If she could but recall him, and hold him to his dream! But this man, talking in sharp sentences, each one so sharp and clear, was not the Taffy she had known or could ever know.

In the blaze of the lenses suddenly she saw the truth. He and she had changed places. She who had used to be so practical—*she* was the dreamer now; had come thither following a dream, walking in a dream. He, the dreaming boy, had become the practical man, firm, clear-sighted, direct of purpose; with a dream yet in his heart, but a dream of great action, a dream he hid from her, certainly a dream in which she had neither part nor lot. And yet she had made him what he was; not willingly, not by kindness, but by injustice. What she had given he had taken; and was a stranger to her.

Muffled wings and white breasts began to beat against the glass. A low-lying haze—a passing stratum of sea-fog—had wrapped the light-house for a while, and these were the wings and breasts of sea-birds attracted by the light. To her they were the ghosts of dead thoughts—stifled thoughts—thoughts which had never come to birth—trying to force their way into the ring of light encompassing and enwrapping her; trying desperately, but foiled by the transparent screen.

Still she heard his voice, level and masterful, sure of his subject. In the middle of one of his sentences a sharp thud sounded on the pane behind her, as sudden as the crack of a pebble and only a little duller.

"Ah, what is that?" she cried and touched his arm.

He thrust open one of the windows, stepped out upon the gallery, and returned in less than a minute with a small dead bird in his hand.

"A swallow," he said. "They have been preparing to fly for days. Summer is done, with our work here."

She shivered. "Let us go back," she said.

They descended the ladders. Trevarthen met them in the kitchen and went before them with his lantern. In a minute they were in the cradle again and swinging toward the cliff. The wisp of sea-fog had drifted past the light-house to leeward, and all was clear again. High over the cupola Cassiopeia leaned toward the pole, her breast flashing its eternal badge—the star-pointed W. Low in the north, tied—as the country tale went—to follow her motions, eternally separate, eternally true to the fixed star of her gaze, the Waggoner tilted his wheels and drove them close along and above the misty sea.

Taffy pulling on the rope, looked down upon Honoria's upturned face and saw the glimmer of starlight in her eyes; but neither guessed her thoughts nor tried to.

It was only when they stood together on the cliff-side that she broke the silence. "Look," she said, and pointed upward. "Does that remind you of anything?"

He searched his memory. "No," he confessed; "that is, if you mean Cassiopeia up yonder."

"Think!—the Ship of Stars."

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"The Ship of Stars?—Yes, I remember now. There was a young sailor—with a ship of stars tattooed on his chest. He was drowned on this very coast."

"Was that a part of the story you were to tell me?"

"What story? I don't understand."

"Don't you remember that day—the morning when we began lessons together? You explained the alphabet to me, and when we came to W you said it was a ship—a ship of stars. There was a story about it, you said, and promised to tell me some day."

He laughed. "What queer things you remember!"

"But what was the story?"

"I wonder? If I ever knew, I've forgotten. I dare say I had something in my head. Now I think of it, I was always making up some foolish tale or other in those days."

Yes; he had forgotten. "I have often tried to make up a story about that ship," she said, gravely; "out of odds and ends of the stories you used to tell. I don't think I ever had the gift to invent anything on my own account. But at last, after a long while——"

"The story took shape? Tell it to me, please."

She hesitated, and broke into a bitter little laugh. "No," said she, "you never told me yours." Again it came to her with a pang that he and she had changed places. He had taken her forthrightness and left her, in exchange, his dreams. They were hers now, the gayly colored childish fancies, and she must take her way among them alone. Dreams only! but just as a while back he had started to confess *his* dream and had broken down before her, so now in turn she faltered and knew that her tongue was held.

. . . . . .

Humility rose as they entered the kitchen together. A glance as Honoria held out her hand for good-by, told her all she needed to know.

"And you are leaving in a day or two?" Honoria asked.

"Thursday next is the day fixed."

"You are very brave."

Again the two women's eyes met, and this time the younger understood. *Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God*—that which the Moabitess said for a woman's sake, women are saying for men's sake by thousands every day.

Still holding her hand, Humility drew Honoria close. "God deal kindly with you, my dear," she whispered, and kissed her.

At the gate Honoria blew a whistle, and after a few seconds Aide-de-camp came obediently out of the darkness to be bridled. This done, Taffy lent his hand and swung her into the saddle.

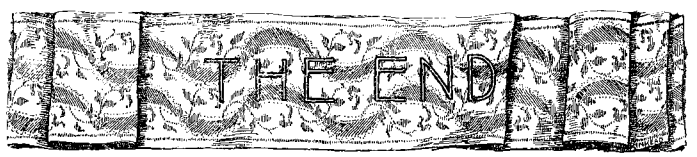
"Good-night and good-by!"

Taffy was the first to turn back from the gate. The beat of Aide-de-camp's hoofs reminded him of something—some music he had once heard; he could not remember where.

Humility lingered a moment longer, and followed to prepare her son's supper.

But Honoria, fleeing along the ridge, hugged one fierce thought in her defeat. The warm wind sang by her ears, the rhythm of Aide-de-camp's canter thudded upon her brain; but her heart cried back on them and louder than either:

"He is mine—mine—mine! He is mine, and always will be. He is lost to me, but I possess him. For what he is, I have made him, and at my cost he is strong."



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THE REAL ONE

By Jesse Lynch Williams

Of course, I know the beginning sounds commonplace and summer-resort-ish enough: A tall girl with a quiet manner and three-quarter inch eyelashes which she worked up and down most of the time, and two able-bodied men that smoked cigarettes and wanted her.

But there is nothing usual or expected in the way it turned out, or I shouldn't take the trouble to tell you about it.

. . . . . .

Those dots mean that you may imagine the first part. How Tom—he's our cousin; that's the reason I know (but I'm the only one of the girls that does) the true inwardness of this thing, which, by the way, Tom said I could not keep from telling, but I can; I have already demonstrated it for nearly a week now—how vigorous, violent, reckless, impetuous, wilful, loud, lovable, knocking-things-over-and-not-giving-a-rap-about-it Tom Potter, who previously spent all his time fishing and golfing with the men or riding the bay mare at an outrageous rate all over the island, and scorning all gentler amusements and making himself disagreeable and disobliging to all the cottage set generally—how poor young Tommy, for he is only a boy after all—at last found himself "up against it," as he would say (though now that he is out of college we all think he ought to quit slang; it's outrageous the way he talks). I say all that part, and how wonderful and important he thought this young girl was, can be taken for granted.

Likewise about the other one, "That Englishman," as he was soon called at the hotel. He was camping, it was said, up the lake (they are always camping and killing things, these Britishers), and only came down to our island two or three times a week for the dances, and he was, apparently, the mere conventionalized Englishman of the stage, with a monocle and a title of no particular consequence. But, you may be sure, up here in our remote little island such things are rare (we are very primitive, at least we cottagers are trying to keep it so, though down around the hotel end they are putting on lugs and spoiling it), and so this Sir Charles Wilkes made somewhat of a flutter that first evening he came to the Casino and proceeded serenely to snub—much to our delight—Mrs. Ballard-Brown, who tried to interest him by telling, as usual, about her old relatives on the other side, with a view to passing the interest along to her rapidly aging daughter; then he rotated, rather patronizingly, about the room until he happened to get within the orbit of the Richardson girl. (Oh, did I tell you that her name was Ruth Richardson?) and there he stayed with a "Do you know, this is just the sort of thing I like?" expression on his face. Nobody could budge him. And after she left—Mrs. Richardson always bore her off early—he danced with no one else (I did not care, myself), which made the whole room buzz the more, and the gossips lose sleep that night, and made our Tom—you just ought to have seen Tom's face the next morning, after we told him about it at breakfast!

You see Tom did not go over to the hotel very much in the evening—I ought to have told you this—because at the beginning of the season, when he first came up to stay with us, he told everyone that he could not dance—merely to get out of being obliging, I really believe. I told him at the time he would regret telling that fib. And now he did not dare, even though he considered it very much worth while—at least we could not very well let him dance now, because, as mother said, it would give us all kinds of trouble answering questions over at our end of the island and would make all the more talk at the hotel, and I must say there was enough already.

"Let's see," they would begin, putting their heads together, as soon as breakfast was finished, those passé females with novels and work-baskets who can't do anything themselves and so spend all their

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time on the big hotel veranda tearing to pieces everything everyone else does. "Let's see," they would cackle, "it's the Englishman's turn this evening, isn't it?"

"No," perhaps the big fat wheezy one would say, "he came to the Wednesday hop. It's young Potter's innings this time."

"Now, don't be too sure about that," says Mrs. Ballard-Brown (she's one of the worst), "you've noticed that he's been coming less and less since Sir Charles began. He's getting discouraged. He's such an awkward young cub, anyway."

(Very good, Mrs. B.-B. but you did not say so a year ago when you brazenly tried to throw your sharp-voiced daughter at Colonel Potter's heir, who only bowed and looked bored and distinguished and ran away and never came back, and the whole island laughed at you, Mrs. B.-B. By the by I have not mentioned that we are all very proud of Tom's looks, and what a manner too, for a boy of his age! That is, when he is willing to show it.)

"Well," the fat, wheezy one would go on, "I like young Mr. Potter. It's too bad Mrs. R. will only let Ruth sit out one dance an evening with him. I suppose she wants to avoid talk."

"Nonsense," says Mrs. B.-B. "it's because she want's the Englishman." (How about yourself, Mrs. B.-B.?) "If she didn't think herself so exclusive I'd tell her so to her face."

"But what I'd like to know," said the little old maid, who read the Duchess all the time, "is which one Ruth wants. I think she likes the younger one, Tom."

"Perhaps," says the big fat thing, "they'll both come at once this evening, and we can see."

"That won't happen," says Mrs. B.-B., positively. "The youngster's afraid. My daughter says she saw Tom peeping in through the Casino window last Saturday night and when he saw the Englishman there he ran away." (The idea of such a thing! I hate her.)

Naturally all this talk and gossip was quite mortifying to us over on the bluff. We cottagers, of course, have very little to do with the hotel herd—except to dance in their Casino at night and use their billiard-tables and bowling-alleys and tennis-courts by day. It was perfectly horrid in them. We told Tom that he ought to be more careful in the choice of his summer acquaintances.

"Who in the world are Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, pray?" mother asked him one day at dinner.

"They are the parents of Miss Richardson," Tom replies, in a deep, gruff voice, scowling at the salad-dish. As if that summed it all up! Men are so queer about these things. The young ones especially never seem to realize.

But, good gracious, that was near the beginning. It was not until it had become so bad that none of us dared mention the word "hotel" in his presence, and the poor boy was losing sleep (we heard him coming in late at night from rowing on the lake, all alone—the nights when the Englishman was at the hotel), it wasn't until this thing had been going on for two or three weeks, that, at last, Tom decided, as I had been hoping and praying he might do, to take me into his confidence.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon. I had been shampooing and was lying in the hammock letting the sun dry my hair. Tom came up softly, filling his pipe. I pretended not to notice him.

"Molly, stop reading," he said in his usual bossing way; "I want to talk to you."

I pretended to stop reluctantly.

"Molly," he began, striking a match, "you may have noticed—you notice so many things—that I have gone over to the hotel a good deal of late." He lighted his pipe.

"Oh, my, no," said I. "No one has noticed that."

"I didn't come out here to get guyed," he retorted, fiercely.

"Suppose you omit all the preliminaries," said I, "it'll save time. What can I do for you?" (I was afraid someone would interrupt us.)

"All right," said he, and then smoked his pipe to the very bottom, positively, without saying a single word, and I all the while feeling so nervous that I could hardly hold myself together. But I know how to treat Tom.

"And," he said, taking out his tobacco-pouch again, and going on as if we had been talking all these fifteen minutes,

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"now he has done me up. And it is all your fault."

"Who has 'done you up'," said I, "the Englishman?"

"That's what I said," Tom replied.

"How do you know you are 'done up'?"

"You see, don't you, that I am wasting my time here with you? I—I don't go to the hotel any more."

"Since when?"

"Long, long ago—day before yesterday. We took a walk in the woods—the last one I shall ever take. It's all over."

("Yes, yes, yes!—go on, go on, go on!" I did *not* say, though I wanted to. I only waited, pressing my fingers together.)

"She said she had thought for awhile I—I was it, but now she knows that that was all a mistake — She's awfully, awfully sorry — hopes we'll always be good friends—some day when some nice girl, etc. . . . Oh, Lord."

I knew better than to be sympathetic with Tom.

"How do you know it's the Englishman?" I asked. "Did she tell you so?"

"Molly, you are a woman. You're old enough to know better than that."

I am not so very much older than Tom, but I only said, "I'll venture to say it is someone miles and miles away from here."

"You do, do you?" said Tom. "All right. But I know it is the Englishman."

"But how do you know? They say he is only flirting——"

"Because I am both of them."

"Both of them? Both of—Tom!"

"Sit still. Don't get excited, Molly." He pushed me back into the hammock and began to swing me, saying, "You people wanted me to dance when I did not care to dance. You wouldn't let me dance when I wanted to dance—when every Johnnie on the island almost was dancing with her. I simply couldn't stand it any longer. I did not stand it. I did the only thing possible under the circumstance. But I only meant to do it once or twice, Molly, really, I only meant to do it once or twice."

And then it all came over me like a flash: Tom's hit at Cambridge last year in the Pudding play—why, of course, we should have thought of it. And now I knew why he took lonely trips on the lake at night and why Sir Charles was never there when Tom was, and vice-versa. Now I knew why he did not bring back a new brassie when he went to the city expressly for that purpose, but brought instead a big bulky bundle from Horner's the costumer; I saw the wrapping paper, and I ought to have known. But I did know now, so I leaned back in the hammock and laughed, and Tom looked offended.

"Well," the fat, wheezy one would go on, "I like young Mr. Potter. It's too bad . . ."—Page 621.

"Kindly cork up," said he.

"You poor little fool boy," said I.

"Yes, I think I am," said he. "But what shall I do? I have cut myself out. I have done myself dirt."

"Nonsense! But first of all, Tom, I think you might have asked me to dance

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with Sir Charles, just once or twice. It would have made the other girls——"

"I was scared to death enough as it was that some of you would recognize my nose."

"Not over that mustache. In fact—"

"Never mind that now. Go on," Tom commanded.

"Now, don't be too sure about that," says Mrs. Ballard-Brown (she's one of the worst) . . . "He's such an awkward young cub, anyway."—Page 621.

"Well—Why Tom! if she cares for the Englishman and you are he, why, what more do you want! Oh, I feel so relieved. How did you happen to think of——"

"But, Molly, don't you see, she has turned me down as plain Tom Potter. Now suppose I *am* available as the Englishman; don't you see, it is not for what I am, but for what I am not. That may be very nice for my non-ego, but it won't help my ego, and it's my ego, of course, that wants her, don't you see? not the non-ego."

"Why, yes, of course," said I, though really I did not exactly follow. I always get mixed up when they get to talking in syllogisms. Men are so logical, especially when just out of college. "All the same," said I, "you are all right, for see here," just to show him that girls can reason too, "if it is true that the Englishman is you, it is equally true that you are the Englishman. And if she cares for the Englishman; ergo she therefore cares for you, who are the Englishman, who is you, which is what you want, and there you are Q. E. D.!"

But he had risen, impatiently snapping his fingers, and now strode down the porch without so much as thanking me.

"Oh, you mean," I called after him, "that the Englishman has now been rejected too?"

That brought him back. "Shs — Don't tell the whole bluff. No, that isn't the way of it at all. I honestly wish it were. That's just the trouble." He sat down again and began to talk rapidly:

"Sir Charles was accepted last night — just twenty-nine hours after young Potter was refused—down by the old mill. And, oh, Molly, it's lovely, but it's awful. It's all for somebody else! The more she likes him, the less she likes me. Talk about attending your own post mortem—that is nothing! After—after it happened; I don't know how it happened; I didn't intend it to but I suppose I was sort of crazy—she up and told me immediately, in her honest way, that she thought she ought to confess to me that once, not long ago, she came near caring—not the real thing, only *near* caring for someone else of whom she thought a good deal. Of course she wouldn't tell who—she's not that sort—but that meant me, of course; in fact she said I reminded her of him! Well, I groaned, forgetting I was Sir Charles, and then she looked up and said, 'But you surely aren't jealous; that would be absurd.'

"'Are you quite certain you don't care for him a bit now?' said I, in my English voice.

"'Not a bit.'

"I looked alarmed.

"'Really not a spec,' she assured me. 'I hate him now.'

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"'Poor fellow,' said I.

"'Isn't it too bad,' said she. 'I really hate to hate him—such a fine fellow, too.'

"'Is he?' said I, brightening up a little.

"'Oh, but not——'

"'Not what?' I asked.

"'You know,' said she in that smooth, low voice of hers, 'do you not?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'I know.' And I had to look happy.

"'But I want your advice,' she went on, dropping them this way; Molly, they are as long as my thumb-joint. Then she proceeds to ask my (Sir Charles's, remember) advice as to how to treat me (that's Tom Potter); that she hated to lose me (T. P.) as a friend, but she wants to do the square thing—and, oh, Molly, she's as good and right and fine and untarnished by the world as gold and as . . . ." I don't pretend to remember all my cousin said at this point, but presently he recovered himself and went on, "Well, as I was saying, she was so afraid she wasn't doing right—you ought to see how she looks when she's troubled—and I assured her she was—she looked so terribly troubled—and that seemed to comfort her—and oh, Molly, that's the way I've been digging my own grave. Now what shall I do about it? You got me into this hole."

"You must give me a little time to consider," said I.

Just think of our little Tom's being grown up and in the thick of all this! I tried to look unperturbed, but I confess I felt like hugging him. Then I sat up straight to give him advice. He really has great confidence in me notwithstanding his disrespect some time.

"This is what you must do," said I, looking very serious. "You must immediately let up on that Englishman business. Come more often in your own personality. Let her see that you are in earnest and the Englishman is only a trifler—in fact, if necessary, desert her even."

"But think how it would hurt her," said Tom.

Now if you are a woman you will pardon me for kissing him right then and there.

"It is necessary, my dear little boy," said I. "You must trust to me and my intuition. All is fair in——"

"All right," said Tom, starting off abruptly and looking as if he thought he had talked too much. "By the way," he added, suppose you call on them, as you said; it may help if you look the ground over."

I did call, Harriet and I together. I wore the pink lawn.

Somehow neither Miss Richardson nor her mother seemed to be very much impressed. They did not realize apparently that they were only hotel people, nor seem to care whether the cottage set called or not; but as we had come they meant to be very kind, it seemed, not to say condescending toward us. We found out that they were the Boston Richardsons. That may have been the reason.

That tall young girl somehow disconcerted me. She has a quiet, gentle dignity and a reserve about her, and a little humorous curve at the corners of her mouth—all out of keeping with a mere child, out only two seasons. I hate reserved people anyway. The worst of it was that she kept putting me at my ease; "I must not let this person know," she seemed to be thinking, "how I dislike slang in a girl." It made me so angry and embarrassed that somehow I became more and more slangy till we arose to go. And when her mother spoke of giving themselves the pleasure of returning the call at the earliest opportunity, it was as if they were beneficently bestowing a pleasure upon *us*. Driving home, Harriet said she felt it, too, so it couldn't have been all my imagination.

Well, Tom took my advice. He came less and less in his English capacity, and as Tom Potter was pursuing her for all he was worth again and reporting to me every morning after breakfast, greatly to the envy of Harriet and the other girls, who had to be satisfied with only the echoes they heard from the hotel people, who by this time had taken sides in the matter; the men were all making bets on it.

. . . "Perhaps it's just as well that I did let up on the Englishman business," said Tom, grimly. "Mrs. Richardson was getting alarmed and last week she telegraphed for her husband to come, and he asked for my—that is Sir Charles's credentials. You know they know nothing at all about me or my title, except what Harper said." (Harper was Tom's room-

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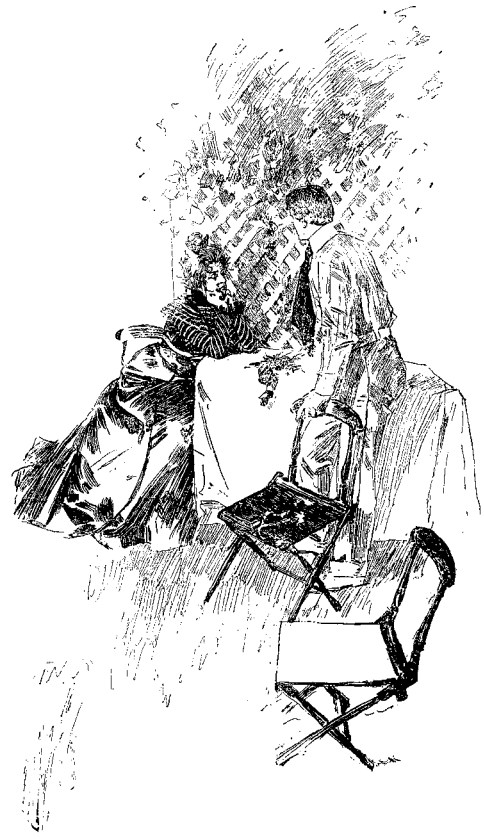
mate at college, and he was the one who served as introducer that first memorable night. Luckily he had since gone back to the city, where nobody could ask him questions. "A nice Englishman I met at Henley," was all Harper had said.)

"How did you work your disappearance?" I asked.

"We had a quarrel," said Tom. "She she has broken his heart. He was a very noble sort of chap you know—very proud and all that, with lots of feelings. And now he has gone off to the woods, as he said he would do, and she cries herself to sleep wondering what has happened to him. It's outrageous! It's sinful!"

"She'll come around all right," said I, confidently. "Give her time to see how



". . . 'it never occurred to me that you would be capable of such a thing.'"—Page 626.

said she did not see why a man who had so much leisure for shooting and hooking things (she hates all that life-taking business you know; that's really why I never fish any more) could not devote a little of it to the company of the girl he was engaged to marry. Then I said she did not trust me, etc., and finally her under-lip trembled and I left the stage in high dudgeon, feeling like the consummate villain I am in real life. Oh, it's easy enough for you to laugh," he went on, fiercely, "but you don't know what mischief it's playing with her feelings. It's awful! She thinks much finer a chap you are than that skulking Sir Charles."

But somehow she wouldn't.

Tom came to me a few days later, and made this announcement: "This thing has got to stop. I am going to put on the make-up again on Wednesday night—that's to-morrow. It's killing her."

"It'll kill your chances if you do," said I, shaking my head. "I'm a girl, I know."

But what can you do with a man in love?

So I decided to take an active hand in it.

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But instead of putting a hand, it was a foot I put in it, it seems, for the next day Tom came running to me in great excitement. "Molly," he cried, "somebody has written a note to her—she wouldn't say who—telling her that there isn't any Sir Charles! that he's a fake, an impostor and a lot of stuff—and oh, she's in an awful state."

"Well, *is* there any real Sir Charles, my dear Tom?" I asked.

"Did *you* do it, Molly?" He fairly screamed at me.

"Yes; and signed my name to it, and I'm not ashamed of what I said in it either——"

"You did not say that *I*——"

"No, I did not say that you were Sir Charles, but I said what I thought of you and of him relatively, and I'm not ashamed of that either, and——"

"Well, you ought to be shot," he returned.

"Thanks, seeing I did it for you."

"She's a queen," said Tom, "you ought to have seen her righteous indignation—not saying a word, only looking grand and insulted, with her chin up and her eyelashes down—oh, it was magnificent. She's a queen."

"And you," I said, sarcastically, "bowed down, and made obeisance, like a slave and kissed her feet, I suppose"—for I was a little provoked; he seemed so ungrateful.

"I don't suppose she would let me kiss them, do you? I wonder if she would. Oh, of course not, I'm not worthy; and I told her that I agree with her that Sir Charles was ten times more worthy of her than I and that, by heavens, I would find Sir Charles and tell him she was not angry, and bring him back safe and sound to her this very evening, if she would only say that she did not believe that I had anything to do with the writing of that outrageous, meddlesome note."

I had never seen Tom so excited before. Aren't men terrifying sometimes?

"Thanks," said I.

"And then," he went on, not hearing me, "she quieted down for a moment and said, 'Believe me, Mr. Potter, it never occurred to me that you would be capable of such a thing'—with, oh! such a look in her eyes—all for me, Molly, all for me; I'll never forget it. I've got that much for all my life anyway, haven't I, Molly?"

"Indeed!" I replied with great calm. "So you are going to bring this Englishman back to life again, just when your own chances are, evidently—from that look she gave you—coming back to life, and dash your last chance—all for a whim of a girl who does not care two straws for you just now, but will, sooner or later—mark my words—if you keep that Englishman out of sight!"

"It's breaking her heart," said Tom, pitifully.

"Well, and *then* what are you going to do? You are not an Englishman. There is no Sir Charles. It's got to come to an end some time. You can't go to the altar as Sir Charles. You'd be arrested as an impostor. Very likely Judge Richardson has detectives out on your trail already. What are you going to do, my young cousin?"

He looked at me a full ten seconds and then said, "I don't know, Molly, I don't know."

"Well, at any rate, you won't be Sir Charles this evening."

"I'm afraid I shall, Molly."

"Then it'll put an end to your last chance."

"But it'll put an end to her trouble—temporarily, anyhow." And with that he ran out of my presence looking so sad and overcome, that even then I relented and decided still to do all I could to help him.

The next morning I could tell by Tom's face what he had been through. But all he said was: "Oh, Molly, I did not know anyone could be so happy as that girl was when I—Sir Charles, rather—came to her last evening; only it wasn't for me!" He groaned; positively, he groaned. "By the way," he added, "I asked if I (Sir Charles) could come again this afternoon, and she said no, she had to make a stupid call—guess where?"

"Here, perhaps."

"Good guess," he returned, trying to bring back some of his old manner.

"I am glad," said I, for a bright idea had occurred to me. "Tom Potter, you put on your Sir Charles make-up just the same. I have an idea. Never mind now. Do as I say."

That afternoon I arranged for all the

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others to be out. Miss Richardson came at five o'clock. Tom was in the next room, perspiring in his false mustache. I was a little rattled—owing to the note, and the importance of this last card I meant to play and the excitement and all; can you blame me?

Well, we did the usual foolish, futile formal-call talk for a few minutes, then I shifted it around, rather cleverly, I think, to the subject of Men and all that. We soon got rather deep, at least I did, and then I said, "Now what do you think of the following as a case in point?"

"Really, I think I must be going," said Miss Richardson in her very reserved manner, "I always make mother's tea at a quarter before six."

"You must stay," said I, "I need your advice." I kept my seat.

She sat down reluctantly, as if bored by my talk, but trying not to show it.

Then I pitched in and told her exactly her own story and Cousin Tom's, leaving out names, of course, and changing places and so on, but dwelling on Tom's manifest nobility in repeatedly shattering his own chances as he had invariably done, at every opportunity, simply out of love for the young girl who sat before me with those large disquieting eyes looking calmly back at mine from under the long lashes as if saying, "I wouldn't get so excited, if I were you."

But I *was* excited and I did not mind, and I think I talked rather eloquently. "And what do you think of *that!*" I remember saying as a peroration, "all because he cared for her so much! Despite the advice of his cous—I mean of all his friends and of his own clear-headed opinions and everything—all because he cared for her so! What have you to say to that, Miss Ruth Richardson?"

"Why, to be sure, there is only one thing to say, Miss Potter. Naturally, every woman would rather have that than

. . . but at this point Tom . . . rushed into the room . . . his mouth open but saying nothing.—Page 628.

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any possession in the world; provided she were the right sort of woman."

"Miss Richardson," I said, rising impressively—"I am glad to hear you say so. I am *very* glad. Allow me to take the liberty of telling you that you yourself have such a possession. I trust you are the right sort of woman!"

I paused a moment to note the effect while the clock ticked. Miss Richardson only looked at me without moving a muscle of her face. The eyelashes flopped once, as if saying, "Indeed!"

I then walked across to the portières behind which Tom Potter was panting. But just as I reached up to draw them back, Miss Richardson lifted her hand and said, "Ah — Miss Potter — don't, please. It would confuse poor Tom pitifully. I've been listening to his heartbeat for some time. It shakes the floor."

Then it was my turn to be astonished.

"Why," I said, "how did you guess Tom was in there!" and I added, gasping, "Then you know?"

Miss Richardson nodded gravely, looking out toward the bay.

"And—it is all right?" I demanded.

"Yes, thank you."

"And you—but—" Well, then I pulled myself together and decided to give her the rest of my little lecture as prepared. "I only have to add," said I, speaking rapidly, "that you mustn't let it bother you, this thing. It will very likely save you a lot of trouble, this experience. It will teach you that glamour is only glamour, and that what you really have is the real thing, the sort of possession which you yourself said any woman would rather—"

"Yes, Miss Potter," she replied, "thank you, that is the reason I let him keep on thinking he was deceiving me so long. When I first saw through this disguise, some time ago, I didn't know what to think. How could I? But I am sure now that I have 'the real thing,' as you call it. I have been sure of it ever since last night when he brought back this Sir Charles in spite of all his cousinly advice to the contrary, kindly meant, no doubt, Miss Potter, but as it happened—invariably wrong."

She said this with much of her young dignity, but I noticed that she was trembling all the same.

"Do you mean," I began, "that you have been testing him to see—" but at this point Tom, who was more dumfounded even than I, rushed into the room with his monocle dangling, his mustache gone, his mouth open but saying nothing, and under his false eyebrows the finest look of happy fright I ever saw.

"Yes, Miss Potter," said Miss Richardson, blushing crimson as she saw Tom coming toward her, "You do not suppose that such a man in such circumstances could keep on disguising his voice—or" she added, and gave my cousin a wondrous smile, "or his nature either."

"I'll go out," said I.

"Perhaps it would be just as well," said Tom, who was not looking at me.

I thought, on the whole, it was a very ungrateful way of thanking me for all that I had done for them.

AMERICAN SOCIETY AND THE ARTIST

By Aline Gorren

Two observations need to be made at the beginning of these remarks. One is that the term artist is here taken, not in any specific, but in the broadest sense, to include all those whose calling in life it is to give form and substance to the abstract conception of beauty abroad in the world; therefore, literary men, musicians, actors, as well as painters and sculptors. The second is that the term society is taken in this connection to mean what it signifies to the large masses of our population, namely, that aggregation of persons whom birth in a few cases, and money in most, have put in a position to consider amusement the chief business of existence. It is clear that society can be otherwise defined, and that a distinction can be drawn between those who stand for the highest and most serious ideals of a people and those who

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embody its most trivial and materialistic impulses. As to which faction is the more truly representative of a country, much also could be said. All that, however, would carry us far from our present purpose. Hundreds of thousands of Americans, north and south, east and west, in large cities and in small towns, hold the view that "society" and "fashionable society" are synonymous expressions. The same idea prevails on the continent of Europe with regard to American society.

The relations which exist between society, thus conceived, and the artist class are extremely interesting. Though not usually the object of much attention they are of considerable significance; they involve some very important issues. It is the tendency nowadays of the artistic worker and the social personage to seek each other in ways that were never customary until modern times. It is not necessary to go back as far as the days of Periclean Athens to be reminded of how much artists once formed a class apart, without social life, as it is now understood, and without social recognition. It is one of the fruits of the levelling democratic process that they are now so much fused with other classes, and notably with the wealthy and unoccupied class which, at all times, has found in art a great diversion and a valuable stimulus.

It is of course very true that artists and the rich and idle have always been in certain respects instinctively attracted toward each other, even as they now are. The artist is at his easiest, and, theoretically, ought to be at his best, in luxurious surroundings. He is, like a child, pleased by pretty things; and the atmosphere of serenity that results from affluence and good breeding and gentle manners makes a congenial medium for the unfolding of his imagination, at least on its dreamy side. Mr. Marion Crawford has very justly observed somewhere that it is not snobbery, as is commonly supposed, but the repose of circles where manners have been brought to a very perfect pitch by attentive cultivation that draws the artist to the socially important. The inequalities of behavior, the moods and variableness, and the provincialisms of persons who live in conditions less large, and have not the cosmopolitan tone, are so many intolerable pin-punctures to the artistic nature. They produce an exasperation that often ends in positive mental paralysis. The world of fashion does not ordinarily say much to the heart and brain of the composer, painter, literary man. But its suavity is superior to that of less favored worlds; and it is more disposed to leave the individual alone. Its air, in short, is, by that much, an air in which the artist can grow. He needs, and must have, personal independence; and if he find it chiefly in the most sophisticated social circles, the attraction that these have for him is so far legitimate enough.

On the other hand, people who are possessed of means and social position, and of that culture that, at least in some degree, comes with both, can be drawn to artists by interests equally legitimate. The enlightened Mæcenas is a rare human product; one of the very rarest, and also one of the finest. He was a brilliant and commanding figure in old Greece and Rome, and during the Renaissance. There are reasons why he cannot seem quite so brilliant now. Yet his spirit gets itself incarnated anew into the world every now and again, and it may move any day, with modifications, in the body of a New England philanthropist or a Chicago pork-packer. Such a man will realize that, when all is said and done, his millions have been put only to crude and brutal uses, and have even somehow missed their ultimately most practical employment, until they have done duty in the service of art. It is the law of compensation in full operation. The opulent accumulator of mere material belongings, full of the vain-glory and personal inflation that attend such accumulation, turns suddenly humble, and bends to pave the way, smooth the obstacles, and guard and defend the approaches, for some artistic manifestation in whose essential creation all the millions of the earth could take no part.

This is the invaluable function that those who have the instincts of the Mæcenas can perform, and do often perform, for art; and they are attracted to the artist by their capacity to participate, in this sense, in his work, as well as by their desire to learn from him some of the inner secrets, the deeper mysteries, supposed to be open to the idealist.

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It should be then perfectly possible for the artist and the rich man to come together on a basis of great mutual profit. And indeed, to enlarge the conception, all intelligent persons are agreed that social life flowers into its ripest expression, and is, severely speaking, alone really worth while, when it centres where men and women of the world do meet on an equal footing and under absolutely harmonious conditions, for a free interchange of thought and stimulation, those who have attained eminence in the arts and sciences and professions. Such common meeting-grounds are, however — like all choice things — rare. The separate elements of the fusion must be, in every case, the very best of their kind, if the result is to be perfect. That is to say, the people who represent society must be free from that denseness of perception that prolonged prosperity is much more likely to engender than it is likely to engender emotional callousness (that, by the way, is a confusing misconception, that the rich lose the faculty to feel; it is their mind that loses its power to apprehend life with an adequate sense of relation and proportion; hence misplaced emotion; feeling at the wrong place and time); and the artist, on his side, must have grown beyond some of those anti-social characteristics that make association with him often so trying an experience to better-balanced individuals. To get together a few dozen men and women who have known the most that society could offer in every civilized country, and have that large practical wisdom, and knowledge of men and life, which such an experience gives, yet through the force of exceptional circumstances, or some richer well-spring in the nature, have kept a clear vision of the deeper meanings of things, is no easy matter. The chances are in favor of such men and women being products of long-continued traditions; and in Europe they are more commonly than not found at points where culminates the utmost in the way of rank and pomp that civilization achieves. Nor are your dozen or two artists, writers, and composers to correspond any easier to pick out and assemble. They must be exceptions; not exceptional successes in their own line perhaps so much as exceptions in character. If one were not in danger of being misunderstood, one would like to say that they must be gentlemen all through in a certain specific sense in which the artistic crafts, taking their members as a body, do not always give themselves the trouble, or think it worth while, to be gentlemen. For the term "gentleman" always represents the total sum of a few qualifications which experience has proved to be most useful in the actual state of social life, and to-day it represents qualifications that, upon the whole, are not natural artistic qualifications. There are those who will refuse to admit that the conception of what a gentleman is varies with different epochs and conditions. They will assert that the gentleman of a thousand years ago, of a hundred years ago, is a gentleman to-day and will be one to-morrow. As to large matters of ethics and conduct, yes; as to minor matters of behavior, no. We decide that a man is a gentleman by the manner in which he "wears" in daily existence; in its haphazard and promiscuous companionships and situations. And social life at present is an international affair. Its interests are not confined to the limited stages where they would formerly have been localized, but move over extended surfaces. The gentleman of to-day, therefore, is the individual who best adapts himself to prevailing circumstances by not stopping the general flow of things with an intrusion, when not strictly necessary, of his own personality. He is the individual who puts no over-sensitive valuation on his personal standards, interferes little with others, has the silent courage of his own conduct, but no itch to explain it, or himself, or to impose either on a preoccupied world that has no time to attend and less patience. This, in any case, may pass as a definition of the social side of what the Anglo-Saxon calls a gentleman; and as the Anglo-Saxon race has spread over the face of the globe more extensively than any other, and been brought in contact with the greatest number of peoples under the greatest diversity of circumstances, it may fairly be considered no bad judge of the way to get through that complicated thing, modern life, with the least irritability on all sides and the smallest friction. We of the English tongue, in short, believe at present that man most acceptable to his fellows, all round, who

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least obtrudes, in personal intercourse, the insistent personal note. That these new conditions do not make for the development of an especially picturesque or salient type of gentleman is very true. The gentleman of the old régime—for instance, of our own old South—was a much more decorative personage. But to-day we should find him a bore. His dignity would be too self-important; his fractiousness would stop the wheels of things. And that is the great offence. We must positively not stop the wheels, and nothing stops them as do the uneasy personal vanity and the deficient self-control of individuals. Yet here, alas, are the weak spots in the artistic nature. The strain of gestation and production under which the artist lives impairs equilibrium, and gives an irritable edge to personal vanity, and he has of that vanity a more than conformable amount.

These are the defects of the most brilliant qualities; that does not alter the fact; it only makes it harder to deal with. The thin-skinnedness of a Frenchman may be a source of annoyance to Englishmen and Americans who, in the abstract, may passionately reverence the Latin spirit. With all his incomparable gifts the old Greek's vaingloriousness must have made him to his contemporaries occasionally a very insupportable person—and it did so make him. Vanity is probably one of the chief causes of the prolonged unpopularity of the gifted Jew. To be easy to live with is a sure key to human favor. But artists are, by universal consent, hard to live with. They always have been; they presumably always will be. And yet this is so because of that same intensity through which they are vouchsafed a vision of verities that duller mortals, stumbling after them, never see save in fugitive flashes.

What is, then, the conclusion of the whole matter? The average society man or woman knows little of life; the average artist knows little of the world. One perceives then insuperable difficulties — difficulties temperamental and, one might almost say, physical—that stand in the way of the two deriving, in the vast majority of cases, any true and durable satisfaction from mutual association, in spite of certain causes which lead them to draw near to one another. The benefit is incalculable in the few exceptional instances where the natural obstacles to union have been overcome; those little knots of what is really "the best society" meet and speak a common language, the cosmopolitan language, the civilized world over, and there are moments when one feels that they supply the one sufficient reason, almost, for the whole social fabric, that is so full of wasted effort, of incomplete achievement, of endeavor that ends nowhere. But on all other levels what could be really more grotesque, if it were not tragic, than the misunderstandings, the cross-purposes, and the utter miscarriage of interests, that are the outcome of nearly every attempt of society and the artist to come together on equal terms? The growing fashion of having "entertainers" at social functions has thrown this entire situation into clearer relief. Society's disbursements for the entertainment of its guests are often of generous proportions, and singers, players, readers, it may be argued, must live. This certainly is an argument that has weight. But an artist lives on other things besides bread. For instance, on the sense of his own genuineness. What is, after all, the first duty that he owes to himself, as an artist? The duty of avoiding those surroundings in which it is impossible that he should find nutriment, and which stunt and cripple him instead of developing and enlarging him. It happened to the novelist Alphonse Daudet to be accosted as a youth in a Parisian drawing-room, where he had recited some verses, by an elderly Mentor, who whispered to him, solemnly: "Young man, beware of *salons!*" It is, as a rule, good advice. Good in Paris, and still better with us. Better with us than anywhere else. Money fashionable American society possesses, and is willing to lavish upon the artist, in unparalleled abundance. But it ought to be understood more generally than it is, that of other forms of riches—so indispensable to artistic health and artistic integrity—it has less to offer than any other society.

The point is one which needs to be squarely faced and clearly grasped. One may not, for example, be indiscrimin tely in favor of the preposterous sums often paid by Americans to foreign singers, or players, or painters, and yet one may realize that the scale of payments to artists

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must be different here and abroad, because here the elements on which the artist feeds in his surroundings, and which he works up into his æsthetic output, are so much more meagre. He is called upon to give out constantly, and he takes in very little. Rich as is our American life, it is poor in the ways which signify most to the artist; poor in intellectually fruitful leisure, in stimulating craftsman-like talk, in the prevalence of general ideas, in picturesqueness and variety of impressions. Abroad he may willingly work as hard as he does here for one-quarter of the price that he here exacts, but the world around him yields him enough, in pictorial and emotional directions, to indemnify him a hundredfold. His sojourn on this side of the Atlantic could assuredly be more profitable to him did he seek to enter into relationship with some of the serious, the more important, elements of our national and social life. It is the almost universal experience, however, that he appears to ignore that we have such elements at all. And thus it comes about that all the artistic recognition which he in America receives is inseparably bound up in his mind with the idea of money, ostentation, show; means such; stands for such; seems to him not to be success on any other terms; is, in short, vulgarized. The vulgarization of artists: it is one of the sadly effectual accomplishments of American society. There have been one or two great foreign artists among us in recent years—one great singer, and one great actress, notably—who absolutely refused the lure, and while they took away with them much American gold, took it without loss of the finest artistic self-respect. There are other artists whose deterioration under American fashionable success has been a process patent to the casual view.

To sum up, the verdict of every serious artistic worker in any line is unanimous in this, that what is called society in America is a medium in which the artist is in a state of perpetual discomfort, is continuously ill at ease. Sometimes he is snubbed; but that is not the chief trouble. He could stand snubbing, especially equable and systematic snubbing, and be none the worse for it. What is really fatal to the artistic life is the fulsome and hysterical adulation which breaks out spasmodically to centre upon certain individuals, and in which all feeling for proportion, all instinct for measure and accuracy, are overborne and carried away by a sweep of sentiment that has something half savage, something almost brutal, about it. We shall learn presently, perhaps, that these great outbursts of so-called artistic enthusiasms to which we are prone are a thing that we may be a little ashamed of. They sicken, and would eventually emasculate, those whom they are intended to flatter; and they do not invigorate—far from it—those who experience them. The artistic development demands a more temperate atmosphere, and one less subject to violent contrasts of heat and cold. And it does not save the situation to contend—though this is certainly true—that American society reserves the great heats of its favors for the best and biggest achievements; that it has no enthusiasms for the second-rate. The artistic life is not solely a thing of great achievements; it has shades, grades, steps, and successions, of excellences. And it thrives where a fine and critical discrimination seeks out these half-perfections, these courageous attempts and genial trials, and, with an analytical feeling for the germ of beauty which they may contain, has proportionate satisfaction and pleasure in them, as well as in the fully rounded consummations. There are dangers involved in caring only for the best and biggest in art, as well as in other things. No one can deny that we know, as a people, how most fully and generously to appreciate results that are pre-eminently successful. But the processes by which success is reached, and which imply so many partial failures and abortive victories, so much deft and patient handling of the self and the material alike, we know far less about. And what helps the artist most is that these processes, precisely, of his artistic growth should be intelligently understood. To know what he is striving for and what road he is taking to get to his end, is to aid him more effectually than to applaud him to the echo, and to sign large checks for his work. If all American life is too hurried, presses onward at too quick a pace, for this attention to methods of artistic development to be possible to it, how much less need artists expect to find

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such attention in society proper! The ordinary society man—more accurately, let us say the ordinary society woman—uses the artist for the prestige which he confers upon a drawing-room, and for the fact that he is a picturesque lion in a doorway, and there, in most cases, concern with him ceases. It is not an entirely disagreeable position for the lion, while it lasts, for the lion-hunter and her friends have often a charming way with them. But the result of it all for him is a relaxing of the mental fibre, and a fatigue, flat, stale, and unprofitable. Nor is the mental injury the worst part of the matter. The moral antagonisms aroused on both sides, although kept decently below the surface, are sometimes laughable, generally undignified, and in every case a foolish waste of the wine of life. Certainly, the opinions expressed on both sides, as they float through the air to the ear of the unprejudiced listener, cannot be said to speak of souls either fortified or illumined by the intercourse which they have rushed into. They are not words of peace and goodwill, born of sweetness and light!

It is impossible not to speculate at times upon the manner in which those old Greeks, to return to them, solved the entire question of the relations between art and society; and not to feel that their drastic solution may have been the only practicable one. With that inspirational commonsense of theirs which so looks like genius, they refused to face the problem at all, they refused to admit any relations. They laid unfailing stress on the point that the artist's work was the only important thing about him, the only thing that *lived*. In his person he was nothing. His work was public property, it stood in public places, it was criticised, condemned, approved, in the most public way. His personality was a private matter, and wholly obscure. We have been steadily striving for centuries to reverse the old Greek's judgment of what was fit and best for all concerned in this regard. We occupy ourselves now with the artist as a man; his character counts more and more with us in an estimation of his work. We demand that he shall become increasingly like other men, and subject to the same social and economic laws. And this, without question, is a great gain on the side of morality, sanity, and general righteousness. But, meantime, the fundamental conditions of artistic production have not changed. An artist's work still gets itself done according to mysterious laws which have nothing in common with the working processes of other men. It is doubtless well to exact of an artist's life that it shall present the same social and economic features as a banker's, a merchant's, a soldier's; that it shall fit similarly into the framework of society. But the calling makes the man, and artistic labor is unlike other labor. That we forget this is the cause of eternal misunderstandings. Perhaps the artist was happier when he was merely an artisan, without social expression, without other expression indeed than his art—which, for the true artist, is generally enough. However, his affairs are now otherwise arranged. His position, if more agreeable and flattering in some directions, is on the whole far less simple. It has compensations. It has also greater complications. Yet a pity it is if he do not at least take his welfare into his own hands so far as to save himself from a vain scattering of his forces, and a frittering away of his honesty, at the tempting solicitation of society. Society is good for him if he plunge into it at points where life is seen as a totality, and in large views. But such points, as we know, are few and far between. At its average, society saps him, empties him, leaves only the husk of him behind.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

SINCE it is the fashion of the day for every two people who think alike, or think they think alike, to hold a convention, I arise to give expression to a long-felt want: the need of a convention of the believers in signs and influences.

In the first place, the noble army of the superstitious seems to be dwindling every day before the insidious advances of pseudo-science and the vicious attacks of organized skepticism, such as Thirteen Clubs, where shameless renegades meet in bakers' dozens and feast about a coffin-shaped table, present each other with knives, break mirrors, and indulge in numberless other insolent practices tending to cast discredit upon the good repute of the codes of superstition and make proselytes in our very ranks. There is need for such a convention, not merely to stimulate interest in the venerable articles of our practice, but to appoint a committee to revise and codify the laws of superstition. One of the chief causes of the defection in our brotherhood—and, most emphatically, sisterhood—is the dissension that is rife among us; and there is a crying need for a definite, authorized Koran, around which the faithful can rally. As things now are, if they all try to gather around everything that everybody believes, they are so scattered that to rally is to disband. Let me cite one or two notorious examples:

A Convention of the Superstitious.

Of course everyone knows that if two persons simultaneously apply disruptive efforts at either end of the confluent clavicles (colloquially, "wish-bone") of a common or garden fowl, fortune presides over the ossifraction. Now, if anything is important in this world it is the definite assurance of the side upon which fortune will fall—the person carrying away the larger portion of the confluent clavicles, or the person carrying away the smaller. I myself passed a happy youth in the belief that fortune favored the one who captured the smaller portion of the wish-bone. Imagine my distress on learning late in life, that in the minds of many devout superstitioners the larger half of the wish-bone was accounted the luckier!

Again, everyone knows that Friday and Fate, Thirteen and Theurgy, have more than an alliterative bond. The old country had for centuries accepted Friday as the day and Thirteen as the number upon which fortune lowered. Up comes the iconoclastic Yankee to claim that Friday is the luckiest day of the week and thirteen the luckiest number, and to prove it circumstantially with statistics, of which the following are a few examples:

Columbus discovered America on Friday.

Balboa discovered the Pacific in 1513.

The first permanent English settlement was on the 13th of May.

New York was settled by the Dutch in 1613.

The country grew from Thirteen Original Colonies.

Perry's victory was in 1813.—And so the chronicle goes on.

Besides this great national attack on Friday and the 13th, there is an undermining influence from individuals, who maintain that what tradition has sanctified as unlucky is in their own cases really lucky.

Consider the supposedly inevitable fatality to some one of any party of thirteen at table. Scientists and statisticians are disagreed as to whether the waiter should be included or not, whether all must be seated at once or not, and whether or not the curse is removed by one of the number running around his chair three times. In my preparatory school-days, for instance, the regular number at my table for a whole year was thirteen; and yet no one died within the twelvemonth; we were not aware of the authorized ruling in this matter and never thought to consider the waiter. And yet for that matter, on some days there were only twelve of us and the waiter made the necessary thirteen. What, then, is one to believe? I repeat, what *is* one to believe?

A matter of vital importance in this connection is the subject of preventives, such as crossing the fingers against the *jettatura*, and, indeed, all amuletic precaution. It is, of course, true that if one spills the salt or encounters any evil omen, the impending

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doom can be averted by throwing salt over the left shoulder. But here doctors disagree; some say the salt should be thrown with the right hand and some aver that it must be with the left. Each gesture has its different versions. What is poison for one is served as meat for another. Every brother you encounter tells you some variant on some long-accepted article or creed.

Take so important and profitable a device for encouraging good fortune as the familiar rite of two persons who accidentally say the same word simultaneously; certain authorities interlock little fingers, make a wish, and placing their thumbs together simply intone the sacerdotal "Thumbs!" Other savants insist that unless the name of a poet is added the wish is null and void.

Without stopping to multiply examples, or going back to the practices of the ancient augurs, I think I have made it plain that this chaotic condition of affairs has gone on too long. The welfare of individuals and nations hangs upon the settlement of these crucial problems. Plainly a convention to appoint and authorize a synod of the superstitious is a vital need of the time.

THE ingenious Mr. Wells, who looks forward into the future with such an artful affectation of accuracy, pictures as the chief horrors of Earth, a few centuries hence, the abandonment of the country as a place of human habitation, and the total suppression of war. The Sleeper, who is the chief figure of Mr. Wells's last novel, wakes to a world in which weapons have passed completely out of use, and remain only as curiosities in museums. It is a world of flying-machines which have annihilated space in a way that our railroad presidents have not yet dreamed of; of a few great surface roads over which huge automobiles whirl at extraordinary speed; of a classified society in which Labor has touched bottom and stays there; of enormous mechanical powers and structures; of incredible cities of vast height and complexity; a world of wheels, trusses, electricity, velocity, ingenuity; inhuman, mechanical, deplorable.

A World with no Country.

The turn by which, more than by any other one whim, its creator has contrived to make it odious, is that he has abolished the country as a place of human residence. He has argued, apparently, that the present noticeable tendency townward is a sign to be counted on; and has imagined it gradually increasing as transportation became perfected, and all the other causes that have made huge cities possible in our day were aggravated, until the England of his imagination, a few centuries hence, has but four cities altogether, and the country between them is no longer villages and country-places, but market-gardens cultivated by men who sleep in town, forests, sheep-ranges patrolled by shepherds, and wild country overrun by wolves. In Mr. Wells's book people who can choose live in the great cities. People who cannot choose live there also, because all the work is there, all life is there, everything is there that anyone wants. He speaks of "pleasure cities," where those go who have money to spend and are without ambition except for enjoyment. One can imagine what such cities would be, the eating and the drinking, the gambling, the art, the beauty, the vice, the great material charm that vast wealth and limitless ingenuity could give, and the dreariness of it all below the surface. There is Euthanasia—painless death—as an alternative to the pleasure cities, or for those whose money runs out and who do not wish to go back to work. There is—but who will may read Mr. Wells, and see what a tinkling cymbal existence may become owing to the multiplication of aëroplanes, the effacement of war, and the abandonment of the country.

But surely this spectre is bred of an artful indigestion. The country shall never be abandoned as a place of residence! One needs to reassure one's self, after realizing Mr. Wells's forecast, by declarations that it lacks plausible basis. To be sure there is this disposition to go to town. Agriculture requires very much fewer hands per square mile than it once did, and it will not hold to its uses and its localities more hands than it can employ. That is one of many reasons for the growth of cities. But it is not at all a reason for the abandonment of the country by those who can afford to live there, nor is such a movement in progress. On the contrary, the bigger the cities grow the more necessary it becomes for families to get out of them in the summer, and the greater is the annual migration into the country. It is true that there is a strong tendency among well-to-do people who leave the cities in hot weather to huddle together in pleasure-seeking communities which are comparable with the pleasure-cities Mr. Wells hints at; but still the plain country village

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and farm draw their millions from the cities every summer, and, as time goes on, are likely to draw more rather than less.

Somewhere in his forecast Mr. Wells has slipped a cog. With all its faults, the world does not promise to become within four centuries, or ever, such a machine-made, machine-driven, machine-infested hill of human worms as he makes out.

ALMOST the whole difference between an optimist and a pessimist can be traced straight to their attitudes toward soulless things and irresponsible forces. In a meandering brook two drops of water will come pell-mell against some jutting rock: the one will take the rebuff gayly, leap off and go on its way singing; the other will stop and fret, allow itself to be jostled out of the current of progress, and stagnate. Behold the optimist: the pessimist.

Now if one uses a fountain-pen ("well-named, too!" I hear the ghost of Mr. Boffin whispering over my shoulder, for a fountain-pen either gushes or chokes), and the pen spatters his fine writing, what a vanity it is to hurl the pen away with a malediction! for evil as its deeds are, its intentions are neither moral nor immoral, but absolutely unmoral. While it is capable of almost anything else, it is quite incapable of malice. If one will only pause to hunt back to the actual cause that is to blame, one falls into such a labyrinth of causation and modification and nullification that anger is dissipated from very lack of definite excuse. By the holy laws of Supply and Demand, in the absence of a particular object to vent itself on, the spleen is discouraged from secreting wrath, and the mid-riff declines to swell and blacken. And such is the evolution of the optimist.

Etiquette Toward Inanimate Objects.

The optimist then is one who is cheerful because it does no good to kick against the pricks, while the pessimist is one who is morose because—well, for the same reason. But we optimists are the wiser, for we have our fun out of it all.

When the mighty Xerxes saw his pontoons across the Hellespont wrecked by a storm, his first step was to put the engineers to death: which was logical enough. But he has been esteemed as wanting in the sweets of reasonableness for ordering the chastisement of the grinning sea with chains. Yet how many of his critics have on occasion wreaked their wrath at some annoying author upon the helpless book or periodical that contains the disturbing words. When one has learned not to hurl books against the farthest wall, he has learned Lesson One in optimism.

No better training in this culture can be found than the old superstitious practice of averting bad luck by going back to the stone that offended you and crossing over it smoothly. The natural inclination, of course, is to kick it; but, once you stop to think how little the stone is personally to blame for having been deposited there by ancient glaciers, or washed down by rain-storms, or worked up through the soil by the attrition of many passengers, you must perforce absolve the stone of culpe, and apologize for heaping upon it abuse that belongs—you really haven't time to decide where.

To those painfully judicious minds that cannot sleep if they have failed to mete out exactly the right blame to exactly the right person, and to those Rhadamanthuses who relish the infliction of punishment above all delights, the old Roman mythology offered a direct and speedy satisfaction. For, besides an upper-ten of major gods and a middle class array of minor deities and a half-caste, they had a very myriad of plebeian immortals, small-jobbers who not only inhabited every imaginable place but attended every imaginable function of nature. Everything, therefore, had its immediate and personal cause. In those days, if you sprawled over the root of a tree, you knew just what dryad had tripped you with malice prepense, and you could upbraid her till her bark turned pale. The Middle Age, too, had its evil eyes and its devils, and our Puritan forebears had witches galore. But our century has forsworn these luxuries and harried them out of reach, establishing in their place the poor substitute of Cause and Effect, Siamese twins whom it is no pleasure and less profit to revile. Poe tried to set up an Imp of the Perverse, but much as everybody needs some such blamable personage, nobody believes in him.

Lacking personalities to blame for the misdeeds of inanimate objects, one does well to try to propitiate them with civility. And experience teaches that they are by no means insensible to little touches of consideration and courtesy. They are especially hospitable to optimists.

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THE FIELD OF ART

ART IN THE SCHOOLS: THE NEW YORK PHOTOGRAPHS

THERE has been discussion in these columns of the proper selection of works of art for educational purposes. Mr. La Farge's letter, published in the Magazine for August, 1898, was addressed to a member of a Western Board of Education; and therein were pointed out the difficulties which offer themselves when one asks: "Which are the best paintings?" In the October number of the Field of Art the relation to a painting's value of the historical or other story told in it was considered. But when the question concerns not merely the original merit of the painting, but also the fitness of the photograph of the painting—or the statue, the bas-relief, the group, or the piece of architecture—for school consumption, so to speak, some other considerations arise which are not without interest. For, in the first place, the photograph itself must be attractive and impressive. The actual carbon print (if the school is so fortunate as to receive one of those large and fine pictures which the New York State Board of Regents is distributing), the actual carbon print must be, in itself, and not in the reminiscence of its original, a picture which will do good on the wall.* There is many a group of sculpture which is betrayed by the photographer who has taken the wrong point of view. There is many a statue, even, which should be given in photography only when an unusually successful negative of it has been procured. As for works of architecture, that question is so complicated that it must have a paragraph to itself by and by; but as to painting, everyone who has bought a few photographs of pictures knows that there is many a picture photographs of which are nearly sure to give a wholly false idea of the whole work of art.

The phrase "whole work of art" has been used above, at the expense of an awkward sentence, because it cannot be too early impressed upon the pupil that what he is looking at is a picture, to be looked at only as a picture, and not the counterfeit presentment of an event. Philippoteaux's painting of Fontenoy, with the hostile armies in opposing array, and each waiting for the other to fire, is, indeed, rather the record of an event than a picture; but then the Fontenoy in question is not very interesting, and there is but little danger that anyone will propose the hanging of a large photograph of that composition upon any of our school-walls. In most cases, there is no story absolutely told by the painting, nor any possibility of telling one; and it is to be repeated that the picture is not to be shown to the pupil as a record of an event or as the telling of a story at all comparable in value to the written record in his book. The picture is to be shown as a work of art; and the beginner is not to be asked to verify it in its incidents any more than he is to be asked to learn history in the accuracy of its details from Walter Scott's romances. The romancer gives you, in his historical setting, three parts of truth and one part of absolute untruth; and the student is thought to be none the worse off even as a student of history if he comes away from "Quentin Durward" with the wholly erroneous impression that the Bishop of Liège just then was a venerable old man. Teachers do not impress upon their pupils the false doctrine that the chief reason for studying a great work of fiction, or a great poem, is detailed veracity of narrative; the world has got so far along that artistic truth, the truth which alone the artist had in mind, is that which is insisted upon. The object in the selection of works of other kinds of art, for schools, should be to lead teachers and pupils alike to the same conviction with regard to those works of art, and to impress upon them the fact that it is the dealing of the artist's mind with the subject, and not the truthfulness of record contained in the subject itself, in which the beginner should be interested.

* It should be said, by the way, that these pictures should really be framed without sheets of glass over them. All that could hurt them would hurt much more gravely an oil painting of one hundred times their value. There is simply no reason at all for the glass, and its weight and its cost are as nothing compared to the objection there is to its flash and to the consequent half-concealment of the work of art behind it.

II

IF we turn to sculpture, things are simpler, at least. The relation of the subject to the work of art in sculpture is more easy to grasp, chiefly because sculpture itself is more uni-

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form and simple in its processes and does not disguise the true nature of its subject behind so much display of verity. It will be easier to convince the youthful teacher, or one of that teacher's class of pupils, that a bas-relief on the base of the Albert Memorial, or in one of the new monuments of William I. of Germany, is a work of art and nothing else, than it would be to convince the same person of the same truth in regard to a picture. A few words will point out to the tyro that this piece of sculpture does not undertake to relate all the facts, or even any of the facts, as they are in nature or in life; but that it is a human invention based upon facts and primarily valuable as an invention. If to this we add the consideration that the work of sculpture is far more frequently a single figure or a very simple group, it will become still more evident that the pupil is less apt to be deceived and misled as to the true purpose of the work of art when it is a work of sculpture which is represented in the photograph. The photograph of a piece of sculpture will be less interesting to the pupils generally, and to the teachers also, than the photograph of a painting, and this because of the comparative absence from it of anecdote or easily perceived association or sentiment. On this account, and exactly to the extent that sculpture is, in this way, more abstract, is sculpture more valuable than painting as the material for school photographs.

III

So with the architectural work of art; the combination of abstract form with structure, which makes up a fine building or a fine part of a building, and even the sculptured decoration of this, will be unlikely to appeal to the student as anything but a work of fine art. Even should we give to him the front of the new Hôtel de Ville, with its portrait statues, it would not be hard for the teacher to discover and for the pupil to understand that they were not to be considered as authentic representations of the historical heroes whose names are appended to them. And as for the rest of the monument, there is really no room for misconceptions; and, as the natural demand for story-telling does not come into the question and complicate it, there is really nothing to hinder good choice in architecture other than the natural preference of the uninstructed mind for the inferior, the less valuable, the grosser and more violent, the temporary and more insignificant. Nearly always the beginner will choose the inferior thing—not the viler thing, not the worst thing in the strict sense of the word, but the stupider thing, that which is duller and less valuable. Some forgotten tradition, some lost association arises for the moment in the pupil's mind and decides the dislike of this and the preference for that—the preference being of necessity nearly always for that which is inferior; and this not because of a natural bent toward vulgarity or even toward insipidity, but because the majority of pieces of architecture which the child has been shown occasionally in his picture-books and elsewhere are in themselves, and still more in their representations, thin, cold, and insipid. The very object of supplying good and well-chosen photographs is to replace the feeble, the meaningless, and the poor by that which is excellent in its way—as excellent as the means of reproduction allow. Architecture, then, ought to be easier to choose for our photographic illustration than either sculpture or painting, and, so far as the mere choice of the subject goes, that is probably the case.

There is, however, this difficulty with the architectural picture that the whole of a large building cannot be shown at once. A bird's-eye view of a great and complicated building would be an excellent thing for the pupil to study; but bird's-eye views are not to be had in photography. If a photograph of the Louvre could be had from a balloon, a very great deal of the artistic history of France might be conveyed by that photograph, and by such simple comments upon it as the guide-books would furnish and the teacher might easily master. But that is impracticable, and we are not now considering the possibility of elaborately made drawings full of instruction and knowledge—we are not considering such drawings as Chipiez, or Viollet-le-Duc, or Simil could make, but photographs from the object itself; and it appears that we cannot furnish any photograph which will show the whole of a great building. A plan and half a dozen partial photographs may, indeed, explain much of the truth concerning a great palace, a gigantic group of temples, or a great cathedral; but, again, this is beyond our present scope. The plan is out of the question, and the many photographs are not to be devoted to one building so long as there are so many other buildings claiming our attention. And no one will assert that a pho-

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tograph of one front of a cathedral or of one angle of a palace is adequate as an architectural picture.

Some other means must be found for giving architectural art in a photograph. Subjects must be selected which are simpler than those we have suggested above. It may be well to choose simple paintings among the paintings of the world, and simply composed groups and single figures from among the sculptures left us by the ages; all that may be well and very desirable; but in the matter of architecture it appears to be absolutely essential that we should give not the whole church, but only a porch or one tower; not the whole *palazzo*, but only a portal, or one arcade of the great *cortile*.

IV

BUT further, as regards the artistic character of a work of art, the chooser of these subjects should beware of the quaint, however fascinating; of the grotesque, however amusing; of the imperfect and temporary, however charming to his more cultivated archæological sense. The works of art hung on the walls of any school-house will be so very few that they should all be, in the limited human sense, perfect ones. A photograph of a Fra Angelico picture is out of place because the drawing is wholly inadequate; the grammar of the art is not observed; and so, for a somewhat different going astray, is Boucher to be avoided. In a degree hardly less remarkable, the want of balance of the earlier sculptures of the Italian Renaissance are dangerous. The exquisite beauty of many of these blinds us all, blinds even the most experienced of us, to their technical defects as works of art; but they will not fail to impress the child or the teacher, each of whom will receive from the piece of sculpture an impression which is injurious as well as one that is ennobling. To a still greater degree are French and German sixteenth-century sculptures doubtful; the pupil will take their errors for their merit. It should be noted that in writing, the evil effect of antiquated or local style is almost immediately removed by the experience the student has in using his own language and in hearing it used in a modern and presumably correct form, while the charm of the written work of art still remains intact. This simple means of correcting the evil effects of local dialect or temporary fashion does not exist in the study of works of graphic and plastic art, because the language in which those works are expressed is unknown to the student. He does not practise it; the members of his family do not use it. Our daily experience of removing from the mind the narrow whimsicalness of construction and expression in a piece of Elizabethan poetry, while the beauty of the poem remains comprehensible and unimpaired, will not aid us to go through the same mental process with the piece of sculpture. In that the beginner will never be able to distinguish the good from the bad, the noble from the undignified and trivial; he will, of necessity, take the imperfect grammar, the feeble composition, the poor modelling, the anatomical incorrectness as necessary parts of the whole work, and when he is told that this is an admirable piece of early sculpture, he will be blind to the fact that it is not, because admirable, therefore exemplary. He will take it as an example. There is nothing to prevent his taking it as an example. He will pin his faith to the modelling. He will never know how to discriminate between the conception and the language in which it is conveyed to him, and still less will he be able to perceive the difference between the power of artistic expression and the use of the language of art taken by itself.

V

A LIST of photographs suggested for use in the schools by the Regents of the State of New York is accompanied by a memorandum sent out by Mr. Melvil Dewey, the secretary of the Board of Regents and the librarian of the University, which memorandum sets forth the requirements of such works of art as are to be procured for the schools. It is pointed out that religious expression is to be guardedly used because of the likelihood of offense to persons of a different way of thinking; that the nude in art is to be avoided because, again, of the peculiar notions of some persons in this respect; that polemics of any sort, or subjects "tending to dignify and enforce or to ridicule and antagonize particular doctrines," are to be avoided, with some other obvious suggestions. Disregarding all the *contras*, and observing only as we pass that the required elimination of [Christian] religious legend makes it hard to choose pictures, and that the prohibition of the nude is almost destructive of all chance to show sculpture rightly, let us consider for

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a moment what would constitute a desirable work of art for this purpose; and let us choose a work of mingled sculpture and architecture. Let us take the monument to General De Lamoricière, which stands in the north transept of the Cathedral of Nantes in Brittany; the work of the still living Paul Dubois, the man who will be recognized as first among the academically taught sculptors of France, and, therefore, of the modern world, and who, in that capacity, will be accepted by all but the more enthusiastic advocates of certain modern departments in art.

In the first place there is modern feeling in both the architectural composition and in the statuary; and this is somewhat important. Follow the lines of least resistance; and do not try to make an archæologist of the boy into whose mind you are trying to instil the first thoughts about art.

Secondly, The architecture, while slightly marred by a temporary *neo-grec* taste, especially in the attic, is generally free from such localization in time and place, and is a singularly graceful adaptation of the sixteenth-century architecture of central France. It is, therefore, free from violence or *outré* characteristics of any sort.

Thirdly, The sculpture consists of impersonations, which the student can readily grasp and which are indeed akin to that which he finds in his literary studies, and a portrait statue. All this is, therefore, not merely comprehensible to the beginner, but impossible to mistake. When he is told that the recumbent statue is a portrait of the dead man, he sees that the figure elaborately draped in a pall is, under the pall, a booted and presumably uniformed soldier, and that the head is that of the ideal French officer, while, at the same time, it is presumably a likeness. Nor will he be misled as to this. No one who is likely to talk to him about the statue will go very far astray in its appreciation. He will be told, also, that the statues at the four corners represent Faith and Charity, Meditation and Manliness or Military Courage.

Fourthly, The whole work is so small that a photograph can show it all at once. One photograph can be had which will show the general composition, the portrait statue and two of the corner statues; and two similar photographs, representing the two other corner statues, could easily be framed with the general view. It would indeed be well if the four corner statues could be shown in four separate photographs, so that their individual merit could be the better appreciated; and it would not be impracticable to put these as a sort of *predella* in a row beneath the larger subject. A legend of twenty words could be printed on a card or carved upon the frame; and the result would be a frame within which all that is needed would be told of a very important modern work of art; a work of art which is capable of appealing to all, except the sense of color, of the great faculties which enable us to care for works of art.

Finally, the photograph would be—should be, for it might be—an admirable picture in itself, decorative to the wall, and full of interest to even a casual observer with time enough to stop.

VI

SOMEWHAT in this way the selection of works of art for the school should be undertaken, if it is the study of fine art alone that we are concerned about. It is evident, however, to anyone who has heard or read the arguments of the advocates of art-teaching in the schools, that this is not what is generally held in the main; as, indeed, how should it be when those persons must of necessity be generally ignorant of the real character of fine art. Patriotism, association, aid to historical or geographical study, these are very often disguised as Study of Art. All this complicates the question very seriously, and would seem to make it impossible for members of a committee—one of which would be a trained and experienced artist, while the others are literary men and educationalists—ever to agree in reality. The way in which committees are apt to agree, by those who do not care much keeping silence, is of course within their reach. The surroundings of the daily life of American young people are so wholly inartistic, except in so far as fine art in literature or fine art in music, each in a few instances, appeal to them, that not an easy and natural sequence, but a sharp interruption seems necessary just here. It may be that the teaching of art in the schools (not the teaching of drawing, which is wholly a different matter) is a dream, and that nothing good will come of it; but if anything good is to come of it, it must be because of some decided assertion of the truth that graphic and plastic art is not a branch of literature, but a separate thing which the student must attack in a different way.

R. S.

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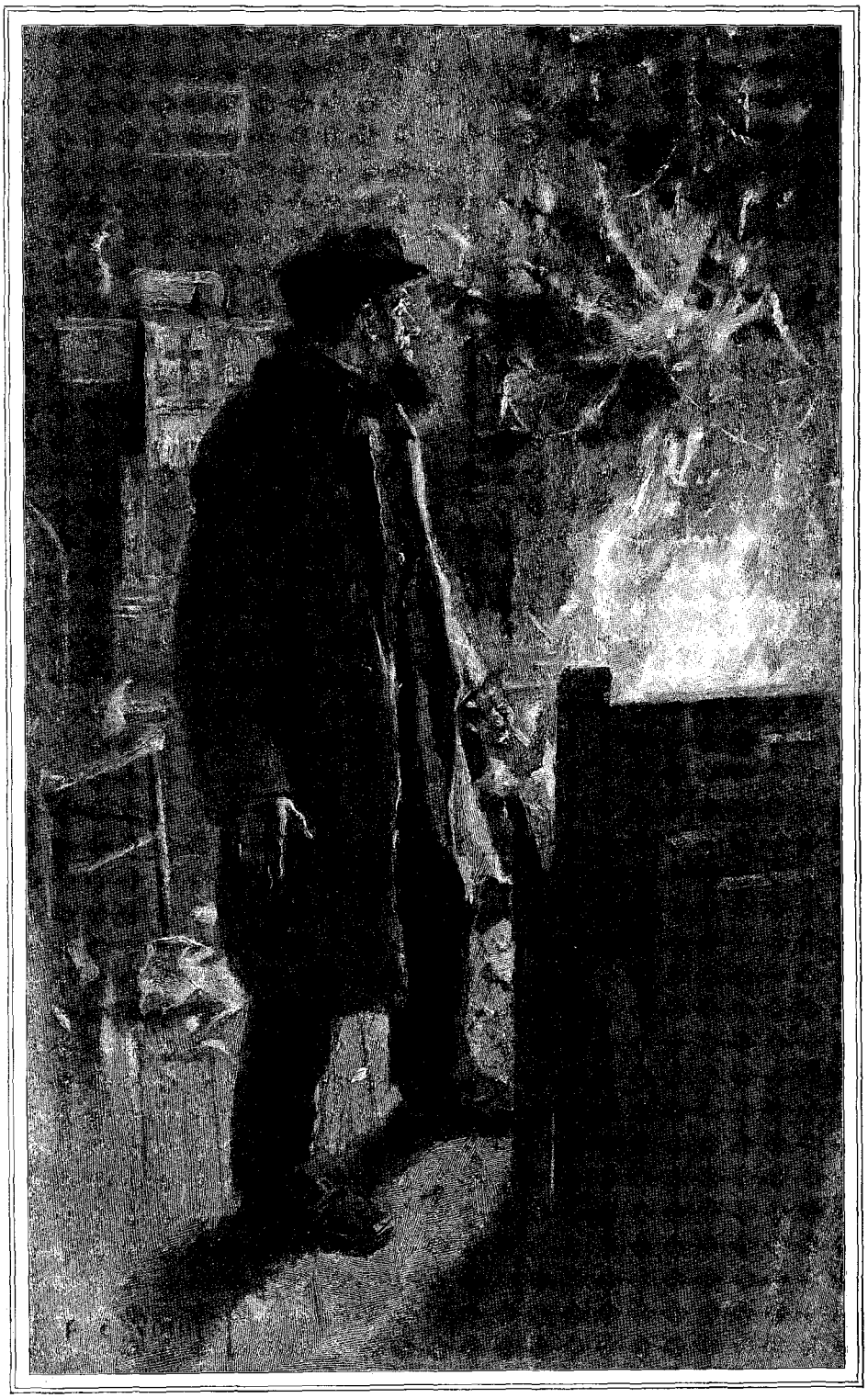

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

THE PEACEMAKER.

—See page 650.

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